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Founded A° D° 1728 by Benj. Franklin

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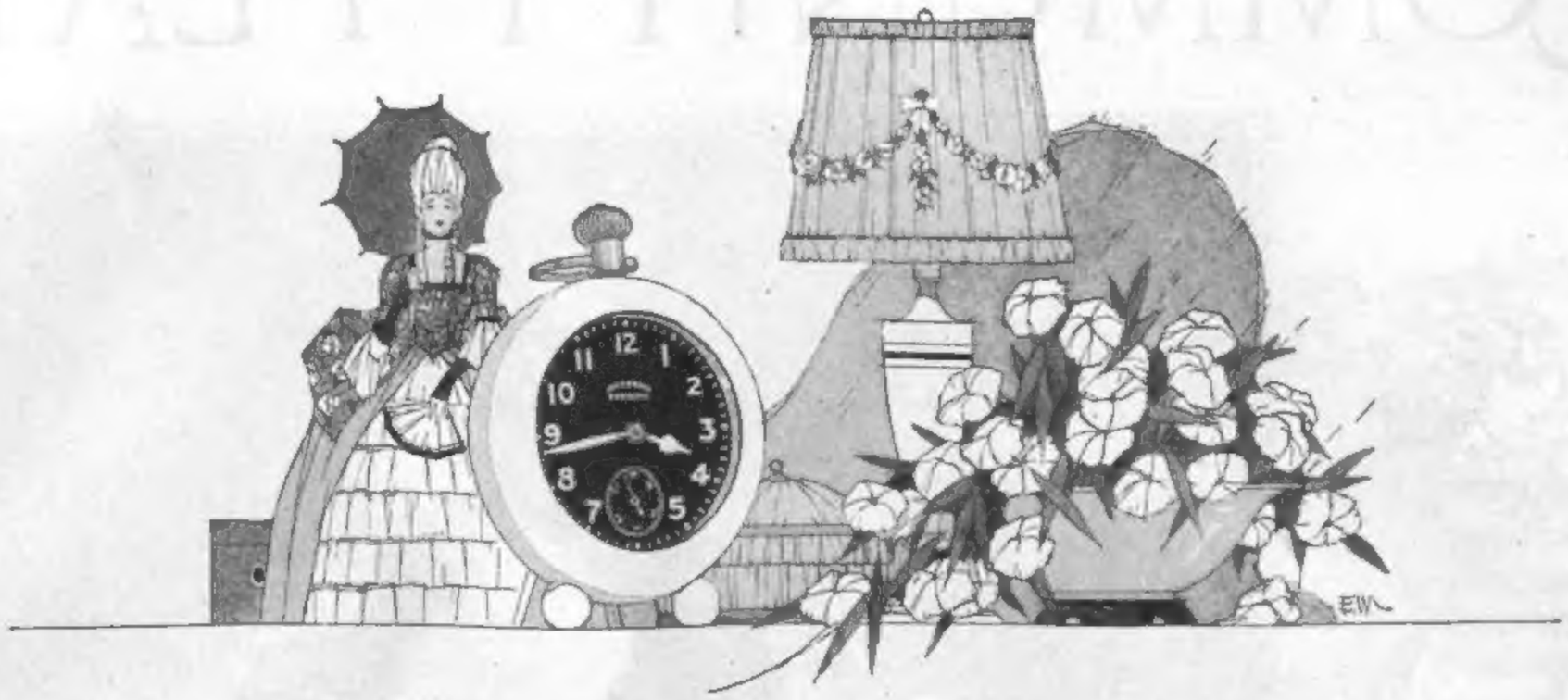

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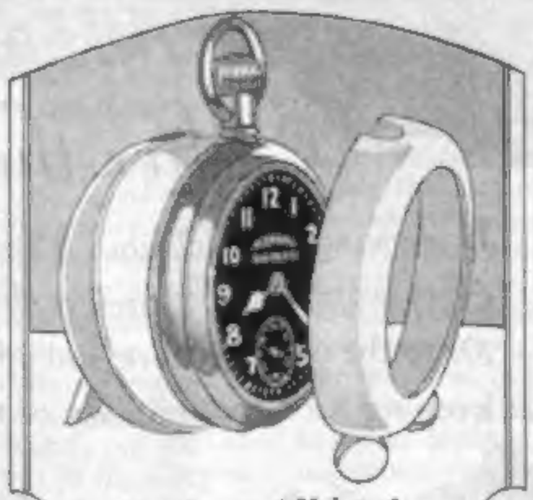

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—at their offices

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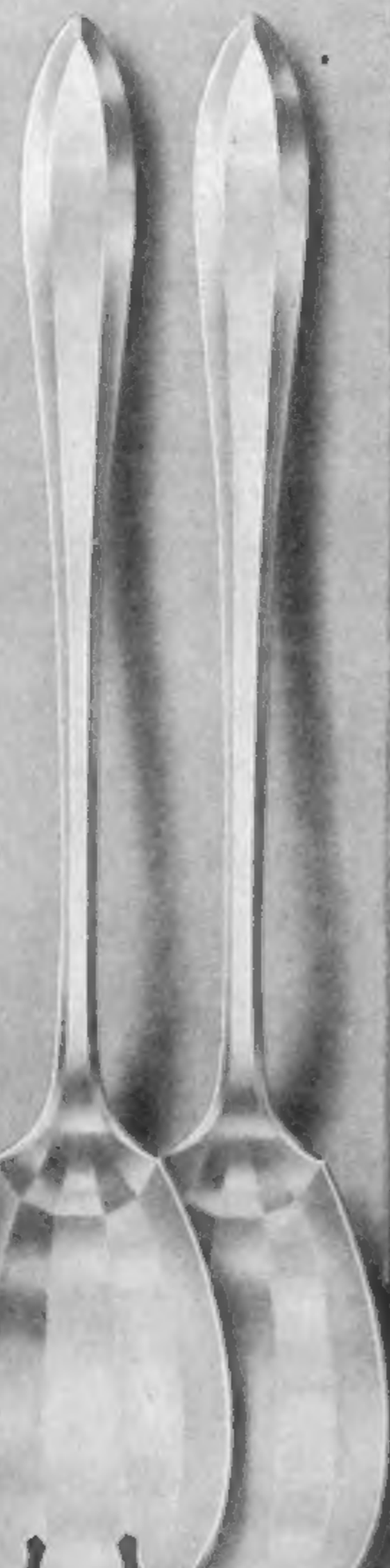

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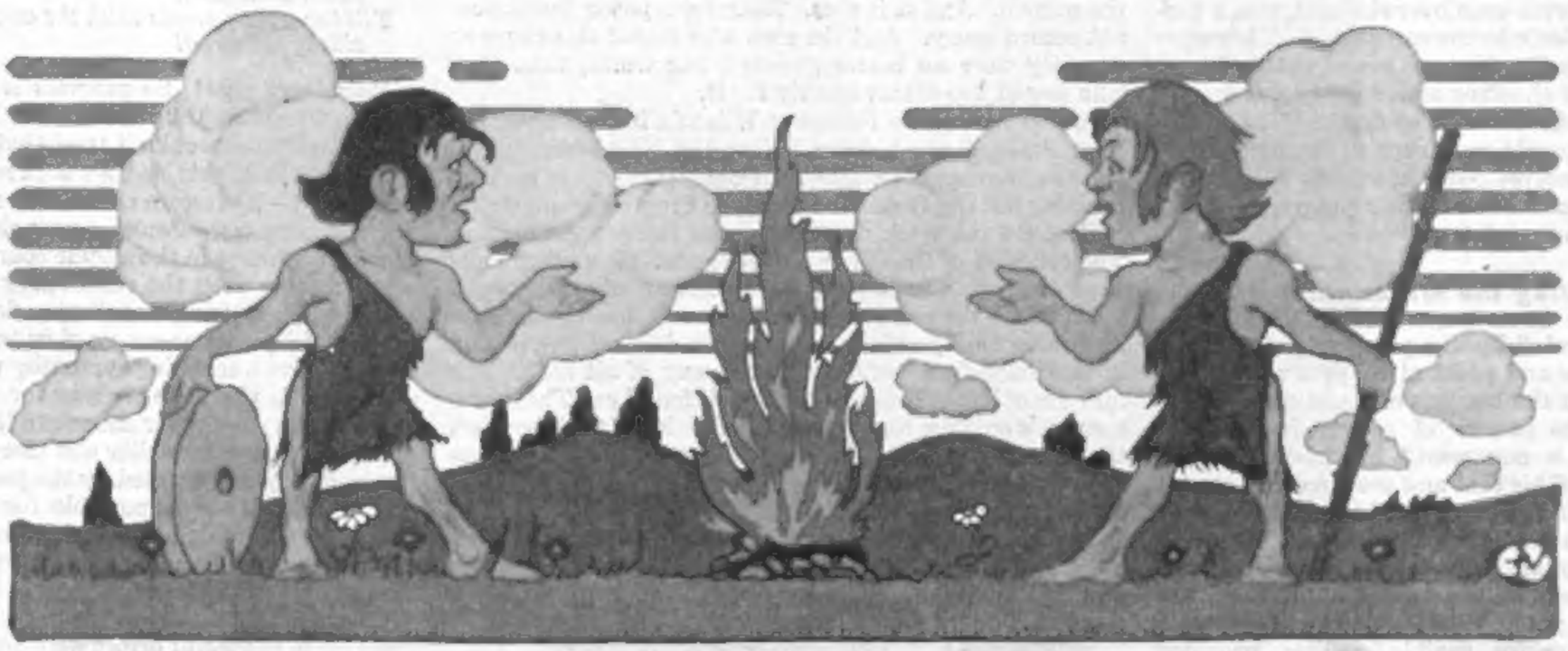
WHY I AM A PROGRESSIVE

I am a progressive because I believe in the continuous orderly growth of human institutions; that the world is not bundled up for immediate delivery into the millennium; and that only as we give of our lives in the effort to replace human wrongs by human rights do our institutions grow. I am a progressive because I believe that institutions grow only as they develop greater depths of fellowship among men in our laws and in our customs; that fellowship deepens only as those who enjoy life more abundantly than their brethren surrender their special privileges in the joy of service. There is no danger of life coming to a common level of mediocrity; the qualities of men will make differences in men forever. I am a progressive because I have seen men of high qualities give and give, and grow in giving, while the world waxed better for the gifts it got.



The Two Young Men Had the Fire to Make, the Lever to Invent, the Wheel to Discover

By William Allen White

DECORATIONS BY GUERNSEY MOORE

IN THE beginning there were Cain and Abel; for of course Adam and Eve were too busy with their love affairs and their fall moving to take much interest in politics. If Adam did talk politics probably it was to recall the good old days in the Garden. But Cain and Abel had the fresh raw world on their hands; good roads, trade relations, the suffrage problem, boss rule, armament, the school question and taxation—all were unsolved. The two young men also had the fire to make, the lever to invent, the wheel to discover, and a lot of barbering to do on their legs, arms and back hair. It was a hard world.

It seems to have worried Abel more than Cain, for Abel went at it to improve the world by the only way set down in the rules. He increased his taxes; made gifts "more acceptable" to the Lord. So on the cry of high taxes Cain proceeded to put Abel out of business. And that started the everlasting cleavage. It is an eternal spiritual law of progress that the world grows better as we give ourselves to it. And those who want to give are forever annoying those who want only to take.

It is a long road from the woods altar, where Abel paid his increased tax for a better world, to the complex civilization of to-day; but the world has grown because revolutionists, insurrectos, malcontents have cried out against the accepted injustices of our yesterdays and have given their comfort, their standing, their property and sometimes their lives to advertise the better way forward. The heroes of the Christian era all have been reformers. And standing stalwartly against every good change in the world have been hard-headed, common-sense men who have said: "The world is good enough as it is; why increase the taxes to make it better?" The sons of Cain have fought with the sons of Abel from generation to generation, always losing, but never learning, and, alas, never forgetting.

The World Pushed Forward by Active Minorities

PHARAOH and Moses, Pilate and Christ, the Medici and Savonarola, Charles and Cromwell, King George and Washington, Douglas and Lincoln! Cain's sons always on the job; Abel's forever on the move. So the simpler world grows more complex, and progress follows the lure of justice. Now we have the standpatter and the progressive of to-day—the one resisting change and holding his perennial office, the other in politics or business or religion wrestling with the machinery about him, political, commercial or religious, merely as means to ends, caring little for the counters in the game, but greatly interested in the stakes. Altruism in politics is ephemeral, but its results are immortal. The progress of the world—for at least during the two thousand years of the Christian era—has followed the crucifixion of exalted minorities who were willing to fail for the success of their ideals. These minorities have scared the daylights out of the sluggish majorities, and, though the minorities have passed, their phalanxes broken, their legions scattered, the things they stood for have prevailed.

It's a short life and a merry one in reform politics; but personally speaking for one who has enjoyed the game and is eager for the next firefly carnival, I know of no career that offers more temptation to a young man about to enter politics than to join the death squad in some exuberant minority and jam the fear of God down the resisting windpipes of a sluggish majority. Such a career is the only one that will get you anywhere in politics. Would you have unselfish comradeship—find it there. Thrill? Why, thrills fall like hail about you! Fun? Why, that's your board and keep! Success? It's the only success politics offers; to sit by, all sweaty and panting, after a conspicuous licking, and see the other fellow, the big champion, eat his words and swallow your pabulum! Incidentally you get a few hectic weeks or months or years—it matters little—in power; either holding office or bossing those who do hold office. It's a great life if you don't weaken! Perhaps a little history may exemplify my meaning.

Let us get aboard the progressive movement when its upward curve began following the line of a cat's back—say in 1909. Roosevelt still was in the African jungle—or just emerging from it. For a year President Taft had been an island entirely surrounded by men who, according to Senator Dolliver, "knew exactly what they wanted." They desired to retain the existing order—business as usual; they were the standpatters. They were good men in the light of their day; most of them had been allies of President Roosevelt when he was in power; naturally they became allies of President Taft when he was in power. If Debs had been President, regularly elected as a Republican, they would have been his allies in power. It was the power of regularity and the regularity of power that attracted them. Opposed to these men was another group of men—the progressives—who knew exactly what they wanted. They also were good men. But they had a low opinion of the existing order. They felt that it could be improved greatly by certain definite changes. Those changes were not highly revolutionary, but mildly evolutionary. The men back of the movement for change were festive revolutionists, but only in their attitude to their opponents—not in respect to the changes in controversy. The progressives are not party-minded; the standpatters are.

The Republican Insurgency Against Uncle Joe

PRESIDENT TAFT following President Roosevelt was an odd fish. The two men contrasted at every point. As soon as Taft was nominated the differences between the two men began to shine. "Meanwhile I do wish," wrote Roosevelt in December, 1908, to the writer of these lines, "that you would write in the most emphatic manner to Taft!" And in due course the new President replied that he realized that his situation was such that he would probably meet the condemnation of the entire West, but that he had to act as leader of the Republican Party for what he deemed its larger good. He would have nothing to do with the Republican insurgents.

At that time Taft was bemoaning to Roosevelt's friends, and explaining to his own friends, that he had not the Roosevelt gift of taking the people into his confidence and carrying them along with his projects. And there was the core of the whole matter; it was not Taft's methods, but his projects that caused the rebellion. He threw over the insurgent friends of Roosevelt in order to get the Payne-Aldrich Tariff Bill through the extra session of Congress. He got it through, and it wrecked his administration. He could see success, immediate, substantial and material; he could not see success as the triumph, even in passing failure, of a principle.

"I have got to regard the Republican Party as the instrumentality through which to try to accomplish something," he wrote in a letter early in March, 1909, when the insurgents were rebelling against the iniquitous rule of the House, which Cannon was holding. "When therefore certain Republicans refuse to go into caucus, and stand out, 30 against 190, it would be a sacrifice of every interest I represent to side with the insurgents, however much sympathy I may feel with the principle in respect to the House rules that they seek to carry out."

He could see "30 against 190," and that mattered. Just four years later in the electoral college only Utah and Vermont stood with the 190, and the forty-six other states

stood with the 30, and a few months after that the Payne-Aldrich Bill was discarded. Shortsighted, blind, impractical—what dreamers these standpatters are! How easy it would have been to discipline Cannon, rebuke those who were planning the Payne-Aldrich Bill, force a decent bill through, and then trust to the power of regularity to bring the recalcitrant standpatters into line with a reorganized Republican Party.

But it wouldn't work with the progressives. You can't force men into line who want nothing more than the joy of dying for a principle.

How they frolicked through the next two years! What a box of monkeys their campaign against Taft and the standpatters was. No wan, pale dreamers were these insurgents, hitting "the long trail, the hard trail, the old trail, the trail that is always new!" When Roosevelt, back from Africa, came to Kansas to dedicate a monument to John Brown, and gave out the platform of the New Nationalism—a platform, by the way, that had just been adopted in its essentials a few days before by the Kansas Republican state convention controlled by his insurgent friends—the battle was formally opened. But it was no battle; it was a romp. The Chicago Republican convention of 1912, where the Roosevelt forces were overwhelmed, was a gorgeous Sunday-school picnic to the vanquished. They were singing and marching and hooting and jeering at the victors, and the organization of the Progressive Party was merely the concert after the big circus. The defeat of Roosevelt at the polls in 1912 brought no rancor to the progressive heart. For the progressives felt victorious. They knew their cause was vindicated; that their program was indelibly written in public opinion.

Still Awaiting the Millennium

THE program advocated by the progressives provided for certain economic and political changes which have redistributed somewhat the burdens of society, and somewhat redistributed the powers of society in America. The progressive saw a new world in these projected changes, and so took off his coat and prepared to fight for his vision. The economic changes provided for taking the burdens of accidents in industry off the back of labor and putting them upon capital; provided further for the support of dependent mothers, the taxing of incomes, the regulation of rates of public utilities, safeguarding bank deposits and providing for flexible credits; provided further for a readjustment of the tariff under a restatement of the principle of protection; the taxing of inheritances; shortening the hours of labor by legal recognition of the eight-hour day; prevention of child labor and enforcing juvenile education; the making of public sanitation a public affair, abolishing the saloon—a matter whose political expediency many of the less hilarious revolutionists doubted; regulating competition under the Sherman Act; and finally conserving the sources of water, coal, timber and minerals for the public use and benefit.

How mild it all seems now that it has been really established! But what goshawful horrors the standpatters expected to fall upon the land if the program was achieved.

The political part of the program of the progressive movement which particularly affronted the standpatter was the establishment of the direct primary; the election of United States senators by a direct vote of the people; the introduction of the initiative and referendum and recall in cities and states; and the enfranchisement of women.

This part of the program is secured; the primary is wellnigh universal; the initiative and referendum is operative in twenty-two states, with a new state coming in every year with unfailing regularity, and in cities more than half the people living under the power of direct legislation; the recall has fallen by the wayside, but women have been enfranchised by an amendment to the Constitution of the United States. If ever a cause was triumphant that gala revolution of the first decade of the century scored 99 per cent.

And yet let us be fair. If chaos did not envelop the earth when these political and economic raw-head-and-bloody-bones devastated us, alas, neither did the sunrise of the millennium glow upon the misty mountain tops. We were both fooled—standpatters and progressives. So let us pause betimes in this merry narrative and draw a moral and adorn a tale with these reflections! The secondary consequences of reform are unimportant. A reform does exactly what it is primarily expected to do; that is all. Establish the primary and you give the people potential power; but you don't endow them incidentally with sense and independence and leadership. Tax incomes and you tax incomes; you don't stop big incomes or make their recipients honest or patriotic. You regulate competition in business through a Federal trade commission; but you don't bring business to the mourners' bench in tragic and remorseful penitence. You enfranchise women but you don't help politics much; you only broaden the lives of the women. And so it goes. The reform pays; but it does not return usury. And the men who feared this cause so cravenly were no better guessers, nor worse, than they who hoped too extravagantly for it.

In the first years following Wilson's inauguration the New Freedom went down before the New Nationalism, and the Democratic majority in Congress devoted itself to enacting not the Democratic but the Progressive platform.

By 1916 the work was done; new issues were arising. The cohesion of the old issues was gone. New alignments were coming and the progressive movement that started in 1905 with the second term of Roosevelt, having achieved its aim, as nearly as human aspiration does achieve its aim in this imperfect world, went the way of all flesh. The movement left us much better than it found us. The movement was only the American manifestation of the liberalism that was stirring civilization. German socialism, Russian democracy, the British Liberal Party, Chinese republicanism, each border and blood and breed was responding to the call of the times; each man, Teuton, Tartar, Mongol or American blend, spoke the language of his own land, and each in his own tongue recited the litany of change that was inspiring the soul of humanity.

Standpatters Claim the Credit

IN THE face of this universal urge in the human heart for a better world, how futile were they who stood against it! What an ignoble defeat was theirs from their own standpoint, that of practical men making a real fight for a substantial end! All that they cherished fell. All that they scorned triumphed. Yet here is the funny thing about your standpatter: The progressive program of ten years ago is now a part of the structure to which in this new day of the new change the standpatter is pointing with pride. The very edifice that has risen in spite of his clamor, builded in the face of his wrath, he is now consecrating with his devotion. For it is the established order; that is enough. How can a man with a sense of humor be a standpatter! It is sufficiently sad to have to see one's fondest hopes decay, to find the things one cherishes fade into the unsubstantial tissue of a dream that is dreamed! Once in a lifetime that would be a punishment. But to have to do this over and over again, as the penalty of holding office, and then to cling to the little brief authority that comes with the love of power—such a fate would seem to be life's blackest curse. Yet these standpatters who love office more than they enjoy a laugh are thus doomed forever to walk backwards out of life into the oblivion of our unlovely past. Who ever saw a conservative on a monument! Or out of a job! Yet he holds office as the price of failure, like an Indian who swaps land for whisky and beads! He is in office to-day from Moscow on the left to Washington on the right. This is the day of the standpatter, but also he is enjoying the haughty spirit that precedes a fall.

When the Nation Woke Up

FOR now is a day of deep reaction; it is world-wide. America is merely going along with the rest of confused and disillusioned humanity. Hate and violence that are so manifest in the dictatorship of the proletariat in Russia are of the same piece of world psychology that is inspiring French imperialism and British Toryism and American conservatism. Lenine is Judy O'Grady, and the standpatter is the colonel's lady, and hate and violence are the blood of their veins.

Oh, the Left is Left and the Right is Right, and never the twain shall meet,
Till two strong greeds catch the average man on the lonely side of the street!

He's there now! So progress is deadlocked. "Would you go with that thug?" asks the Right, pointing to the Left. And "You wouldn't trust that thief!" cries the Left, glaring at the Right; so they both rob him. This situation cannot last—if Western civilization survives. Its survival requires progress. And progress always must be forward, and it must move in the middle course. America will have small trouble with the reactionary Left wing; the reactionary Right wing is always dangerous in America; somewhat because so many of us set out to be plutocrats that we have a sneaking sympathy with plutocracy. That sympathy is the price we pay for our American liberty. And that large peculiar American liberty—the sort which provides for social equality and therefore makes it possible for every boy unattracted by the presidency to be a plutocrat if he will—is responsible for our peculiar type of American economic and politicial reaction just now. We are scared stiff! Dead afraid to move forward, and unable to go back. It is the war; partly the inflation of the war finance, and partly the inflation of the war hopes.

Never in the world before were one hundred million people so thoroughly exalted as the American people were lifted up in spirit by the altruistic promises of the war. We went into the war upon a surging wave of idealism; we thought vaguely but we felt powerfully. The new heaven and the new earth were as real to us as Mexico or Canada—just across the border of to-morrow. Everyone denied himself material things, everyone indulged himself in aspirations. We began to realize what a greedy, tricky, unbrotherly world it was before the war—particularly how mean and unchristian we were here at home. But we were penitent; our wings were sprouting. We were en route to glory. President Wilson had Billy Sundayed us into a millennial ecstasy. He went to Europe in December after the armistice, and exhorted the common people of Europe into a fine frenzy of hope. His fourteen points were hazy, but roseate. However, the actual governments and the real governing classes of Europe are and always have been realists. So when they sat down with the President at the peace conference—blooey went the dream of the world!

We were awake. We were sober, and our headache was a seventy-billion-dollar debt upon mankind! Instead of making peace under the fourteen points, Europe insisted upon abrogating even the ten commandments. America being at least consistent,

(Continued on Page 52)

Wade in, Ladies and Gentlemen, the Water's Fine!

STATIC

By W. A. FRASER

ILLUSTRATED BY H. WESTON TAYLOR

STATIC, that joyous rainbow of bricklaying, that laughing god of awryness, whispered to Delilah, "Sit here in the reception room and I will deliver into your hands Samson."

Static meant Delilah's husband, Stewart Owen.

It must have been a seer who had christened her Delilah, for she was blessed with all the physical equipment to play the rôle. Spanish, one would say; but she was American—from the West, where so much that is beautiful has its being. The arched, thin-penciled lines above extraordinary eyes, and the warm glow of rose on the olive cheeks, so like the blush on a graft mango, might suggest a Semitic ancestry; but the nose, straight and thin-chiseled, contradicted this deduction. The lithe figure had the sinuosity of a Hindu nautch girl.

Static did not keep Delilah waiting. A hotel page swung through the reception room calling, "Mr. Owen!" and at a snap of the lady's fingers handed her a telegram.

Delilah looked at the yellow missive thoughtfully; then ran a thin finger under the flap carefully and extracted the message. As she read, the black Spanish eyes burned like knobs of red amber. She took a card from her hand bag and copied:

MR. STEWART OWEN,
KING JAMES HOTEL,
TORONTO.

Meet Stella six-forty train from Buffalo without fail. Love.

NEVADA.

She placed the telegram back in its envelope, resealed it and asked the young lady at the counter to call a page.

As Delilah turned away the young lady shot a knowing look at her assistant and said, "Did you see her eyes, Sudbury? They sent a shiver through me. Somebody's in for it. I guess it's beauty boy—Mr. Owen."

When the page appeared Delilah said, "I'm going out. Have this telegram placed in Mr. Owen's box."

Then she passed up the marble stair to a corridor that looked down upon the foyer, took the card from her bag and reread it.

"Meet Stella!"

There was no Stella in the rolls of Owen's family or her own; in fact, there was a paucity of relatives on both sides of the house. Delilah's mother loomed almost solitary in her genealogical retrospect, for together they had fought the wolf, Delilah passing from one occupation to another. It was from behind a counter in a Spokane department store she first had seen Stewart Owen. The big athletic handsome chap had breezed in, a smile on his dark face. That was two years before.

No, there was no Stella with a conventional claim on Stewart; but Delilah knew the big boy she had married, and she was as imperious, as exacting as Cleopatra—not unlike the Egyptian lady.

The disturbing factor of the telegram was, who was Stella and who was Nevada? "Love" and "meet Stella" were quite in hubby's best style. "Nevada"—assumed to hide the sender's name. Undoubtedly Owen had been having a delicious time before Delilah's arrival from the West three days ago.

Then the lithe figure draped forward over the marble rail as with free Western gait Stewart Owen swung across the main floor below, his soft hat slanted rakishly athwart his well-poised head. She saw him go to the office for mail, and over at the cigar counter open the telegram. He appeared to read and reread it—seemed puzzled. Finally he put it in his pocket and entered the elevator.

Then the Lithe Figure Draped Forward Over the Marble Rail as Stewart Owen Swung Across the Main Floor Below

Delilah waited ten minutes and then went up to their room. She had been shopping, she told Stewart as she took a seat by the window and proceeded to manicure her nails, waiting for her genial hubby to spin the fairy tale she knew was coming. He would keep the appointment to meet Stella; he was a broken reed where pretty girls were concerned. What form his excuse to get off at six-forty, the dinner hour, would take was interesting her. A woman less like Cleopatra would have had it out there and then, with an embargo on meeting Stella; but Delilah wanted an embargo that would stop other Stellas also.

Presently Owen outlined the plan he had been concocting.

"Think you could dine alone to-night, girl?" he asked solicitously.

"I might survive it," Delilah answered laconically.

"You see," he continued, "the Golden Oriole Mine fellows are down from the North, an' they want me to dine with them at the club an' go right into that deal so's to be ready for the meeting to-morrow."

"Golden Oriole! Some bird, eh, Stewart?"

He shot a quick look toward his wife, but the dark Spanish face held nothing but a passing flit of humor. He knew his little wife and her passionate temper. He had half expected a flare-up when he spoke of leaving her alone, even if it were business.

"But, Tootie dear, why not invite these men to dine with us?"

The boy smile that had showed even white teeth in the mirror before which Owen was brushing his luxuriant hair faded; but he was a nimble-witted youth, and he quickly had it.

"Say, Lilah, do you want me turned out of the hotel, or else lose this deal? These boys have just come off the rocks. They ain't had a drink for a month. That's where I come in with my private stock. The prohibition jakes are my partners in this."

"I thought it was business."

"Business with a big B, girl. How d'you suppose I put through that Stikeen deal that got you 'em sparklers? Wasn't it because I was a good mixer?"

"And the Owen smile."

"Right you are, Lilah! I never got bog spavins trottin' with the professors in a college; but I got what's a heap better asset—I got to know men. When I was 'bout seven I was staked to a bundle of newspapers and told to get out and make good."

"What's that got to do with this?" Delilah asked in a bored voice as she polished her nails.

"Just this, girl: I've run with real men so long I know how to take 'em. I'm after an option on the Golden Oriole."

"Chasing a bird, eh?"

"You're right, girl," he commented. "Every minin' deal's a bird, an' a wise guy is ready with the salt to drop on its tail. To-night 'em fellows will try to put me under the table, but little hubby'll be there sittin' up takin' nourishment when the rest are mellow. Just about that time I'll get that option for thirty days on the Golden Oriole, an' instead of it costin' me five thousand bucks I'll 've give up five bottles of wine. See, girl, I've got a bunch waitin' to take over the mine at a million, and I get a commission of ten per cent. Then little wifie rakes down ten per cent of that for lollipops. Get me?"

"Yes, I get you, Tootie. You're a wonder!"

Owen wasn't accustomed to much praise from Delilah, but he flattered himself that for once he had done exceedingly well.

"You won't be late—no all-night game of cards?"

"Sure thing, I'll be home! Well, I can't afford to throw away a hundred thou commission for the fun of going to bed early. I'm like the bird. If he'd catch his worm the night before he wouldn't have to get up so early. See? Guess I'll start toggin' up now."

"Dress suit?" she asked abstractedly.

"Why dress suit?"

"Don't men dress at the club? They used to in Denver."

"They don't here," and Owen passed into a clothes closet that was literally packed with expensive suits.

Delilah watched with concealed amusement his fastidious selection of attire. Half a dozen suits were thrown on the bed and studied critically.

"If the boys just off the rocks are in for a pronounced pickle, why all this dude stuff, Tootie?" she asked presently.

"It's part of the game, girl. I know the value of clothes when a man's makin' a wealth play. Dig that ring with the six-carat rock in it out of the box. I'm goin' to wear this dark-blue suit with the small silver stripe," he commented. "Yank a drawer open and find me a pair of blue silk socks with clocks on 'em."

Finally he was attired—perhaps twenty-five per cent overproof; but something in his athletic build, his muscular springiness, the lithesome swing of his shoulders, precluded a criticism of foppishness. He certainly was handsome. But under the circumstances, to the wife, fuming inwardly, this was not exactly a pleasing knowledge.

At six o'clock Owen said, "I'll go down to the floor now. Jack Andrews is there, and we're goin' to pull off a race to-morrow. Then I'll wander on to the club."

He Passed it Back to Owen Commenting, "I Guess Women's Wuss'n Hawses"

She let him kiss her, and Owen had no suspicion how close he was to having those strong white teeth sunk in his cheek. As the door closed behind Stewart, Delilah sprang for it like a roused tigress, turning the key in the lock. The suppressed passion that she had smothered for nearly an hour swept over her like a cyclone tears at the waters of Bengal's Bay. Her face was demoniac, ghastly white, against it the rouged lips like streaks of blood. She wreaked her fury on the inanimate habiliments of the offender, hurling the suits into the bathroom, his discarded boots, his collar, each stamp of her feet hushed by words of imprecation.

Owen's picture rested upon the dresser in a heavy frame studded with gold nuggets he had brought back from the Klondike. A swing of her sinewy hand and it lighted upon one corner on the tessellated floor of the bathroom, the impact shooting it out of shape.

In the hallway a bell boy, slipping along with a tray in his hand, stopped, cocked his ear toward the open transom through which hurtled expressed passion and sounds of disaster, grinned and took a swipe at the empty air with his clenched fist.

A literary psychoanalyst would undoubtedly have written that the furious beauty now sank into a chair and buried her face in hands, with a flood of tears coming like rain after the mad clamor of thunder and lightning. Not so Delilah. She felt good, tonicked. Her velvet body rose upward, and through thin distended nostrils she drew a deep breath of relief. She felt good. She raised her tapering arms and with light touches rearranged her hair before the mirror. Then she brought forth the half dozen suits of clothes from the bathroom and spread them on the bed with the same debonair negligence that Owen had used. She picked up the much-awry gold frame, banged one corner on the mosaic floor, restoring it somewhat to its former quadrangle.

Then she stood it on the dresser, and addressing the somewhat groggy portrait, said, "There, Tootie, the maid dropped you! But cheer up, there's a worse fall coming!"

She took a peep at her wrist watch.

"Coming, Stella," she said, discarding her slippers for a pair of walking boots.

A dark suit and a turban hat with a very heavy veil completed the outfit. She walked around to the elevator that carried her down to the side entrance. Even here, with that animal cunning of which she was largely possessed, she walked a block before taking a taxi.

"To the front entrance of the station," she told the chauffeur. The gatekeeper, in answer to a question, assured her that the Buffalo train was on time; it would be in in five minutes—six-forty—on Track Six.

Delilah then passed through the gate and along the footbridge and halted just above where the passengers from the Buffalo train would turn to pass into the depot. She knew that she would see a tall figure in a dark-blue suit on the platform below. And there he was, with eyes trained on the two ribbons of steel that trailed to the west. Men were rushing express trucks out through the portal of the station, and on the platform officials were darting here and there; redcaps were scurrying out and a scattering of people lined the platform waiting for incoming friends. The man in the blue suit was a prominent member of this group—Stella was to be met.

With the heavy veil hiding her face, Delilah stood against the handrail and watched the giant engine puff laboriously up the track and past, the train coming to a halt just as the passenger coaches reached the bridge.

Then the stream of passengers flowed inward, the man in blue holding himself prominently in view and scanning importunately each girl who suggested Stella or Stella's type. Once or twice he even got somewhat deliberately in the path of girls who were unattended.

When the flowing stream of passengers had become attenuated, reduced to stragglers, a striking-looking girl, dressed not over plainly, hesitated just as she came to where Owen waited, put her suitcase down and looked about with eyes that were undoubtedly possessed of expectancy.

"Stella!" Delilah muttered. "Gad, I know her class! I'd know her in a thousand!"

She saw hubby step up to the girl and raise his hat. Delilah could not hear what was said, but she saw a smile twitch the girl's lips clear of pretty teeth. Then she was speaking to Owen. Whatever it was she had said, it suggested that somebody else was expected, for she kept turning her head toward the station as if searching for somebody.

The passengers had all gone by now, and she saw Owen pick up the suitcase and march through the exit with the girl. They were lost to her view immediately, and though she hurried over the bridge into the main depot and down the winding stairs to the cab stand and car line, she did not get another sight of her husband.

However, Delilah was quite satisfied; she had seen what she had come to see. She was collecting souvenirs. She had, so to speak, a buried ace and could wait. She took a cab back to the hotel, went to her room for a tidy-up and then down to her solitary dinner.

But Static was working overtime.

As Delilah sipped her consommé she all but let the spoon fall, and no wonder, for two tables down was now seated, facing her, Stella.

If only the evil genie had been possessed of the misguided audacity to outline the broad shoulders and sporty head of Owen at the same table the little scene of temper of the afternoon would surely have been reenacted in the dining room; but Stella was alone. Still, it was like Owen's stupendous arrogance to bring the girl to the King James. However, of course he was in ignorance of his wife's knowledge of the telegram, and probably calculated they could use the hotel as a base from which to plan many little excursions.

Then she smiled into the tiny pool of consommé in its silver bowl as she thought of Owen's predicament for the next three or four hours. He'd be a Wandering Willie; he'd have to make good his bluff about the dinner at the club and keep out of the hotel. Evidently something had gone wrong in the Stella business. The solitary dinner of the girl indicated that Owen's plan of a dinner and evening together had somehow miscarried.

Then the Spanish face hardened, the penciled black eyebrows drew down over the red-amber eyes as a sudden thought flashed to her mind that perhaps this was a bluff—they would meet afterward. But later this suspicion was driven from Delilah's mind, for she saw the girl reading a magazine in the corridor.

Owen also had dined in solemn isolation at another hotel. At nine o'clock he entered the King James by the back entrance, took a seat in the café, and summoning a bell boy told him to find Mr. Jack Andrews out in the rotunda. He added, "If anybody asks for me say I'm not in—anybody, see, Jimmy?"

He ordered a bottle of blue-print beer and from a flask multiplied it to two per cent. Presently he was joined by the Man from the Desert.

"Good evening, Andrews. Sit down and drink some of this horror," Owen smiled. "What about to-morrow, uncle?" he asked when the waiter had gone.

"Well, son, a man knoweth not what a day may bring forth," the Man from the Desert said solemnly, with a caressing sweep of his big hand down the gray beard.

"Still guessin', uncle?"

"Yes, hawse racin' is always guessin'. The certainties was all played out long ago. Jehu on the walls of Jerusalem hadn't no sure thing—he might've upset."

"Can't Drummer beat that lot to-morrow in the mile handicap?"

"I ain't got no excuse for him if he can't. He's as fit as a jack rabbit in the time of lean fodder."

"Then why all this mournfulness? Your voice seems to come up out of your boot tops, an' you ain't no croaker as a rule."

The patriarch took a gradual sweeping look at their surroundings, lowered his voice half an octave and said: "There's a hawse in that race—Condor is his name—that can mos' beat any man's hawse for a mile. If it was a mile'n' a quarter Drummer'd hold him; he'd race over the top of him at the finish as he's feelin' now. But Condor, if the money's ridin' him, can run that mile under 1:39 flat."

"Then he ought to win, uncle?"

"Condor oughter do a lot of things he don't do—that is, not too often, son. If Condor'd win every time he ought to he'd be three to five every start. But if you was to take a look at the form book you'd see he wins 'bout three races a year—at odds of twenty to one. He belongs to a kind-hearted man in Chicago, an' when he's cleaned out the books he lets 'em get theirs back from the sucker public."

"I get you, uncle. What price'll Condor be to-morrow?"

"He ain't started for some time, an' his last four races was bad. He never run up here before, an' a handicapper is gener'ly lenient on a strange hawse, 'cause he's kinder only got his form to go on; he ain't had his eye on that hawse's performance in a race. That's why Condor's in at a hundred an' eight pounds to-morrer. Handicapped on one of his good races, he'd carry a hundred an' sixteen. Another thing, in his bad races he was rode gener'ly by Burker; his last two good races he was rode by the owner's 'prentice boy, Binkle."

"A well-rounded-up combination, uncle."

"Yes, racin's tough enough without a man gettin' careless 'bout any part of it. Now Condor knows Binkle—I guess they sleep together—an' Binkle knows his boss well enough to ride to orders. He ain't old enough in the game yet to string with the books. He's got to tie to the man that's got his papers on him. An' Binkle is here—I see him this mornin'."

"If Binkle rides it'll mean they're out to win."

"No, it won't; it won't mean nothin'—it'll mean wuss'n nothin'; it'll mean more guessin', for Binkle has rode him some bad races too. I tell you, Mr. Owen, there ain't no man can outguess ol' Hummin' Bird—that's what they call Condor's owner, 'cause when he's on the wing you can't ketch him.

Unless you can find

out somethin' as to his money bein' down you'd bes' leave it alone."

"Well, the betting to-morrow ought to show it then."

"No, it won't. He won't bet a dollar here at the track. His money'll be plunked down in Buffalo, New York, Chicago, Milwaukee, and at the las' minute. They won't get no time to wire it back to the tracks. Hummin' Bird an' his pals've got a smooth organization."

"A bunch of big crooks, eh, uncle?" Owen said.

"I don't mind a man, when he's sort of up agin it with a big feed bill, easin' up on his hawse for a couple of races to get a good price on him; but it's this takin' the crooked end of it an' playin' it all the time, same's this Chicago bunch, that spoils racin', sends it to the bad lands," Andrews declared mournfully.

"Well, uncle, you're the doctor. We've cleaned up a couple of times. What'll we do? I won't put up any holler if I lose five thousand," and Owen grinned.

"But I would. I've got to take more care of your money than my own. You see, son, I've got to stay with the game, an' I'll always get mine back; but if a racin' man stings a bettor two or three times he quits."

"I get you, uncle."

"I'm gettin' old, son, an' I've got my eye on a leetle farm down in ol' Kentuck' that I kinder calc'lated on buyin' an' settlin' down on."

"Get married, Mr. Andrews?"

The patriarch coughed and stroked his beard.

"Hawses is bad enough, son. I mean," he added apologetically, "for me. I know hawses an' I don't know women. You got a purty wife, an' I guess 'bout half your worries is settled."

Stewart's strong white teeth gleamed in a fascinating smile. "Settled, eh? Yes, they're settled one way."

"As I was sayin'," Andrews added, "I figgered by bringin' Drummer up here for this circuit I'd come mighty nigh payin' for that farm. He's in a couple of stakes that'd half pay for it without no bettin', an' he's good jus' now. I've been nursin' him along, workin' him in his races. That's all they was to him—jus' workouts. I ain't throwed nobody down. When they asked me 'bout Drummer I told 'em he'll win if he can, but he don't seem to be as good as he was. He ain't been in the money for four races. The boy ain't takin' him in his lap at all—jus' that Drummer needed all 'em races to get where he's at now. In this handicap to-morrer there's eight entries an' three good hawses, Condor, Drummer an' May Fly. The others don't count; they ain't no bus'ness there. Drummer can beat May Fly, an' I figgered that we'd clean up, 'cause I didn't know Condor was here till this mornin'. 'Em crooks don't advertise nothin'."

"Put the pen through Drummer's name then, uncle. Don't start him if you think Condor can beat him."

"The handicap's wuth three thousand dollars, an' I'd feel sore if I scratched Drummer an' Condor was a cold hawse, 'cause my hawse can beat the rest of the bunch. I'll jus' run for the purse if I don't get a whisper I can depend on. Anyway, I always figger that luck for or against in a race is as good as seven pounds. If Condor was to have some bad luck—get pinched off a couple of times, or pinned on the rail, Drummer might beat him. But I got to get up early an' go to the track, so I guess I'll go up to my stall."

"I've got to hang around for a while," Owen said, "because of this"—he drew the Stella telegram from his pocket and passed it to the Man from the Desert.

Andrews deliberated over the wire. He seemed to study it curiously. He passed it back to Owen commenting, "I guess women's wuss'n hawses."

"You see, I'm kind of hidin' out, uncle. I made a play to wifie that I'd got a minin' deal on, an' skipped down to the train to give this bird the once-over."

"Who's Nevada?" the patriarch asked.

"You can search me; and also continue on your detective work about Stella. They're new ones on me."

"Stella didn't turn up, eh?"

"There you are, uncle! I don't know. There was a princess got off. I stacked up against her with my just-the-nicest-ever, but she put up an alibi; she wasn't Miss Stella, an' wasn't looking for me; said she was looking for a redcap to carry her suitcase. Get me? Bein' in it an' all to the beans, so to speak, I grabbed the suitcase; but she popped on a street car with a fare-thee-well grin, an' I ain't seen her since."

"Let me see that telegram again, son." The old man seemed strangely interested in the few words typed on the yellow slip of paper. "Could it've been for some other Stewart Owen?" he queried.

"No, I asked in the office. There hasn't been a Stewart Owen in the hotel since that Frenchman discovered Canada."

"Come up to my room," Andrews said. "I've kinder got an idee. This telegram don't look like all on the surface. There's a leetle somethin' familiar in a couple of words."

Up in the room the gray-whiskered John opened a bag, brought forth an old leather pocketbook, extracted some papers that were soiled brown on their many foldings and laid them on the table.

"Pull up a stool, young man," he said. "Let's see if we can do some detective stuff. Fust let me ask you somethin'. D'you ever get any code messages 'bout bettin' on hawses?"

"No; I wouldn't know how to figure one out."

"You would if you had a key—these're keys. Another thing," he continued, "was you expectin' any word from any racin' man 'bout hawses?"

"Not that I recollect. You see, I'm always travelin' with a pretty swift bunch, an' when we've had a few shots there's patter spilled to no end. Sometimes a fellow when he's mellow is goin' to send me a dog; another time it's a thousand shares of minin' stock in a new flotation. Nothin' ever comes of it."

"Give me that telegram," the Man from the Desert said. With the telegram on the table in front of him he compared, one by one, the dilapidated sheets of paper. "D'you ever do anythin' partic'lar generous for any racin' man, 'specially a feller you knew in Nevada?" he asked, looking up.

"Say, uncle, I've got a bunch of I O U's would stuff a pillow, but as to rememberin' who they're from I ain't got time."

"There's three words in that wire, son, that ain't got nothin' to do with a girl called Stella. There ain't nobody mutt enough to stick that word 'love' in there about a girl, an' I reckon if he knowed you well 'nough to wire you he wouldn't need to put in 'without fail,' would he, son?"

Stewart laughed.

"He wouldn't, pop."

"I thought it might be a code wire on a hawse. They gener'ly put in somethin' like that—that's the part to egg a feller on. I got a lot of codes here, but there ain't one of 'em is anythin' like that. I wouldn't give shucks for most code messages. They're gener'ly sent out by touts; an' often a tout sends out four dif-'rent hawses in the same race, so's if any one of 'em wins he gets his rake-off from the bettor—gener'ly figgered at 'bout the proceeds of a flat twenty-five-dollar bet for him. But I'm so upset over this Condor hawse that I'm gropin' for anythin'.

"There won't nobody here at the course know anythin', but there might be a leak in Buffalo that the money was there waitin' to back him."

"Say, uncle," Owen exclaimed, "you asked me somethin' a minute ago. There was a bookmaker—Flannigan was his name—was flat broke an' I lent him a roll to go on with—two thousand iron men."

"Did you get it back?"

"You bet I did! He seemed to climb right onto the hogback of a lucky streak with that, an' he sent it to me from Chicago."

"Would he be likely to sign a wire Nevada?"

"You can search me, uncle! I'm no ouija board."

The old man sighed.

"I ain't got a code nothin' like that wire. Here's one that's got a word opposite each letter from A to Z. A man's got a hawse named John, f'instance. He'll write in his wire the word opposite J, then the word opposite O, then the word opposite N. That means the fust two and the last letter of the hawse's name. You've got a code same's he's got, an' you jus' decode the message by it. These other codes is mostly variations of that. But none of 'em works out that wire you got."

"Then this isn't a code wire about racing," Stewart declared. "It's nothin' like that."

"I ain't sure it ain't. This chap might be a leetle bit cleverer, an' made up one of his own away off from the others. The girl didn't turn up, did she?"

"I'm not so sure," Stewart declared with a grin. "I'm goin' to find that out. I got a hunch this princess is Stella right enough. She might've got wise that my wife is here, an' is stringin' me."

(Continued on Page 44)

She, Delilah, Her Wishes, the Sable Coat, More Diamonds—All Were Embodied in That Cry, "Condor! Condor!"

TRAVELING OTTER

Talagwa Heard a Rustle in the Grass Behind Him and Turned. A Sinister Head Was Thrust From a Clump of Wild-Rose Brush at the Edge of an Aspen Clump

By HAL G. EVARTS

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES LIVINGSTON BULL

PRIMITIVE peoples have ever shown a tendency for apt nomenclature. There must be sufficient reason to justify the bestowing of a title. Many moons ago an infant chief of the Bannocks lived well into his second summer without giving evidence of any outstanding characteristic, and, of natural consequence, remained without a name. The wise men of the Bannocks watched him eagerly, but he neither snarled like the bobcat when angry nor sank his tiny nails into the soft flesh of his mother like the young of the cougar. His infantile wails were no more akin to the leering howls of the coyote than they were to the squall of the red fox or the hoot of the big gray owls.

His father, war chief of all the Bannocks, was much mortified and would have none of him. Loudly he proclaimed the child the son of his mother, with no whit of male blood in his veins, and he publicly waived all fatherly interest in the monotonous offspring. The infant, however, even in the face of paternal indifference, highly prized the chief, his father. The babe learned to walk. Some three days after essaying his first toddling steps he issued forth from the tepee and wandered to the far end of the village, where the warriors sat in solemn conference, there to sort out his father and lean against his knee.

Angrily the old chief bade him begone. The infant accepted the paternal edict without remonstrance, turned and retraced his steps. Some moments thereafter the head medicine man of the Bannocks uttered a startled grunt of surprise. The babe, on this, his first lone-handed sortie in the open, had unerringly threaded the maze of a hundred wigwams and returned to his own.

"Talagwa," quoth the medicine man. "The Traveling Otter." And the infant chief was named.

The legends of those who keep no written records, but instead pass history from generation to generation by word of mouth, are apt to become colorful as time goes on, each tribal historian putting upon them the seal of his own interpretation. So, too, in tongues of limited vocabulary, one word is apt to mean many things, perhaps pages, according to the eloquent construction put upon it by orators of succeeding generations or the connection in which it is used.

The name of the young chief implied many things. The otter, unlike most water-loving animals, is a great traveler. The tracks of the coyote in the snow reveal a shifting course as their maker has prowled in search of food. The looping, aimless wanderings of lynx and bobcat appear to have been written on the white page of the hills without purpose or destination. But when an otter travels overland from one stream to the next, he lays his course in the most direct route and holds it without deviation.

Talagwa, the infant's name, denoted variously—that he would ever choose the direct route; that others might follow him and feel all confidence that after many days on the game trails he would lead them out at exactly the predetermined point which was their destination; all this and much more; boiled down, it simply meant that the young chief would be possessed of an unerring sense of direction. It was predicted that he would render great service to his people and would never suffer defeat till such time as age should dim his powers and he should lose his way in the hills.

Legendary history reveals to us that these words were good. Talagwa's prowess was proverbial among all those tribes that traveled the Great Bannock Trail through the northwest hills. It is said that he might blaze a spruce with his tomahawk in a jungle of down timber, and that years later he could journey for three days across strange country and strike the opposite side of the same tree without going round it to make sure it was the same trunk previously blazed. He brought great glory to his tribe, and not till reaching the century mark did his powers fail. Then, indeed, did he one day mistake south for north and lead a hunting party into the country of the Grovants, there to be slain by the arrow of a stray hunter of that savage tribe.

His followers carried him back to the land of the Bannocks and he was buried in a robe of finest otter skins, tanned by the most skillful squaws. Across his breast was laid a mighty pelt, the prime skin of an otter, said to be the largest ever taken in the hills. And there was great sorrow at this passing of the chief who had shown such small promise at his birth a century before.

A hundred moons later, after the Bannocks were gone from the hills, another Talagwa, descended in a straight line from that mighty otter whose pelt had graced the dead form of the Bannock chief, was born into the world some five feet underground and directly below the ancient tepee site where the infant chieftain had first seen the light of day. And Talagwa, the young otter, gave as little promise of future character as had his namesake of long ago.

His mother had taken over the tunnel of a bank beaver for her temporary home. In the dark interior Talagwa groped helplessly. He felt another sprawling shape and recoiled. Its warmth attracted him and he dragged himself toward it once more and huddled close beside it. Two other tiny creatures joined them and the four baby otters slept in the dark hole. The pangs of hunger roused Talagwa and he drew away from the other small bodies, groping in the velvet black of his damp cavern. There sounded a gurgle of water, a few splashing drops falling back to the surface, and the rustle of a heavy body approaching the nest hole through a tunnel. The tiny squeaks of four young otters greeted the returning mother. Her sleek oily fur had shed the water and she was scarcely damp when she sprawled on her side to enable her hungry offspring to feed. For an hour after feeding they slept, then roused and gorged once more before the she otter left them, with only a sucking gurgle of water to indicate her point of departure.

This life was all that Talagwa knew of the world for a period of two weeks. The straight milk diet was beginning to pall and Talagwa felt the need of other food to supplement that furnished by his mother. He did not know what this craving was, but his little muzzle was thrust from side to side and he sniffed eagerly. There was an attractive odor about his nest mates and frequently he shoved his muzzle deep into the fur of some brother or sister and inhaled the meat smell. It augmented the craving.

Then one day his mother returned and a rich flavor drifted to his nostrils. He nosed a fresh-killed fish and the craving became almost an ache. He extended a tongue and drew it across the object and the taste was sweet; still the hunger was unappeased. This angered him and he sank his tiny teeth in it—and snarled, backing away with his prize, and ready to defend it against all comers. For with that first crunch of teeth he had learned of meat!

Talagwa worried the trout and tore morsels of crisp firm flesh from it. Another day and the three other young otters were eating fish.

There came a day when Talagwa grew restless while his den mates slept, and he crawled away from them. The hole narrowed and he rounded the bend of a tunnel some six feet beyond. A queer gray light fell across his eyes. For perhaps a minute he peered ahead while his eyes were becoming adjusted to the light. As he started on he found that he could stand upon his short legs and advance in that fashion. Bright light flooded upon his head from above and he paused again, then drew himself up the incline toward the mouth of an opening that the bank beaver had used in going forth to the aspen grove behind.

An abrupt rise of some two feet halted him. He reared on his hind legs, but his head failed to clear the hole.

She Moved Across the Bar, a Fish in Her Jaws, and the Three Young Leaped Eagerly After Her and Sought to Seize the Food

Above him were queer feathery branches that waved softly and held his attention. The exit was fringed with green grass and he regarded this growth curiously. He turned and scuttled back down the tunnel at the sound of his mother's return.

Thereafter restlessness assailed him continually and the following day he trailed his mother till she slid smoothly from sight. It seemed that the floor of the tunnel had absorbed her. Talagwa reached forth a paw toward where he had last seen her form in the darkness. The foot sank in something soft and cool. It had a delicious feel and he lunged forward and sank in the water. His head popped above the surface and he swam easily. The pool was long and narrow and he played, swimming the length of it till he was lifted by the swirling heave of a body rising from the deep. He snarled with sudden fear and anger as he fell back to the water. The tempting odor of fish reached him, and he knew that the monster was but his mother returning with fresh meat.

Later he noted that the water at the far end of the pool had a queer greenish quality. It attracted him as had the light at the other end of the tunnel. Twice he plunged well beneath the surface of the water to peer at this strange green effect, then dived and propelled himself toward it. He slid along the water-filled tunnel and was suddenly surrounded by greenish light. Below, it was deeper, more like the floor of the den; above, it was brilliant and alluring, so he rose.

His head broke surface and he was appalled by the immensity of his surroundings. He saw land and swam toward it, a dozen times his own length, and nestled close to the bank. There seemed no limit to his surroundings. Above him towered great trees; the strip of water extended far off in either direction. Upstream the current trickled across a riffle and the sparkle of the sun on the water at this point attracted him. A great bird stood in the riffle, almost motionless, occasionally turning his head sidewise to peer down into the water.

Someway Talagwa knew that this movement differed from the movement of the leaves above him or the smooth glide of the current. He crawled out upon a shelf of the bank and fastened his eye upon this creature. The great blue heron folded his neck and slept. Talagwa ducked warily as a flitting shape swept overhead with a raucous chuckle. The kingfisher pitched to the point of a bleached snag and watched the curl of backwater below him. The heron suddenly unkinked his long neck and stretched to his full height, head twisted back to gaze upstream. He rose with an ungainly flapping of wings and swept past Talagwa a dozen feet above the water. Next the kingfisher took flight and the young otter heard the thud of heavy feet. Another queer creature halted on the opposite shore and seemed to strike out with a slender wand.

Stillson, the trapper, sought a mess of trout for his dinner. After the lapse of perhaps a minute he noted the little animal on the far shore.

"Talagwa—Traveling Otter," he said. "Right young he is. The den is somewhere close."

The gruff sounds struck fear to the heart of the young otter and he seemed to shrink in size as he sat very still and even tried not to breathe.

Stillson knew well the ways of the otter. This youngster had not been long from the den and when startled would head directly for it, the trend of his flight betraying whether the den was up stream or down. Talagwa sat motionless and had about decided that the great creature across from him intended no harm. Then it made a curious swift move. There was a tremendous splash as a rock struck the water just before Talagwa, a piercing whistle that jarred his eardrums, and he took to the stream. As the water closed over him the trapper could not determine whether his course lay up stream or down, for the young otter had made his dive square across the current. Stillson watched and made out a dark shape moving swiftly toward him, well down beneath the surface of the clear water. Then it disappeared beneath his very feet. Talagwa, even in his excitement, had returned straight to the mouth of his tunnel in a single dive.

An old beaver drag led up the bank and Stillson knew that somewhere beneath the surface would be the entrance to the deserted resort of a bank beaver; that the she otter had made use of it for a den instead of following her usual custom of denning in a beaver house rising above the surface of some pond. He prospected the grassy bottom well back from the shore and found several crumbling exits. Old trails led from these, but they were grass-grown and showed long disuse. The old otter had used only the underwater entrance, which revealed no sign. But a taint of fish pervaded the air that leaked from the mouth of the holes. In the soft mud bottom of one the man made out the day-old tracks of a baby otter, the ones left by Talagwa on his first curious wanderings.

"They will leave before fur is prime, and travel far," Stillson prophesied. "But from time to time they will return. Then I will pinch their toes."

It was another two days before the rest of Talagwa's family joined him in the open. The four youngsters romped in the water and Talagwa watched his mother perform a wonderful feat. The she otter climbed the bank at the point where the old beaver drag scored a groove in it. The water dripped from her fur and sprinkled the surface of hard earth. When she reached the top her fur was dry, but the trail was damp and she lay flat on her belly and slid down it, occasionally shoving with her short hind legs. After a dozen trips the trail was soaked and the weight and drag of her body had worn it smooth and sleek as grease. She no longer required the shove of hind feet to propel her, but could now slide like an arrow, forelegs folded back along her sides, and plunge deep beneath the surface of the water.

Twice Talagwa essayed the steep ascent, only to find that his infant legs buckled and let him fall back to the stream. On the second day he succeeded, and found the breathless slide exhilarating. Thereafter he made endless journeys up the bank to enjoy the reward of the plunge. His short legs grew stronger with this exercise, and after two weeks in the open he had nearly attained the size of a full-grown mink. Twice he braved the unknown and swam a hundred yards from the den, but always he was assailed by sudden panic over his own temerity and returned in a series of long dives.

Then one day he stopped at the top of the bank. Always before his eagerness to strike the slide had been uppermost and the start of his plunge had been almost simultaneous with his gaining the crest. But now he lingered to gaze back into the rank grass behind him. At last he ventured a few feet into new territory, only to whirl and leap for the chute that led to safety. On each succeeding trip he ventured a little farther, till eventually he explored the surface for fifty yards around. Bedded deep in the grass were curious circles of stones, the tepee rings of an ancient camp, the stones having been used in lieu of pegs to secure the circular bottoms of the tepees. He stood on the edge of the largest ring of all. This had been a mighty wigwam, some twenty feet across, the abode of a chief, but Talagwa did not know.

He heard a rustle in the grass behind him and turned. A sinister head was thrust from a clump of wild-rose brush at the edge of an aspen clump. Big round eyes peered forth as the cat surveyed the scene before him, the hot scent of young otter pervading the whole atmosphere. The glaring pupils settled on the young otter and instantly the bobcat crouched and sprang. Even as the eyes met his own Talagwa had leaped for safety with the queer doubling jump of his bench-legged tribe. He had no time to make the otter slide, but headed instead for a heavy clump of grass in the center of the tepee ring. His second jump carried him to it and he fell headlong into the opening he had visited but once before, and that time below the surface on his first trip. But he did not misgauge the spot an inch, diving straight to the very center of the hole just as the claws of the killer grazed his rump.

Thus Talagwa, Traveling Otter, had justified his name in the identical spot where his namesake had earned the title in the long ago. For the grass-grown tepee ring marked the ancient abode of a Bannock chief at the head of a populous village.

The beaver tunnel was large and as Talagwa scurried down it the cat dipped in after him and followed. The spotted hunter paused for one brief sniff, knowing that a she otter was more than a match for his own prowess when encountered underground. That split second of hesitation gave Talagwa the start, and the water closed over him as he dived for the outside just as the cat reached forth a hooked paw to seize him. The frenzied manner of his exit apprised the mother that all was not well within, and she started her counter dive to enter almost before Talagwa broke surface. The cat had beat a hasty retreat and the teeth of the enraged otter clamped on his rump as his forepaws hooked the outer edge of the hole through which he had entered ten seconds past. He tore himself from this grip and fled to the shelter of the aspens.

The young otters were as full of play as a litter of puppies, a distinct departure from the ways of their relatives, for the otter belongs to the weasels, and the play of

most other weasel folk, excepting the young of the skunk, consists of mock battle and bloodshed—and all too frequently is not confined to imitation strife but becomes very real. But Talagwa and his kinsfolk wrestled and romped in the water from sheer love of play. The four of them, in attempting to keep one another from the slide, would often come down it in a tumbling mass and struggle for supremacy six feet under water.

A huge dog otter appeared on the scene and lingered with the family for an hour. He was a stranger to Talagwa, even though the grizzled old fellow was his father. Thereafter the dog otter visited them at frequent intervals. This, too, was a departure from true weasel custom, at variance with the habit of the tribe.

The boar mink is never permitted to come near the den of his mate, nor is the male of the weasel. Even the mother skunk will fly at the throat of a buck of her species, though he be her own mate, if perchance he attempts to enter the place where her young are cached. For the keynote of the weasel tribe is stark ferocity, and the males are all too prone to dine off the young of their own kind. The dog otter does not share the responsibilities of rearing his offspring and he takes long journeys by himself, but he does return for an occasional romp with his mate, and his young never suffer harm at his hands; and there is much evidence to indicate that the dog otter rejoins his family group in the early fall when the young commence their journeying to see the world under the guidance of the mother. Perhaps this difference lies in the fact that to most of the weasel tribe every living thing that moves is food, a fair target for claws and fang, while the diet of the otter consists almost exclusively of fish. Occasionally he varies this by rising to seize a duck or goose asleep on the surface of the water, but there is no reliable evidence that any four-footed creatures are included in his bill of fare, and it is doubtful if he even slays the muskrat, which inhabits his own element and would be easy prey to the otter if the big weasel was so inclined.

Talagwa's appetite increased and the old otter was forced to fish almost continuously to supply sufficient quantity of food for her ravenous family. There came a time when Talagwa felt always a slight pang of hunger, as if he never had quite enough fish to supply his needs. This sensation was uppermost when he dived into a deep hole under the bank.

There, in the clear water, he suddenly saw meat just before him. The goggle eyes of the big trout glared at him and the fins were stiffly outstretched. A ray of sunshine touched the edges of the translucent fins and the tail with light. Talagwa moved forward to partake of this banquet so unexpectedly set before him. His meal disappeared with a lightning dart. He looked anxiously about him, and at last made out the goggle eyes peering from a dim cavern under the roots of a mighty spruce. When his prey darted off once more Talagwa, enraged at this unheard-of thing, darted in pursuit. The fish he had known in the past had all reposed quietly on a sandbar or on the floor of the den, to be eaten at leisure. Here was one that refused to be eaten.

The young otter took to exploring the pools. Fish were easy to sight but very difficult to secure, but he persisted and at last surprised a whitefish. It endeavored to dart past him, but his jaws closed on it with a swift side snap and he withdrew to the edge of a bar and feasted.

As he finished he observed the approach of his mother, followed by the rest of the family. She moved across the bar, a fish in her jaws, and the three young leaped eagerly after her and sought to seize the food. Back against the bank was a landlocked pool left in a depression of the bar when the floodwater of a few days past had receded, and in this basin she deposited the fish. For an instant the squawfish seemed stunned, then revived at being returned to his own element, and he darted away as a young otter reached for him. The three hungry youngsters took to the water in search of their food. Talagwa hopped across the bar to join them, but before he reached the scene the little lake was yellow from the sediment stirred up by their combined exertion. The she otter left them exploring its murky depths and soon returned with a whitefish.

From then on she made them work for their meals. Thus does the cat bring home to her kits a crippled mouse, the mother skunk a disabled grasshopper, all to teach the young that live active meat is food, instructing them in the game of life. And thus in some fashion are the young of the wild things educated in the school of the wild as surely as the young of the human kind are sent to learn in the schools of men.

Talagwa enjoyed the sport of fishing. There was excitement in the swift pursuit through the cold depths of the stream, a thrill of joy in the first crunch of jaws on the elusive prey. Soon he would take no food from his mother unless very hungry. As he explored the bottom of the stream for a hundred yards each way he passed and repassed the shadowy forms of his brothers and sisters, themselves on the submarine hunt for meat.

When they had become expert in this most necessary art the she otter marshaled them one night and led the way downstream. Talagwa glanced back from the first bend, the old home behind him, off at last to see the world and rove the hills. Talagwa, Traveling Otter, had come into his heritage as a free lance of the lakes and streams.

For miles they followed the creek till it broke into a vast sheet of water. There were great beaver colonies round the margins of the lake, with houses rising from pools dammed up where streams joined the lake. Most of these were untenanted, for Stillson had trapped this territory the season past. The she otter chose another stream, the Klootsin River, flowing out of the lake. At every feasible point they found otter slides made by other families, now gone on travels of their own, and at each of these ready-made playgrounds they tarried for a romp. After moving downstream for some thirty miles they turned off up a tributary creek that broke in from the right, and followed

PHOTO BY THE BURKEY BIRDCRAFT PICTURE COMPANY, COURTESY OF THE NATIONAL PARK SERVICE

it to the very head, crossed over a low divide, traveling overland for ten miles to the tip prong of another creek that led them down to the Rickaree. Their course lay upstream along this little river to another lake, then up a creek, another stretch of overland travel, and Talagwa found himself on the head of Cache Creek, his home stream. A day's journey down this brought him to the old den, and here the otter family lingered for two days.

The nights were crisp and cold, the long grass was stiff and white with frost of mornings, and paper ice formed on the surface of still pools. An early snow fell and melted. Another storm shed a two-foot layer of white across the hills. The afterstorm cold of the high country clamped down in its wake and a half inch of ice formed on the beaver ponds. The streams were still open, flowing swift and dark between shores of fluffy white. The fur was beginning to prime.

Stillson had taken to prowling the hills to lay out his trap lines for the winter. His territory was large, extending from the Klootsin to the Rickaree, roughly bounded by Talagwa's route of travel. He had three outlying cabins besides the one that served as base camp, and in these he stored food and bedding for the winter's work. He picked trap sets for his fox lines on the bald ridges of the divides, laid out marten lines along heavily timbered slopes, selected those ponds where fresh cuttings revealed the presence of a few surviving beaver left over from his inroads of a season past; and as he followed the streams he noted every otter slide along their shores. His traps were strung out and cached, ready to be set when the flesh side of a pelt showed flint white.

Talagwa came down Cache Creek after still another snow. At times he swam in the swifter stretches that were free of ice; at the bends he left the stream and cut across. Just above the old den was a riffle and above this a long smooth stretch that was frozen over, and he traveled its length with the unique style of locomotion peculiar to his tribe. Talagwa was very long and his legs were very short, with a vast stretch of body between hind and fore quarters. He moved with short leaps, all feet closely bunched for the next hop, and after every third jump he threw himself forward in a slide. Where the ice was smooth under the thin skift of new snow he frequently covered fifteen feet at a slide. Where the snow had blown off and left glare ice it was no unusual thing for him to cover thirty feet. But where the going was rough, the ice choppy or the snow soaked by water seeping through from below, his slides were failures, but he essayed them nevertheless.

He coasted over the last smooth stretch and struck the open water of the riffle, following the center of the stream till opposite the den, then veered to the bank. The rest of the family were just taking the riffle. Talagwa hesitated. Three times in as many days different members of his family had plunged down otter slides and received a terrible fright. Twice he had seen dead otters swaying deep beneath the surface of the water. He did not understand the exact nature of the trouble but knew that otter playgrounds had now become points of grave menace for his kind. But this was his own slide, one he had covered a hundred times; surely there was no danger here.

He chose a point in the bank and left the water to climb to the top of the chute. The snow had melted and left the bare earth sleek and frozen on the slide. Dark heads dotted the water as his family reached the scene just as he launched his body down the chute. There was a shattering blow on his breastbone as he entered the water, and a patch of fur gave way as his weight and impetus wrenched him free of the trap jaws. The otter family made off downstream, and once more Stillson had missed his catch.

The trapper was not surprised at the percentage of misses. He found at least six otter traps sprung to every one that held a victim; for the otter is the most difficult to trap of all the animals of the hills. Nature favors him in this, for he has not the cunning of the fox or the coyote. Rather it is his habits and way of life which operate to protect him. When an otter shoots his slide his short forelegs are folded back and it is his breast that first slides across the trap pan and springs the deadly contraption concealed well below the surface of the water. All along his route between these common playgrounds of his tribe the traveler is almost immune. He fishes for sport as well as for food, and scorns dead meat. The trapper has yet to appear who can concoct a bait or scent to which the otter will rise.

Some three weeks after Talagwa had first learned of traps his family traveled down the ice toward a sharp bend in the Klootsin. A bluff flanked the south side of the river and here was the longest otter slide that marked their route. Here, too, was the site of Stillson's most productive set. Three times since the fur had primed Talagwa had passed this spot, and three times he had viewed the dead form of some member of his clan, the body wavering in the current well down toward the bottom of the stream. Talagwa did not know the reason for the high mortality rate for this particular spot—but Stillson did.

Round most otter playgrounds the animals could rise from deep water and climb a gently sloping bank at almost any point, gain the crest of it and proceed to the top of the chute. Here there was an abrupt drop of four feet to the water, and above that sheer wall a steep ascent of some thirty feet. There was but one feasible break that led out of the water and at that point a beaten trail led up the slope. An otter in leaving the water loses the advantage which is his upon entering it, for in crawling out upon the bank he is sure to thrust a foot upon the trap pan instead of striking it first with his breast as when coasting down his chute. Also, it is easy to determine where an otter will reënter the water—for every traveler will stop for a slide—but it is most difficult to predict the point where he will elect to leave it as he starts up the bank. This one set had netted Stillson five pelts in three weeks, more than

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MAIN STREET, MANHATTAN

By Frank Ward O'Malley

ILLUSTRATED BY TONY SARG

I'll Say This for Erik: For an Æsthete He Bulked Bigger, at Least Vertically, Than I Had Dared to Hope

OUR daughter Carrie had had the usual afflictions of an infancy, childhood and adolescence spent out here in our home town. You know—whooping cough and things; then being misunderstood in school, earache, a whole summer of the ukulele, being more cruelly misunderstood in her midteens by a couple of doddering old parents in their forties, a spasm of ex-parte, gooey and shamefully unrequited grand passion for James K. Hackett, a hectic lesion of malignant æstheticism that all but left the whole inside of our old house here one smear of black and orange paint and Japanese obis, one attack of Mary Garden and another of Geraldine Farrar and, when Carrie had got into her early twenties with fair thoroughness, a semiorganic complication of socialism and Russian novelists translated into Americanese.

Living as we do far outside of Manhattan, the surprising thing to me was that anyone not a resident of the nation's lone fountainhead of culture had ever so much as heard of these ideas or personages. I had been led to believe that everybody in America camping miserably outside of New York supposed a Japanese obi was some sort of one-string bull fiddle played by some kind of foreigners called Chinks.

It was when acute socialism and Russian culture attacked Carrie that ma and I noticed it made her unhappy to be happy. She spoke chronically now in italics ending in a rash of exclamation points. Then when our Carrie had reached the really mature age of twenty-three recently, and had read for the second time the lengthy translation of an inspiring Russian idyl of the uplift called, as I remember it, The Sewer Rat, then it was that her restlessness first began to give her mother and me some slight concern. The real wallop, which annihilated the family circle as we had known it, did not come along, however, until the past winter was beginning to wane.

The Greenwich Village Viewpoint

EVERYTHING began to come to a head about the time that our Carrie startled us at the dinner table one evening—our family is the only one outside of Manhattan, so I gather from my dips into recent American fiction, that doesn't eat dinner at noon—by admitting point-blank for the first time that American novelists at last were beginning to look up. From my glances into the best-selling realism of American small-town life which had begun to elbow Carrie's Russian novels aside I had been foolishly supposing that they were beginning to look down. I have our Carrie's word for it that my notion was foolish.

The new American novels of the new realism which Carrie was now eating hot off the press concentrated themselves solely upon all that was, is and, alas, always will be wrong and out of kilter with anything, everything and everybody situated beyond the limits of Manhattan in general and the perfection known as Greenwich Village in particular. The hopeless horrors of the provincialism of all this poor old darn-fool country of ours were set forth by the literary apostles of the new realism exhaustlessly, exhaustively. Particularly if one stupidly insisted upon being born in and remaining a resident of any American town west of the picturesque forests of billboards advertising New York's hotels and theaters, with which Manhattan's æsthetes line the approaches to the country's lone and imperial capital of culture—well, if one insists upon lying in the gutter, one lies in the gutter. *N'est-ce pas?*—as they say in the big town.

It set the minds of mother and me at rest to learn, after slight investigation, that these doctors of the new realism were not impulsive, half-baked fledglings just out of prep school and therefore feeling artistically miserable, but men of long observation, experience, the mental poise and mellowed maturity that come after years of philosophic thought. Some of them, we found, were already out of college. In fact the most eminently successful doctor of the whole realistic school—and I use "most successful" here in its Manhattan sense of "biggest turnover in the fiscal year of the novel-publishing trade"—had about lived his life. Now upon finding himself getting well along into his middle thirties he was devoting the few years left to him to guiding America toward the Greenwich Village point of view, gently but bitterly, before his powers should have failed as he drooped into his dread forties and consequent senile general debility.

The American novel boasting of positively the biggest æsthetic turnover of the 1920–1921 book business had so gripped our Carrie that I felt it my duty to wade into it. Nightly after that I read nothing else until I had finished it, with the exception of one sleepy night when, quite by accident, I had picked up a volume of similar proportions and realism of detail and had read ninety-some pages of the volume before noticing that in my haste I had thoughtlessly picked up not the novel but our Inga's copy of a catalogue of all the things that should be found indoors and outdoors of every community inside of civilized mail-order zones.

The Perfection That is New York

THE sheer physical labor of putting the mail-order-catalogue idea into fiction form was impressed upon me by that accident. No wonder—I now began to see—these apostles of the new realism were gloomy right from the kick-off, and after four hundred or more pages usually decided to call it a day and a novel and quit in a rotten funk.

The only note of optimism I could find in Carrie's new literary loves was the reiteration that the only hope for the mess that is the entire country outside of New York City was to stick round patiently and watch and wait, with eyes turned ever eastward. Then the day would come when the rest of America would be passably educated up to something at least approaching artistic, uncommercial, money-hating Manhattan in all her monopolistic characteristics of the unprovincial, unselfish, always sure-thinking, politically and civically perfect, unostentatious, tolerant, modest art-for-art's-sake sweetness and light that distinguish the great metropolis now in the political keeping of Mayor Hylan, Leader Murphy of Tammany Hall, and William Randolph Hearst.

This goal of all small towns—which means, of course, all towns outside of New York City—will not be reached, I learned further from the realists, in a week or month, not even in a year. Even the least dejected of the school had figured it out that the best time the rest of the country can make in the heartbreaking climb to the ethical and æsthetic heights now monopolized by Manhattan is twenty centuries. But unfortunately by that time, owing to certain meteorological phenomena peculiar to all American communities except New York City, little or nothing will be left west of Greenwich Village to get itself Manhattanized.

I speak, of course, of the rain, sleet, snow and mud which, the realists sadly point out, are perpetually combining to smear up and finally drown in an abyss of black muck all American

Thirty Hours of Uninterrupted and Really Wet Rain Is Bound to Muss Up the Sidewalks and Street Crossings

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The Girl Who Paid Dividends

By EARL DERR BIGGERS

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES D. MITCHELL

MR. HERMAN WINKLE, the eminent producer of film masterpieces, sat in his office staring at the director he had but recently lured away from a rival concern. California's special brand of early morning sunshine poured through a window at Mr. Winkle's back, bathing in golden splendor his vast expanse of bald head.

"Well, Kenyon," he inquired, "did you go over that new script for Malone?"

"I did," said the director. "It looks like an A-1 story to me."

"Yeah, it's a good piece of property," replied Mr. Winkle, making use of his favorite phrase.

The director smiled.

"Now that shot where Malone appears on the fire escape in her nightgown ——"

"Wasn't in the property when I bought it," Mr. Winkle informed him. "I wrote it in." He paused a moment, his chest swelling with the pride of authorship. "Well, I guess you're ready to begin shooting as soon as Malone shows up. I hope you two get along O. K."

"Oh, we'll hit it off," smiled Kenyon. "I understand that Peggy Malone is a regular fellow."

"She's a mighty fine kid," said Mr. Winkle. "Five years we been working together, and never a word between us that wasn't as pleasant as a good week's gross. Yes, sir, five years ago I found her in the Follies chorus, getting her measly little fifty a week. Just for an evening of pleasure I go to the theater, and the minute this girl walks on I know I'm there for business. Right away I went back stage and signed her up. It was one of my big strokes."

"One of many," flattered Kenyon.

"Yeah, you said it," Mr. Winkle admitted. "Well, get busy. All I got to say is, treat her right. I never knew her to be peevish yet, but I ain't taking no chances. I wouldn't lose her for Rockefeller's millions. She's the best bit of property I got." He rose and waved an emphatic finger at his new director. "Believe me when I say it, she's the best bit of property in the films."

Up at the other end of Hollywood, in a boudoir done, to quote Peggy herself, "in a Los Angeles imitation of Louis the Quince," the film star sat before her dressing table. She was running a tortoise-shell comb through her hair, which she wore bobbed that season. On top it was a tangled glory of gold, but it stopped abruptly just below her ears, as though it would think twice before concealing those charming shoulders.

In the mirror Peggy Malone could see, at her back, the trim figure of her maid moving silently about the room, straightening it up. She found the sight of so much calm efficiency, so early in the morning, rather wearing. Again she lowered her eyes, under the famous long lashes, to her dressing table, where amid the toilet things lay an opened letter. At sight of the letter Peggy smiled.

"Good old Nell!" she said.

"Beg pardon, miss?" said the maid.

"It's a letter from an old pal of mine," explained Peggy Malone. "A girl I used to know in the Follies—Nell Morrison. She went over to London, and turned out a riot. She's all pep, all ginger, Nell is. And the English are so taken with that sort of thing, poor dears, having so little themselves!"

"Yes, miss," said the maid stiffly. She was English and proud of it.

Peggy yawned.

"To hear Nell tell it, she's grabbed off a duke. She wants me to come over and go shopping. Says the titles are all lined up on the shelves, and you just go in and serve yourself—like a cafeteria."

"To Hear Nell Tell It, She's Grabbed Off a Duke. She Wants Me to Come Over and Go Shopping. Says the Titles are All Lined Up on the Shelves, and You Just Go In and Serve Yourself—Like a Cafeteria"

"Why don't you go, miss?" the maid suggested. "The rest would do you good."

"If I only could!" sighed Peggy, and smiled again—that twisted, wistful little smile that held her public enthralled.

She could do with a rest, she told herself. She was rather tired. She lowered her hand with the comb to the edge of the table and yawned again. This getting up at eight in the morning was no joke. Not like the old days in the chorus, days that began when the noon whistles were blowing. Happy days; not much money, but excitement—thrills. Sometimes she wished ——

How foolish, she reflected. With all her luck! Her thoughts flew back beyond the chorus, back to the smoke of Pittsburgh, out of which her beauty had so unexpectedly emerged. It was six-thirty when she rose in the mornings then. She smelled again the steamy little kitchen; saw her mother wearily hovering between stove and table; her father, the motorman, drinking his coffee from a saucer, then rushing off to the barn to take out his car; and Joey, her brother, whimpering under foot, cross in the mornings even at that age. She remembered her own hurried breakfast, her race to the big hotel where, as telephone operator, she was one day to meet the Broadway manager who was so keen a judge of beauty wherever found. Lucky—yes, she was lucky. She looked round the luxurious room her beauty had paid for.

"Nearly nine o'clock," suggested the maid.

Peggy Malone stood up, slim and straight and boyish in her lacy negligee. It was one of her chief assets, that figure of hers. Whenever a film story faltered, whenever the author's invention failed him, they rushed Peggy into a negligee, a bathing suit, anything that was nothing much. And right there the picture went over—scored a big success. Her face was lovely—innocent, appealing, a necessary part of her equipment, of course—but it was not her face Herman Winkle was thinking of when he fixed her salary at eight hundred a week.

When she was ready to go downstairs her maid spoke.

"We're all out of the face cream, miss."

"So we are." Peggy opened her purse and took out a bill. "How much is it a jar?"

"I—I don't recall, miss." The eyes of the maid, fixed on that greenback, were cold, grasping. "The price keeps going up. Two dollars, I fancy, the last I bought."

Peggy tossed the ten-dollar bill down on her dressing table.

"Get me a couple of jars," she said.

The maid seized the bill and tucked it away in her bosom. She looked keenly at her mistress. She wondered if Peggy suspected that the cream was only fifty cents a jar. Probably not. Anyhow, Peggy Malone should worry—with her salary! The woman smiled and patted her bodice above the bill. Nine dollars clear, and the day yet young. She must tell Henry, the chauffeur, about this. Not that Henry would be impressed; he wouldn't stoop for such chicken feed. His dishonest arrangement with the garage brought him, he boasted, more than a hundred a month.

Peggy went down to the breakfast room. Her father, Peter Malone, was already at the table. A powerful-looking man you would have said, and, indeed, strength had been his boast in the days when he piloted a trolley car about Pittsburgh. But he was not so strong now. His back, he said, hurt him. Three years before, when his wife died, he had come out to sample the climate of California. The idea had been that he was to obtain a job, but he had found the air of the Coast strangely enervating. Now and again he had come into dangerous proximity to work, but when he had asked the salary and compared it to the money Peg was getting—well, it was precisely at that moment that he was likely to experience a twinge of warning from his back.

"Hello, Peg," he said cheerfully.

"Good morning, dad. What are you up to?"

"Waiting for you," he said. "You know, Peg, I was just settin' here watching the sunshine on the silver, an' it come to me—how your poor mother would have enjoyed all this."

"Would she?" asked Peggy. She sat down and attacked her grapefruit. "Somehow I don't believe she would have been contented just to loll round and enjoy. She was always a worker, mother was. I imagine I'm like her."

"What do you mean by that?" asked her father.

"Nothing," smiled Peggy. And it was true, she had intended no rebuke. "Where's Joey?"

"Ain't down yet," scowled Peter Malone. "I heard him come in last night. Past three it was. I looked at that watch you gave me. If you ask me, he was probably over at Hunt's room at the hotel playin' poker."

"Think so?"

"Sure! An' they cleaned him out again, I'll bet you. He ain't got no sense, that kid. You ought to speak to him, Peg."

"Oh, no!"

"But, Peg, it's your money he loses."

"What if it is? Let's not have any row."

"Well, it's up to you, of course. An' speakin' of money, my dear ——"

"Uh-huh."

"I bought a bunch of silk shirts yesterday. There was a sale on. I got 'em at rock-bottom prices. But it took every penny I had."

"More silk shirts? Dad, you've got a thousand already."

"Well, what if I have?" He poured rich, heavy cream on his oatmeal. "The father of Peggy Malone's got to look snappy, hasn't he? You don't want me goin' round shabby!"

"Of course not, you old dear How much do you want?" She rose and went to the table where her pocketbook lay. His eager eyes followed her.

"Oh, not much, honey. Just car fare, that's all—and a few little extras."

She threw a bill down beside him.

"Will twenty do?" she asked.

"Plenty, plenty!" he answered cheerfully. He tucked the bill away in his vest with a sigh of relief. It assured him the pleasant little adjuncts of his aimless day—a bunch of expensive cigars, a good lunch, the cheap vaudeville or movie that was his solace of an afternoon. "You're a good girl, Peg," he assured her.

"Never been a word against me," she laughed, resuming her seat.

Joey came into the room, sour-faced, the corners of his mouth drooping. A sporty youth of twenty, pulpy faced, dressed like a clothing advertisement, and with mean little eyes. His greeting to his father was short and sharp, but he made an effort to be more genial in his manner toward Peg. Joey was, as usual, at liberty. He had graced numerous jobs round motion-picture lots, but none for long. He sat down and took up his spoon with fingers that bore the stain of many cigarettes.

"Where was you last night, young man?" his father asked.

"That's my affair," snapped Joey. His eye fell on a letter beside his plate. He snatched it up and read. "The devil!" he said.

"What's the trouble?" Peggy inquired.

"That money you gave me to invest in oil stocks," replied Joey sadly. "The market's all shot to pieces, and the broker's hollering his head off for more margin."

"Oh, dear," said Peg. "I thought you were going to get rich!"

"Maybe I will—some day. But the market's in the cellar, digging itself in."

"How much does the broker want?" she asked.

"He—he says he's got to have three hundred. If he don't get it we're wiped out." Peggy had finished her brief breakfast. She rose and went toward her desk in the next room. Joey got up and followed. "Might make it a little more," he suggested. "I'm stripped. Not a drop of gas for my car."

Back at the table Peter Malone had picked up the broker's notice.

"Three hundred, you say?" he called. "It looks more like two hundred to me."

Joey swung on him, his little eyes flashing.

"Keep out of this, will you?" he cried. "You've made your touch, I'll gamble on that. Now you're trying to queer me! You—you dog in the manger!"

"Hush!" cried the girl. "Please—you know how I hate a row." Joey muttered something about being sorry. She took up her rather worn check book and wrote. "Here you are, Joey. Four hundred—will that do?"

"Fine—fine!" cried the boy, elated. "You're an ace, Peg."

"Am I?" She smiled at him. "Joey, I wish you'd keep away from Hunt and that crowd at the hotel. They're too clever for you—you're only a kid."

"Sure I will if you say so!" He went back to the table, his hot fingers clasping the check. "You're the boss round here, Peg," he added, with a contemptuous glance at his father.

Peggy stood pulling on her gloves.

"By the way, dad," she said, "I had a telegram from Martin Fox. He's on his way to Los—gets in to-day. If he calls the house tell him to look for me at the studio."

An expression of alarm crossed her father's face.

"Martin Fox! Coming all the way from New York again—to see you!"

"Well, I guess that's the idea."

"He's crazy about you."

"Wouldn't it be nice if he was—and him worth millions?"

"Now don't you go and get married, honey. You're doing mighty well as it is. I don't care what Fox is worth; it wouldn't be your money—like this is. Remember that!"

"Married?" She snapped the catch on her glove. "I may as well tell you what I told Martin the last time I saw him. I'd marry him to-morrow—if I was free."

Malone remembered then, and a look of relief came into his eyes.

"But you ain't free, Peg," he said. "You got one husband already. You ain't forgot Jimmy, have you?"

"No"—her voice softened somewhat—"I haven't forgot Jimmy. He can never say that I did—not once in two years have I missed. The first of every month—regular—like rent day—he's got his check from me."

"But Jimmy's a sick man," her father protested.

"Sure! Don't forget what I said. Send Martin round to the studio. If you go out leave word with the Jap. Ta-ta!"

She waved good-by from the hall and disappeared into the bright outdoors. Peter Malone turned worried eyes on his son.

"You heard what she said? She'd marry Fox to-morrow if ——"

"Yes—if. They got to get rid of Jimmy first. And believe me, Jimmy will take some getting rid of! He's a wise old bird, sick or well" Joey got up from the table

"Here," said his father, "you better take this notice from the broker."

"To hell with the broker! Four hundred cash—I ain't had so much money in a month."

"You listen to me ——"

"Let the oil stock slide. You may not see me for a day or two. I'm going down to Tia Juana to play the ponies I'll come back with a wad."

Peter Malone got to his feet.

"I forbid it!"

"You? Don't make me laugh!"

"How dare you speak to your father ——"

"Oh, fade away! Fade away!" And the front door slammed behind him, while Peter Malone stood raging, helpless.

In a few moments the older man's anger had cooled. He sat down in Peggy's chair, in Peggy's house, looking out over Peggy's lawn. He took out a cigar she had paid for, and spread on his knees the newspaper for which she subscribed. Slothful content filled his soul. She was a good girl, was Peggy. She would look out for him, whatever happened. Other men set aside stocks and bonds as a protection against old age, but he had that which was far, far better—a loving, indulgent daughter.

His daughter was riding in her open limousine down Hollywood Boulevard. Spring comes to California as to other places, though there, of course, it merely gilds the lily. Peggy was conscious of a feeling of spring in the air. She saw, on the lawns bordering the pavement, new blossoms that had sprung into being overnight. On a corner an old, bent, ragged man was selling violets.

Peggy Malone's thoughts drifted lazily back over seven years. It was spring in Atlantic City too. In front of the theater, on the Boardwalk, an old, bent, ragged man sold violets. They were down there to open a new musical show—just another of those things. It never had a chance in the world. Its backers were broke before they rung up the curtain. The only clever thing about the production was Jimmy Parsons, its press agent, then at the beginning of his brief but brilliant career as the white-haired boy of Broadway—its pet, its darling. Quaint, whimsical, given to quixotic adventures, to know him was to love him; not to know him was to argue oneself unknown on the Great White Way.

"Now Don't You Go and Get Married, Honey. You're Doing Mighty Well as it Is"

On a warm, lovely Monday night, when the Atlantic whispered softly just outside the walk, their show opened and bade the public come and see. The girls worked hard that night. They danced like demons, smiled eternally, and at the finish wondered whether the piece went over. When the next morning at ten, sleepy-eyed and weary, they reported for rehearsal, their question was answered by a notice on the call board. The show would close that evening! Five weeks of rehearsal and two nights of work!

When Peggy Malone returned to the Boardwalk the morning had lost its savor and life its thrill. She was dimly conscious of the flower man, who stood directly in her path.

"Violets, lady! Violets!"

(Continued on Page 75)

Thomas Robinson—Man of the World

By HARRISON RHODES

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES M. PRESTON

He Wandered Down to the Sea Alone, and Wondered Whether There Was Any Way in Which He Could Help the Situation

IT IS rather a terrific thing to be a gentleman. When you add to that being a man of the world as well, of the most complete and polished description, the matter becomes serious, and a responsibility. This is what this story is intended to show, and if anybody, of whatever age, thinks he could have behaved any better in the circumstances than did Thomas Robinson we should like to know more about him, that is all.

When the very most fashionable and gayest and most attractive young people of Southampton planned amateur theatricals it is not unnatural that young Mr. Robinson was involved. He was in residence at West Dunes, his family's place at the moment, and though it was understood by almost everyone that he found life under the parental roof slightly cramping, he submitted to it with excellent manners. Indeed, he tolerated all Southampton with much the same suavity. Though he himself never precisely betrayed it, débutantes and sub-débutantes were suspected of boring him ever so slightly; but this was not exactly to be wondered at in a young gentleman who in New York was understood to have formed most agreeable connections in the very highest Bohemia. Oddly enough, the fact that he knew a very famous actress and her son seemed not to have been kept a secret by him—he sometimes mentioned it casually. There was, it cannot be denied, a glamour about Thomas Robinson uncommon in young gentlemen of the age of eighteen. Débutantes and sub-débutantes did their best, but probably in their heart of hearts admitted that they might seem insipid to one who had so extensively lived, as the phrase is.

In the gay but un-Bohemian airs of Southampton he struck a slightly different note. It was reported that twice he had motored over to East Hampton, where he had had tea with Miss Laurette Taylor and there on one occasion met Mr. John Drew. Thomas Robinson drove a low rakish car tinted as bright a yellow as a primrose, and lay almost flat on his back in it when he conducted it, as is the habit of extremely elegant and dazzlingly young gentlemen. There could be no manner of doubt that his visits must have given great satisfaction to his hostess. Giving great satisfaction in fact almost seemed his special business, his *métier*, as the French would say. It was of course to be understood that to anyone before whom the town so lavishly spread its pleasures the country itself might have seemed a little tame. But Thomas Robinson recognized its part in a well-ordered existence. He appeared to advantage on the links in tweeds that had just the right worn old look; he graced the surf and he played a really first-rate game on the pretty tennis courts at the club, in white flannels and snowy Shan-tung silk shirts which he had secured at a new Japanese shop in Fifth Avenue, a slim and most agreeably boyish figure. Briefly, he was an almost perfect creature, and those people who thought him quite the nicest boy at Southampton that summer showed the very soundest judgment. If among those were some of the loveliest females sojourning there, who shall blame them? And if fair women were designed primarily for man's downfall, who shall blame Thomas Robinson?

This is to anticipate, however. The rehearsals of The Case for Peggy started and indeed continued for the most part smoothly enough. A young man with dark curling hair, a prominent member of the Comedy Club in New York, was imported to direct the play. He stayed at the Knowltons', and ultimately, the following autumn, married Eva, the plain one of that family. This is of course neither here nor there in our story, except that it was generally thought very fortunate that he hadn't been a real actor, because no one knew exactly what Eva mightn't have been capable of. The cast was not large. It included Mrs. Roger Hartman, who had the bulk needed to allow her to play the part of Miss Muchmore, Peggy's aunt, and the Comtesse de Chavagniaque, who played Peggy's maid. She had lived in Paris during the two years that intervened between her marriage and her divorce, and it was thought this would enable her to assume a French accent just to the right point. Ethan Farquhar played the comic chauffeur who turned out to be an English M. P. sent over secretly to study the Sinn Fein movement in America. Old Mr. Hardwick was, as usual, to act; two or three others; and most especially, of course, little Mrs. Arthur Martin as Peggy.

Originally Dick Prentice was to play her lover, Basil, though he always objected to the name of the character as asinine. But that mattered very little, since he was out of the part even before rehearsals began, saying that he was far too busy in Wall Street to attend them. It was then that Thomas Robinson, who was up to that time scheduled to play Gus Curlew, a fisherman, was changed at once into the leading male rôle, where of course he should have been in the beginning.

This is what little Mrs. Martin said. She was indeed most flattering, though her remarks on all subjects inclined to ambiguity.

"I'm sure," she said, for example, "I'd much rather be made love to, even in a play, by a comparative stranger."

"Oh, I've had too much to do with stage people," explained the *jeune premier*, "not to understand that what you do on the stage has nothing to do with what you do off."

"Oh, have you?" commented the lady—in a tone, however, which seemed neither to praise nor to condemn Thomas Robinson's attitude in the matter.

If these speeches of the prospective heroine have at all a sharp quality they have been badly chosen to convey any impression of her personality. For she was a gentle, soft sort of little thing, inclining to soft grays and lilacs rather than to the scarlet and emerald brocades stiff with gold and silver so much in vogue. She resembled the dove much more than the suave and lovely serpent, two animals—may it be said in passing?—which should be much flattered by the frequency in life of women who imitate them. She inspired almost instant sympathy, and touched the springs of pathos. Men especially wondered at once if she were quite happy, even when she seemed most so. She was, it is clear enough, the best possible person to play Peggy in the comedy, who, since she was the heroine, was naturally more sinned against than sinning.

Little Mrs. Martin is the heroine of this story as well as of the play, so it is permissible to dwell further upon her character and upon her physical appearance. She was in a way ridiculously old to be playing against—to employ the technical stage phrase—a young man. She was at least twenty-five—if not twenty-seven—but, anyone would have admitted, wonderfully well preserved. Indeed, young Mr. Robinson himself had to concede that since he himself very probably gave the impression of being more than eighteen the incongruity between him and the lady was not so marked as the great difference in their ages would have led you to expect.

And she was, which augured well for the success of the play, almost excessively pretty. She had eyes which it was foolish to call a deep blue, because they were violet, the very color of the flower. And over them her black hair hung like a cloud. The expression is used advisedly. Raven tresses only too often look as if carved from wood and burnished with shoe polish. Hers, instead, caught the light and held it. Her curls were a soft dark mist through which the perfume of flowers stole. Is this too lyric? If it is, no more of it.

Even at the first rehearsal it was quite evident that the coach was going to pay far too much attention to Eva Knowlton's three speeches in Act I. Still, things moved off, and by five o'clock, just about time to stop for tea, they reached the scene where Basil, who was Thomas Robinson, had to kiss Peggy, who was little Mrs. Martin.

Everybody knows that kissing scenes are the very devil in amateur performances. The spectators at rehearsals often laugh and twitter so hysterically that only actual brutality on the part of the director will reduce them to order.

On the professional stage this gentleman would curse copiously, so they say. Sometimes this seems what amateur rehearsals really need.

But on this occasion at Southampton it was young Mr. Robinson's poise that let the rehearsal go off with such very great dignity. He and little Mrs. Martin had arrived very near the fatal words and action, and two or three young ladies with an overdeveloped sense of humor settled with slight preliminary giggles to await the kiss. It was then that Thomas Robinson paused for a second in his performance and cast upon them such an absolutely withering glance that the kiss took place in a silence that was almost grim. In fact, so composed did the actors and actresses suddenly become that they were able to observe very clearly that Thomas Robinson did not kiss little Mrs. Martin, but only simulated this agreeable action. The impression deepened that the hero was a strong, controlled man and one thoroughly conversant with the ways of the stage world.

There was tea after the rehearsal, and as the light began to fade a little Thomas Robinson found himself talking with Peggy.

"I wish my husband had been here at the rehearsal. I wish he had seen you," she said.

Thomas Robinson found no especially good answer to this, so he quite simply asked "Why?"

Little Mrs. Martin replied quite candidly, with no trace of coquetry in her manner, "I wish he had seen you not kiss me."

Our young man knew, of course, that he could have said that he would have liked to kiss her, but somehow he suspected that such a speech would be a trifle banal. And while he searched for a more original and elegant reply she went on:

"It would have been a comfort to him, I know."

"Doesn't he like your being in theatricals?" asked the boy.

She merely turned to him and said, "He doesn't like anything I do."

For an instant the violet eyes seemed wells of tears under the misty tangle of her hair, and then quite suddenly she was off with a gay laugh to the others.

Thomas Robinson drove his primrose-yellow car more slowly home than usual, scarcely touching, at any time, more than thirty miles an hour. He observed his father and mother during dinner. They seemed very fond of each other, very happy, and it came over their son how glad he was that they were happy. And almost at the same time it also became clear to him how sorry he was that little Mrs. Martin was not happy.

"What's Mr. Martin like, dad?" he asked.

"His handicap is only eight," replied his parent.

"I didn't mean what's he like as a golfer; I meant as"—oddly enough, Thomas Robinson hesitated—"as a husband"

"As a husband?" asked Mr. Edgar Robinson in some surprise. "Who am I," he went on, "to know anything about that? All husbands are good husbands, Thomas." He spoke severely, but his eye twinkled. "Aren't they, Clare?" he asked of his wife.

"Mine is," answered Thomas' mother. "As to Arthur Martin, I expect he's all right, only he—well, he might be a little grumpy, I should say."

"He's very old, isn't he?" asked their offspring.

"Old?" fairly screamed his father, who it may be noted was of a slightly volatile turn of mind, and often younger than his son and much less dignified. "Old, you call him? I'll spank you, Thomas. He's probably about my age—a mere lad of forty-one or two."

"I knew he was old," said Thomas Robinson, and had to dodge a grab made at him by his parent. "But he's much more settled down than you, dad—I admit that—and much duller, and not so good-tempered, I expect."

"Has his wife confided all this to you, may I ask, Tom?"

"She has not," was the answer. "She has behaved with perfect dignity. I merely observe."

"As a man of the world?" inquired his father solicitously.

"Exactly."

"What do you think of your son, Clare?" asked the elder Robinson.

"I think all beautiful things of my son—and yours," replied the lady.

Dinner was over and they were in the drawing-room. Thomas Robinson went and sat on the arm of her chair and kissed his mother. No rehearsal, no simulation now—the real thing, and somehow the conversation veered to other topics.

And yet later that evening as Thomas Robinson went to bed and saw the moon setting over the dark Shinnecock Hills he thought of the somewhat grim and crabbed Martin and the almost young creature who was his wife. The Martins had only lately come to the South Shore, he for the golf, but not much, so it was felt, for his wife's pleasure. He didn't like dining out or dancing out or doing any of the out things that mitigate home life in the Long Island country. He was reported once to have said fairly sharply to Mrs. Tonforth, who was taxing him with his stay-at-home tendencies, "I stay at home, madam, as often as I am permitted, because I am in love with my wife."

"Is she in love with you?" retorted the slightly irritated lady.

"She gave me to understand so when she married me," said Martin, and turned on his heel and walked away.

This anecdote, with comments by various people, Thomas Robinson had, of course, heard. Let no one suppose that in these modern days this is the sort of thing the youngest people do not hear. Our hero was aware that all marriages were not, could not be like that of his parents, and the uncertainty he felt concerning the Martins caused an odd emotional tension within him. Did it add to little Mrs. Martin a certain queer glamour? It would be hard to say.

"I don't know that I can go on with it," said Peggy to Basil as she motored him back from an evening rehearsal two days later. She had been sitting silent, as if in reverie, watching the stars. The stars are very pleasant on an August night on Long Island.

"How do you mean?" asked Thomas Robinson, and to his astonishment his voice seemed a little hoarse.

"Oh," the girl by his side answered, "I suppose I only mean with the play. He made a terrible fuss in the beginning. I thought it would be all right when they got rid of Dick Prentice."

She was silent a moment. So was her companion. Then she went on softly:

"I'm sure I didn't want Dick Prentice in the play—or anywhere. I very much prefer you—in any case. He's very—well, silly. But now my husband objects to evening rehearsals, and says I'm preparing to exhibit myself publicly, and ——"

She paused and our young friend spoke:

"I hope he doesn't object to me?"

"Oh, how could he?" cried little Mrs. Martin. "Why, we're just children, you and I! What could be the harm in us, Thomas Robinson?"

"There couldn't be!" answered the boy sturdily.

No one could have meant it more. No boy's heart could have been sweeter, cleaner, freer from guile than the one beneath Thomas Robinson's smart dinner jacket and all his grand airs of the world. This must be made clear or there is no story here to tell. But it must be made clear also that his heart smarted at the injustice done his friend, pretty, harmless lady, by a husband who had forgotten youth and happiness

"It's so nice of you to understand," she murmured. "After all, you are much nearer my age. You are a great comfort to me, Thomas Robinson. You're a darling, and you're going to be wonderful in the play."

For an instant she put her hand lightly on his. It rested there only as heavily as a butterfly might. There was no harm in little Mrs. Martin, we shall suppose. But it is, for all that, permissible to wonder whether she would have been distressed if she had known that later, toward midnight, at West Dunes, a boy wandered down to the sea alone, and there, sitting gloomily upon the sands and watching the clouds drift across the moon, wondered whether there was any way in which he could help the situation. Basil in the play seemed to do wonders for Peggy, whose case, to quote from the title, seemed far more desperate than that of Aline in real life. Yet in real life Thomas seemed able to do so little for Aline—he noted with some slight surprise that he had spoken of her to himself as Aline. He pondered upon the matter. He pictured himself speaking to old Martin, just as the philosophic character in a French play such as he had once seen in Paris might to a grumpy and misled husband, bringing him to terms by the close reasoned and cogent quality of his talk. And yet—yet he could not somehow see this as the best form coming from one of his age.

It may well be that to some readers little Mrs. Martin's case will not seem either unusual or particularly distressing. Perhaps the decrepit forty-year-old Martin, as described, may not appear a peculiarly dreadful tyrant. The crisis in the lady's life may not sound desperate, and she herself may even be suspected of being ever, ever so little a flirt in the pretty, mischievous fashion of a Persian kitten. All this may be so, and there is here no special interest in disproving it. The point is—and it is, oh, so important a point!—that neither the reader nor the writer is half so decent and chivalrous a fellow as young Mr. Robinson. It was enough that he should know that a woman was unhappy for his generous heart to want to repair the damage life had done her. Let cynics and creatures like the reader and the writer wonder how much they gained when youth said good-by and illusions deserted them.

The rehearsals had, to tell the truth, not gone particularly well, though it had become quite plain that the young producer from the Comedy Club was making most satisfactory progress in Eva Knowlton's affections. Thomas Robinson, who had a quite professional conscience, felt that the rôles of Peggy and Basil were being neglected by the person who knew perfectly well that the whole success of the play depended on them. Of course all the tickets would be sold beforehand anyway, so the devastated orphans of Uro-Russakia stood—as far as that went—neither to gain nor to lose by the artistic success or failure of The Case for Peggy. But Thomas Robinson's own personal dignity was at stake. And if little Mrs. Martin was deliberately going counter to her husband's wishes, it was all the more important that she should prove that she was right by winning the plaudits of all Southampton. In this mood Thomas Robinson went to Wednesday evening's rehearsal. The performance was to be on Saturday.

"I Stand by What I Wrote. And I Wrote That I Loved You—Didn't You See It in the Postscript?"

(Continued on Page 72)

THE NAVY THAT FLIES

By Josephus Daniels

THE outbreak of the next war—if, unhappily, there is to be a next war—will not be announced by phalanxes of troops hurried through Belgium or any other country. Land transportation, with plodding infantry and rumbling guns, will be too slow. Even the swift craft of the sea will not be able to keep pace with the fast flying planes and huge dirigibles which will be the van of the forces

In a sense we have already seen, in the World War, the fulfillment of Tennyson's prophecy of "airy navies grappling in the central blue." But important as were these combats, they will rank only as small skirmishes in comparison with what genius and skill are making possible in the air warfare of the future.

Flights across the Atlantic and other record-breaking feats have made history in the past two years, yet they are but an earnest of the wonders we shall see in aviation. Development since the war has not been so rapid as was hoped for, as appropriations have been cut to a minimum; but in the face of handicaps and lack of funds there has been steady and decided progress—far greater than most people imagine. And though in commercial aviation we lag behind Europe, there is a general recognition that aircraft is not only a military agency of almost incalculable possibility, but also the mail carrier, if not the passenger transport, of the future.

How young aviation is! Every time I hear the familiar droning of an aëroplane overhead, so common now as to attract little attention, I recall that it was less than eight years ago that the grave and dignified senators poured out of the Senate Chamber, adjourning pell-mell, to see a large flying machine circling over the White House and the Capitol and looking down, without even a salute, upon the Washington Monument.

Trying My Wings at Annapolis

AND when the aërial mail service brings a letter from the metropolis to the capital I recall, as showing how quickly we have come to regard it as a part of the postal machinery, an incident and a conversation early in June, 1913. I had gone to the naval academy at Annapolis for June week. Just across the Severn the Navy had a small air station with three or four flying machines. There were a few daring young officers who had the vision of the skies crowded with aëroplanes. It was a temptation to try my wings—to test the old query, "If a bird can fly, why can't I?" So, crossing the river, I took my seat, with aspirations to reach heights hitherto unvoyaged, in the small craft of which Commander Towers, then Lieutenant Towers, was the captain. He has since won an international reputation as the head of the division of NC planes which had the honor of making the first flight over the Atlantic. He was then a young pioneer in a service regarded by many as a dangerous fad.

Soon we were looking down from our high altitude on what seemed like pygmies walking through the academy grounds. How small a thing a man looks to an aviator! That decoration, resembling a frosted cake, which an architect long ago placed on top of the chapel at Annapolis, shrank to small proportions.

Then a flight by a navy official was novel enough to make it a matter of newspaper comment and cartooning. Upon my return to Washington a colleague in the cabinet seriously said to me that no man had the right to take such risks with his life, and that I ought not to have placed mine in jeopardy by venturing to fly. Since Lloyd George and Balfour made it a practice to go to and from the peace conference in an aeroplane, and passenger planes fly daily on regular schedules between London and Paris, his prudent advice now seems amusing. And yet he voiced the general sentiment then prevailing, that it was a passing fad, attended with too much danger to make it a proper risk for a man supposed to have an important task.

"Before the Wilson Administration goes out of office," I told my fellow cabinet member, "the mails will be carried in flying machines, and mail carriers and postmen will drop your mail down a chute next to your chimney."

He looked at me as if he thought I was mentally as much up in the air as on the previous day I had been physically. The prophecy has not quite come true. On the fourth of March, 1921, postmen still use streets, and gas is the motive power of rural carriers. But on a bright May day in 1918 I had the pleasure of seeing the first aërial mail service inaugurated between Washington and New York, and all that is needed for quick and regular mail service from coast to coast is a Congress with faith to appropriate enough money to sustain it.

Wonderful as has been the development in aëronautics in the seventeen years since Wilbur and Orville Wright careened above the sand dunes of Kitty Hawk in their first little plane of bamboo poles and linen sails, in no division of this new science has progress been more rapid or substantial than in naval aviation.

As this is written squadrons of seaplanes are flying north from Panama, after weeks of constant operation with the fleet, of which the air forces are to-day as much a part as are the ships themselves. In the joint maneuvers of the Atlantic and Pacific fleets they made new records in flying over long distances, and in scouting and observation, spotting for gunfire, and numerous maneuvers with battleships

Splendid as was the service of naval aviation in the war—and that service was far more important and extensive than is generally realized—progress since the armistice has been so rapid that war records have been distanced. When the NC planes led the way in the flight across the Atlantic they opened a new chapter in aëronautic history. But, far from being satisfied with that accomplishment, naval aviation has pressed forward to new achievements.

The air forces engaged in the joint maneuvers of the fleets off Panama skirted the Atlantic and Pacific coasts, and in completing the first half of their 7500-mile voyage and uniting with the giant fleet shattered all records for flights by large air squadrons over the sea.

On December thirtieth, two squadrons of F-5-L air boats, six in each, and two NC flying boats left San Diego, California, and sixteen days later swept into the harbor of Balboa, Panama Canal Zone, flying nearly 3500 miles along a wind-swept, bleak and dangerous coast, braving uncharted air currents and unknown air conditions. Flying in formation, the huge air boats made long hops, that from Cerros Island, Mexico, to Magdalena Bay being over 500 miles; while from Acapulco, the ancient Mexican port of the old Manila treasure ship of sixteenth-century fame, to Salina Cruz is another 500-mile stretch. The entire course was a severe test of the seaworthiness and airworthiness of the seaplanes and called for unusual endurance and skill on the part of the crews.

Squadron Flights and Maneuvers

THE Atlantic Squadron left Philadelphia on December sixteenth, skirted the Atlantic Coast to Key West, then wended its way to Guantánamo, Cuba; to Kingston, Jamaica; then to Balboa, reaching the latter port and joining its sister division on January seventeenth. The longest flights of this squadron of nine F-5-L air boats were from Guantánamo to Kingston, more than 600 miles, and the 600-mile straightaway from Jamaica to the Coco Solo Naval Air Station, at the eastern end of the Canal Zone.

In addition to these two squadrons, three F-5-L's attached to the naval air station at Coco Solo left that place on January fourth, on a flight to Cartagena and Puerta, Colombia, and return, a round trip of 800 miles. The total mileage of these three air-boat squadrons from their home stations to the Balboa rendezvous and return, including war-game maneuvers with the fleet, will aggregate over 200,000 miles, more than eight times the distance around the world. The nearest approach to this performance was the flight, in the winter of 1919–20, of the Atlantic Fleet air squadron from New York to the Caribbean and back, in which they flew an aggregate of nearly 72,000 miles.

What is the purpose of these long air-boat flights? What has naval aviation done? What is it doing? What does it hope to do? Where does it fit into the work of a fleet? Does it go to sea like surface craft or must it hug the coast? What kind of aircraft does it use? How has it helped the development of aëronautics? Has it any favorable influence in the upbuilding of commercial aviation or is it merely for war use and that alone? The answers to these questions are the story of naval aviation.

Fleet aircraft, as essential a part of the fleet as destroyers or submarines, are now successfully employed in reconnaissance and observation over wide areas, maintenance of communications,

Former Collier "Jupiter" as it Will Appear When Converted Into the Navy's First Aircraft Carrier, the "Langley"

position finding, fire control, search and protective scouting and attacking enemy aircraft operating against the fleet. They are proving of great value in coördinating the activities of surface vessels with submarines, and of the various major elements of the fleet with its auxiliaries engaged in obtaining information, screening and in the service of supply.

All these multifarious activities are conducted in maneuvers, the air-boat squadrons working in conjunction with the fleet's ship-plane division. These ship planes are aëroplanes similar to those used on land. They are carried by battleships and are flown off specially constructed platforms, which rest on the big guns that extend for fifty to seventy-five feet from the turrets. The fleet is now provided with NC and F-5-L air boats for long-distance reconnaissance and bombing; with R-6 torpedo planes, designed to launch torpedoes against ships in swift attack; and with kite balloons and small dirigibles, and will, in the near future, have aircraft carriers and rigid airships of the largest type.

It is interesting to picture a battle of the future with a full air force operating with the vessels. The fleet puts to sea and steams in the direction of the enemy forces, which have been located by the observation squadrons of NC's and F-5-L's and the big dirigible airships. The enemy may be hundreds of miles distant. The giant planes radio in to the flagship the location of the enemy craft, latitude and longitude, the number and character of the enemy vessels, the direction they are steaming, and their speed. Rushing over the enemy's advance ships they drop a rain of bombs.

Future Warfare

FLYING back to their own fleet these planes maintain contact with the enemy, and are relieved by other craft of the same type, freshly fueled; and the relay is kept up until the two fleets come in contact. When within 100 or 200 miles of the enemy, reconnaissance planes from the aircraft tenders join in the work of scouting. Finally the opposing fleet is sighted by the light scouting planes from the main force.

When the vessels come within range of the big guns the spotting planes take the air. At a height from 5000 to 8000 feet above the water they train their finders on the enemy, and telephone their own battleships the range. Horizontal distance is necessary to obtain an oblique view of the target, and height is maintained to escape concussion from exploding projectiles, to keep out of range of enemy antiaircraft fire, and to maintain a sufficient angle with the surface and the target to give accurate data to the gunners on the battleships.

"Zoom!" goes a shell through the air, and lands short of the target. "Up a hundred!" telephones the observer in the plane. A thundering roar follows the message, and a salvo is fired by the big-gun ships. If many of the projectiles pass over the enemy vessels, "Down fifty!" is the next message. Two minutes later another salvo reaches its mark. It takes only five seconds for the observer to get his message to a battleship 25,000 yards away, from which distance the enemy cannot be seen from a ship. This is long-range firing over the horizon directed by spotting aircraft.

As the two fleets close, reconnaissance planes in formation swing down along the enemy's line, dropping smoke bombs on the water. As the smoke rises and spreads in screening clouds torpedo planes skim close along the water, burst through the dense smoke and launch their torpedoes at the enemy. In the meantime the small dirigibles and kite balloons have protected the main force from enemy torpedoes by keeping a constant watch of the surrounding water and locating attacking submarines.

Torpedo planes have not yet been developed sufficiently to determine their practical value. Many difficulties are to be overcome before they can be regarded as reliable craft. But they offer such possibilities that the American

PHOTOGRAPH FROM U. S. NAVY DEPARTMENT DRAWING.

Two Huge Airships of This Type are Being Built for Service With Fleets

as well as the British Navy is conducting constant experiments with a view to their development.

With aircraft carriers providing greater numbers of the various types and by their speed maintaining advanced positions prior to the main engagement, the enemy's auxiliaries, such as destroyers, light cruisers, cruising submarines and aircraft, may be attacked hours or even days before the main engagement. This will aid materially in protecting battleships from attack by the enemy auxiliaries, giving the main body of the fleet a decided tactical advantage over the enemy.

Waiting upon appropriations for the building of a number of special vessels for aircraft, with the funds available two ships are being converted into aircraft carriers. One, a former Shipping Board vessel, is named the Wright, in honor of Wilbur Wright, one of the pioneers in aviation; the other, the navy collier Jupiter, renamed the Langley, in honor of Dr. Samuel Pierpont Langley, secretary of the Smithsonian Institution, whose long research and invention contributed so much to the science of aëronautics. The Langley is expected to join the fleet early in the coming summer.

The former collier has been decked over, furnishing a platform over 500 feet long and 65 feet wide from which aëroplanes can take off, and on which they can land. Electrically driven, she requires small space for her propelling machinery, and her decks and holds furnish space to carry twenty-five to thirty planes, the number depending on the size and type. The vessel has unusual stability and this has been further increased by placing bilge keels so as to prevent rolling, giving a comparatively stable landing surface. Movable palisades have been installed as wind breaks to permit assembling the planes for flying off the deck. An arresting gear has been provided, wires being stretched along the deck, to retard planes alighting.

Catapults project the planes, to give them necessary speed for flight when taking off. An elevator hoists the planes from below to the flying deck. Two cranes, with a large outstretch on either side of the vessel, hoist aircraft out of the water and land them on the hangar deck. This is next below the flying deck, and is provided with traveling cranes for hoisting planes out of the stowage holds, and transferring them fore and aft from the assembly and repair shops to the elevator.

The Langley

THE Langley has machine shops, wing repair shops, molding spaces, metal, welding, carpenter and fabric workers' shops and doping rooms, and on the same deck are various stock storerooms. In the hold are stowage spaces for aircraft and accessories—bombs, machine guns, armor and torpedoes, ammunition, fuel and gasoline; storage for food and general supplies for the crew and ship. An elaborate system distributes gasoline and lubricating oils to the stations on the hangar and flying decks.

A complete radio outfit, carried on masts, provides means of constant communication with the planes in flight. Quarters are provided not only for the ship's crew but for pilots, observers, enginemen, and for the assembly, repair and handling crews; in fact, the Langley is a floating aviation station capable of assembling and repairing planes, motors and all accessories.

Naval engagements on the high seas are no longer confined to small areas, but may extend for hundreds of miles before the battleships come to grips and fight to a decisive result. The advance-information group may be hundreds of miles from the main body of the fleet, and aircraft must be relied upon for such service in advance of scout cruisers, destroyer leaders and other screening and observation craft. For this are needed amphibious planes, which can fly from water, land or ship. These have not yet been developed, but our engineering and operating experts are studying the problems involved in designing such a machine, and the Langley will be used in experiments in this new field.

Investigation and experimentation are carried on constantly by the Navy, and an experimental area has been established, extending from the Navy Department to the southern drill grounds of the fleet, embracing an initial experimental station at Anacostia, District of Columbia; an engineering laboratory at the Washington Navy Yard; coöperation of sea and land forces with the Marine Corps aviators at Quantico, Virginia; tests of machine guns, bombs and other weapons and projectiles at the naval proving grounds at Dahlgren and Indian Head, on the Potomac; joint experiments between vessels of every type and aircraft at Yorktown and Hampton Roads, Virginia, gunnery exercises with ships in the lower Chesapeake; and work with the battleships on the drill grounds outside the Virginia Capes.

So compact is this area that the Secretary of the Navy or the director of naval aviation may in a few hours travel by seaplane from Washington to the drill grounds, witness exercises with the fleet and be back at his desk the same evening. Naval aviation in its experiments is from two to three years in advance of aëronautical equipment in general use.

Radio installation, both telephone and telegraph, now permits communication between aircraft and submarines, as well as with ships and shore stations at long distances. By the use of kites the antennæ have been extended as much as 500 feet above the machine, doing away with the trailing wires which interfered with quick landing and were dangerous when flying low over vessels. Messages have

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MICHING MALLECHO

By Ben Ames Williams

ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. D. KOERNER

"Tell Him," Judd Directed, "to Come Down t' the Castle on the Ridge Quick as He Can"

IX

JUDD had never before been inside that strangely conceived edifice which the countryside called the Castle. Nevertheless, there was in him no present curiosity as to his surroundings. After that moment of awful and unholy triumph when Margaret Dale laid bare the tragedy before him he limped with awkward haste up the stairs by the way she had gone. The stairs led him to a wide upper hall. He halted at their head to catch his breath. At one side there was an open door from which light came, and he stepped to that door and checked himself on the threshold of the lighted room.

Margaret paid him, at the moment, no attention. It was as though she had not yet realized that anyone had come to her in the lonely house. When Judd reached the doorway and stopped there she was kneeling, her back to him, in the position in which he had seen her when he looked through the window from across the road. As he realized this a strange impulse of secrecy moved him. He moved to the window and drew down the blind and pulled together the heavy hangings so that, to one outside, the room must have seemed as dark as the rest of the big house.

He remained standing by the window, watching Margaret and studying the figure of the woman on the floor. The lamp was set between him and the dead woman, obscuring with its radiance his view; but he was not at first conscious of this fact. His interest centered on Margaret Dale, on her strange immobility. She knelt there, no muscle twitching; but he saw that tears came from her eyes. She knelt there, bending a little forward, finger tips on the floor beside her knees; and she studied the countenance of the woman who lay before her with a piercing and unnatural scrutiny. Judd had an uncomfortable sense that some message was passing between the living and the dead. He fidgeted, stirred nervously.

He had never any doubt that the strange woman was dead. Margaret had said so; but if that were not enough there was a smell of death in this room. For more tangible evidence, there was a laxness in the figure that lay there, so shrunken and small, such as only death produces. Never while life lingers, even though the spark may be fathoms deep in unconsciousness, do nerves and tendons and muscles so utterly let go. He thought the woman lying on the floor was not so large as she had seemed when seen from the road; and he remembered that this, too, was an attribute of death; that the body does seem to shrink as though life were a ponderable thing which had been withdrawn.

Presently, Judd still standing by the window, Margaret seemed to remember his existence. She drew back, sitting on her heels; and then awkwardly she rose and stepped a little away from the body on the floor, moved toward the door of the room. Judd followed her slowly. Margaret stopped, leaning against the wall beside the door, looking back at what lay beside the lamp; and Judd stood on the other side of the doorway, his eyes also riveted on the dead woman. There was no present impulse to speech in either of them, no stirring to action. They remained quiet, looking steadily at the body as though they expected life to return and revivify it; as though they expected the woman to move, to lift herself, to look toward where they stood. Once Margaret turned her eyes to Judd, turned her head slowly, as though by an enormous effort, and the little lame man met her glance. Then both fell a-staring at the dead woman once more. There was a curious hypnosis upon them. Judd was the first to shake off this inhibition, to move forward with halting steps and to approach the body. As he came nearer the lamp he saw that he had stepped upon a dark spot on the bare floor, and when he looked down he discovered that this was a spot of blood. The man trembled at this discovery. He had a strangling feeling that he had committed sacrilege. He examined this dark blotch upon the bare floor of the room, and saw others leading toward the door; and he looked up at Margaret Dale and spoke the stark word, half to himself and half to her.

She nodded, opened her lips to answer him; and at first no sound came from them, so that she stroked her throat nervously before she could speak.

Then the woman said, "It was still flowing! It was still flowing when I came!"

Judd shook off his reluctance, moved a little nearer, studied the body where it lay, marked the position of surrounding objects, produced in his mind's eye a more or less accurate picture of that which had occurred. The little lame man was gifted with a certain native shrewdness; he was able to put two and two together; he possessed an active and inquiring mind. And in this case his conjectures were spurred and stimulated by his certainty that Bert Saladine, whom he hated and would destroy, had done this dreadful thing.

The strange woman who now lay dead here had been accustomed to sit in a high chair, a hassock beneath her feet, at one side of the deep window which looked toward the road. Judd had drawn the curtains on that window, but the woman's chair was still in its accustomed position at one side. The hassock lay before it.

The body of the woman was between the chair and the door, and near the chair; so near that one of her slippered feet was within a matter of inches of touching the hassock at the chair's foot. The dead woman lay on her back and curiously contorted; her legs were twisted one across the other; one arm was beneath her body. It was—Judd decided—as though she had fallen upon her face and then been rolled over by some rude hand.

Thinking this, he looked toward Margaret Dale, asked huskily, "Did you touch her?"

The woman shook her head, her cheeks blanching.

"No, no, no!" she whispered shudderingly.

Judd nodded. He had not moved since he took his position above the woman. He studied her as she lay, considering.

There was, he saw, an enormous amount of blood upon her garments and upon the floor. The source was revealed by her position, by her backward-flung head, which left her long neck bare. There was a small, blackening wound on the right side of her throat an inch or two below the line of the jaw. Judd knew that wound well enough. It was just such a mark as was left by the butcher's knife upon the throat of pig or steer—smaller, narrower, it is true, but the position was the same. A man accustomed to killing would strike at the throat. It was so much more certain than a guesswork thrust at the rib-protected heart. One could see his mark, and there was no bone to turn the blade. Also, such a wound would stifle outcry, would probably prevent any alarm.

Considering this, he turned to ask the woman, "You hear anything?"

She shook her head dumbly. Judd, lips glistening with his unnatural eagerness, resumed his scrutiny. The position of chair and hassock and of body told a story that was sufficiently plain. The dark stains of blood down the right side of the silken garment which the woman wore, and upon the floor in front of her chair, told the rest. She had, Judd decided, been sitting in the chair when her murderer approached—someone she knew, someone she had no cause to fear. He had come within reach without alarming her. He had slaughtered her then as deliberately as one kills a chicken—a single, sure thrust; then a stepping back out of the way. The woman must have bowed forward—have fallen forward prone, thrown into that posture by her desperate attempt to flee. The marks upon the floor showed where her life had spilled itself. Judd perceived a smudge, a smear upon the border of her garment, where the assassin had wiped his knife clean. So much was clear. One mystery remained. The killer had turned his victim over afterward. Why?

Puzzling over this, Judd saw that the soft fabric of the garment which the woman wore was drawn tight about her waist, as though something had tugged at it; and this prompted his question to Margaret Dale.

"Didn't she have a—a sort of sash? A rope around her?"

The woman in the doorway nodded.

"A cord," she said. "A cord!"

"It's gone," Judd told her. "He pulled it off. That's what turned her over. It's gone."

The woman came a little closer to see, nodded slow assent.

"Yes," she said.

"Why would he take that?" Judd asked. "You sure she had it on?"

"She had it when I left her."

The little lame man's face twitched with the hunger of his curiosity. Why did Bert Saladine strip that silken cord from his victim's waist? Judd's eyes swept round the room. He picked up the lamp and went out into the hall and down the stairs, the woman following silently at his heels. He searched every corner of the way. There were dark marks upon the stair, smaller with each successive footstep, where the smeared shoes of the killer had left their traces; but that was all. The silken cord was gone.

But the scurrying, stooping, bending little man with the lamp, peering like a rat into every corner, would not be satisfied of this until Margaret said at his back, "We must not leave her alone. We mustn't!" And she sought to take the lamp from his hand.

He retained the lamp, but gave over his search, went with her up the stairs and into the room. There was a table near the door, and this time Judd put the lamp on it in such position that a shadow was cast where the body lay. Nevertheless, from this shadow the dead woman seemed to dominate the room, so that their voices when they began presently to speak were hushed and smothered as though she were sleeping and must not be waked.

It was Judd who asked, "Where were you?" His question came after they had been for a moment motionless beside the table. Margaret's eyes were turned toward that shadow by the window. She did not at once reply. The little man repeated, "Where were you when it happened?" And when she did answer, it was in a toneless whisper, as though her thoughts were far away, as though her inner and unconscious self were answering.

"Milking," she told him. "Milking—in the barn. I had been here—here with her till the sun set. We watched it—together—till it was gone. Then I went to milk." She hesitated, seemed to shake herself, tighten her muscles, reassume her self-control. She looked at him as though she were seeing him for the first time.

"You?" she said curiously. "I do not know you."

"Judd's my name," the little man told her. "I was coming along the road and I heard you yell. Didn't you hear anything while you was milking?"

She accepted his explanation indifferently, shook her head in answer to his question.

"I was way down in the tie-up. You can't hear much that far away. Then I came back into the kitchen and put away the milk and pumped some water and set it on the fire, and then I came up to see if she was all right. When I stood in the door I thought she had fainted. She did faint sometimes. But when I bent over her I saw the blood was still trickling out." She seemed to choke, to stammer. "I expect it was then you heard me," she told him. "I don't remember doing it, but I expect it was then you heard me cry."

Judd said assuringly, "It's lucky I was near, lucky I come." He watched her intently, adding, "Wan't no one else in the house, was there?"

She shook her head in an absent way more convincing than emphasis would have been.

"No, I'd seen no one all day, except passers on the road." Judd felt an exultant spirit leap within him. Bert had not, then, come here to see his wife—assurance doubly sure. He heard her add wistfully, "We were always alone—every day"

He had discovered all he could discover; there was no more for him to learn. He asked, "You got a telephone? We got to telephone the doctor."

She looked at him in a puzzled way, shaking her head.

"No, no telephone. We had no telephone. But the doctor could not help her now."

He said: "Got to have a doctor and the sheriff. Got to find out who killed her."

She moved one hand indifferently.

"Why? What does it matter—now?"

"That's the law of it," he told her, reading from her reluctance a meaning that suited him. "You ain't got any objection to the sheriff, hev you?"

"Oh, no," she said absently. "But there's no telephone."

He turned toward the door, moving slowly.

"Well, I'll go up to Saladines'," he said. "They've got a telephone there. Hev to leave you here alone. You mind being alone?"

The woman shook her head.

"No. No, I'm almost always alone—with her."

The little lame man asked maliciously, "Don't see much o' Bert nowadays, do you?"

She shook her head, unmoved by his inquiry—"No."

"You want I should bring him down?" he persisted. "Want me to bring anybuddy?"

"No," she told him. "I don't want anyone."

"Well, I got to send for the doctor and the sheriff," he said, affecting to misunderstand. She nodded wearily, and he added, "Gorfinkle, too."

"Why?" she asked. "Who is he?"

"The undertaker," said Judd, grinning maliciously; and as he looked back from the darkness of the hall he saw that at his word she had slipped heavily into a chair beside the table, had buried her face in her arms. When she heard the front door close behind him Margaret was able for the first time to give herself to the comfort of unbridled tears. She had loved the dead woman very tenderly.

*

THE frame of mind of the man Judd deserves, at this point, some consideration. It is, by its variances from the normal, enlightening. These differences are obvious; they are striking; they need merely to be catalogued.

The ordinary man would have been shocked and horrified by the murder; Judd was intoxicated with a strange, hungry pleasure. The normal man would have perceived the grief of Margaret Dale and given her sympathy. Judd perceived her sorrow—but its importance to him lay only in the fact that it would increase her anger at Bert Saladine when Bert's guilt should be made clear. The average man, hurrying from the Castle to telephone the news abroad, would have had, perhaps, an anticipatory sense of importance because he bore a story of such dramatic interest; but he would also and certainly have wished to do what he could for Margaret—find some woman or some loved friend to comfort her. Judd, stumbling up the Ridge Road toward the Saladine home, thought only of how he would stage this scene that was before him; thought with an avid licking of the lips how sweet his triumph was to be, and feverishly hungered for the moment that should see that triumph complete and absolute.

Judd had no thought that he was doing Saladine injustice. That Bert had killed the strange woman he was utterly convinced. The gossip of the countryside had it that the woman had come between Bert and his wife. There were even rumors that Bert had been heard to curse her and to threaten her. Judd, thinking backward, was able to discover many a scrap here and a fragment there which buttressed his own conviction; but after all, no such props were needed. He had, he told himself, seen Bert go into the house; he had seen him come out and hurry secretly away. In the house Bert had hidden his presence from his wife. There was no necessity for further evidence. It was this very certainty on Judd's part, this

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Margaret Stopped, Leaning Against the Wall Beside the Door, Looking Back at What Lay Beside the Lamp

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PHILADELPHIA, APRIL 23, 1921

Disease on the Free List

IF THERE were as many physicians and biologists in Congress as there are lawyers we should presently have an act for the suspension of immigration so drastic that it would be harder for an undesirable alien to get into the country than for the Scriptural camel to pass through the eye of a needle.

Medical men are opposed to the sort of immigration we are now receiving because they are aware of the alarming extent to which it endangers the health of the nation. Biologists are pessimistic about it because they understand the laws of breeding and heredity and because they have observed with grave misgivings the beginnings of our racial degeneration directly traceable to our intermingling with inferior alien peoples, a tragic mixture of blood and breed that will inevitably increase as time goes on.

We have rigorous laws to control the importation of trees, shrubs and plants that may conceivably harbor the germs of parasitic diseases. We take extraordinary pains to protect native plant life from foreign pollution; but the children of our own flesh and blood are left to shift for themselves. Whenever a legislative committee reports an immigration bill intended to afford to human life the same protection that is accorded to fruit trees, clannish racial groups, some employers of cheap labor, together with the half-baked sentimentalists, raise a babel of protest that shouts down the less insistent voice of right-thinking America.

The influence of immigration upon the national health is a peculiarly timely topic just now because the sources of the alien flood largely correspond to those parts of Europe in which deadly epidemics of encephalitis are rampant. This dreadful disease of the brain, miscalled sleeping sickness, has already secured a foothold upon our soil. Among physicians it is greatly dreaded and but little understood. Some of its victims succumb gradually after a short illness; others after a long and apparently favorable convalescence die instantly. Clean and wholesome living is the only known preventive, and even that does not always confer immunity upon those exposed to the disease.

Encephalitis, typhus, tuberculosis and the fouler infections run riot in those European countries from which we are deriving the bulk of our present immigration. The fact that an immigrant is not obviously suffering from a contagious disease at the time he is examined by a United States health officer is not the slightest proof that he is not a real menace to our national health.

Persons who are accustomed to living under the revolting conditions consequent upon overcrowding, who are the complacent and accustomed hosts of plague-bearing vermin and who are habitually filthy in their personal habits are consistent breeders and spreaders of disease. Soap and water, disinfectants and delousing agents may make a man physically clean for the moment; but they are powerless to eradicate those habits of a lifetime that make him a walking pest spot, full of danger to any American community that he and his fellows may select as the site of their new slum burrows.

We are not only without means to exclude these alien enemies of the national health but we are further handicapped by the activities of numerous powerful agencies whose main business is facilitating the entry of these trained plague breeders. We may, if we dare, brag that we are more careful of the health of our fruit trees than we are of the health of our children—but it is not a boast that leaves a pleasant taste in the mouth.

Underwork and Overwork

ALTHOUGH a spirit of slackness and inertia has no doubt followed in the wake of the war, the directly opposed problem of those who are determined to do more work than is good for them is just as pressing as ever. In this country at least among all classes there are always a number of men in whom the spirit burns to drive mind and body beyond the limits of endurance.

There is the millionaire who could idle away his days if he cared to, but slaves from morn to eve on his many charities. There is the banker who knows no recreation and has no friends outside the countingroom. There is the statesman who attempts to carry the cares of the world upon his shoulders, the scholar who burns the midnight oil in addition to the daytime sunshine upon his books through vacation as well as term, the scientist who leaves his laboratory only for meals, and the literary man who to finish a book in a given period works eighteen hours a day.

Who is wise enough to say whether it be better to have a stroke of paralysis in early or middle life from attempting too much, or to reach an advanced and useless old age from attempting nothing at all? But perhaps these extremes are equally unwise and unnecessary. The brain, the will, the spirit—these are powerful, but they reside in a physical body. The man who is overworking seldom appreciates the fact except dimly. The sheer force of his spiritual impetus drives him, at the most half-knowing, beyond the warning gates.

But the friend, the detached observer, the disinterested party, and above all the skillful physician—can usually draw the line. An energetic man who most of his life had enjoyed vigorous health but whose fixed income felt the pinch of the high prices of a year ago, attempted to save several hundred dollars by painting his own house. He became ill without any apparent cause. A physician who was called in wrote out a prescription as follows: "Employ a house painter." The cure was speedy and effective.

If you are lazy and shiftless don't bother to get the other man's opinion of you, because you probably know what it is already. But if you live at the other end of the scale the opinion and prescription of a disinterested outsider will probably be worth more to you than even the consulting-room advice of a metropolitan specialist.

Boot-Strap Legislation

INDUSTRIAL groups, such as labor unions, and employers or capitalists in one or another line, have taken with increasing kindness of late to the political method of advancing their interests—that is, they seek to obtain laws favorable to them and to them alone. Class legislation is a dangerous game for those who play it, a boomerang for those who use it.

Suppose a group of business men desire to change certain conditions which they regard as undesirable, either for their selfish interest or perhaps for the good of the industry. They get together the brains of their business, the men who know its every detail. They bring in experts and lawyers, draft a bill and send it to a friendly member of the legislature or of Congress. He then presents it on the floor of the house. Then what happens? The result is described by a lawyer who knows the game:

"It is immediately referred to a committee. What kind of committee? Well, you have on that committee a farmer, and you have a blacksmith, you have a barber, you have a couple of professional politicians. They take that bill out into their committee room and they begin to paw it over. The farmer reads it over to see just what there might be in it for the farmer. If he does not find anything in it he begins to reason: 'What can I put in it that will interest the farmer and send me back to the legislature?'

"The blacksmith gets hold of it, and he begins to think of union labor: 'Is there anything in there that will help union labor?' If not he begins to think what he can put in it that will help union labor. Then the barber gets hold of it and he shaves a little something off, and when they get through the two professional politicians look it over to see what the other fellow has missed; and they either take out or put in whatever is necessary, from a political standpoint; and when the bill comes back on the floor its parent wouldn't recognize it, and thereafter the business which originally demanded legislation spends its energy trying to kill the thing because it hampers business. That has been the history of direct legislation for business ever since it began."

Thus whether we like it or not we come back to the old starting point, that people must for the most part help themselves, and that a considerable part of the "enlightened" legislation they are always asking for proves to possess the quality so commonly associated with lifting oneself by one's boot straps.

Hints for Amateur Brewers

NO ONE foretold the tidal wave of intellectual effort that was unleashed by the adoption of the Eighteenth Amendment and inundated the remotest hamlets in the land; and yet anyone might have foreseen that if millions of resourceful and self-reliant Americans were deprived of their favorite beverages they would instantly resolve to become self-taught brewers and vintners, learning by doing, and reading Nature in the language of experiment.

There can be no impertinence in making a friendly estimate of the sum of their united efforts and in asking if the same amount of zealous thought and personal activity turned into other channels might not, in the long run, yield them rather larger and more satisfying returns; for no candid critic can deny that the aggregate product of their intellectual effort daily corked up in bottles, carboys and demijohns has reached dimensions of real economic importance. Indeed, it is not hard to believe that if all the new thought power now being devoted to homemade beverages could be rounded up and broken to harness it would suffice to invent and establish a workable league of nations, solve the problems of capital and labor and materially speed up a lagging millennium.

To give a plausible example: We are told that in merchandise sales the spread between slack times and boom times is only about eighteen per cent. Just now business is slack and affords a most favorable opportunity for constructive experimentation, for the sicker the patient the more welcome the doctor. Suppose, then, that every seller of commodities who is giving his best thought to improving the mellowness of his home brew would devote the same serious effort to increasing sales and to thawing out the icebergs of frozen merchandise that block the channels of credit. Is it too much to hope that if these millions of earnest young men would thus concentrate for a frontal attack upon the merchandise situation they might take up a third or even a half of the slack and hasten the return of normal prosperity by many weeks, or even months?

The only way to find out is to try it. Regarding the experiment quite dispassionately it would seem as if the odds were decidedly in the amateur brewer's favor; and he who has survived a dozen Waterloos in the kitchen may as well risk another in shop or factory.

Apply the same experiment to the individual malt fan's office job, and the results though less imposing would be more quickly apparent and would be of a more personal nature; for instead of waiting to read them among published statistics the experimenter would probably find them written in plain figures in his pay envelope.

Why Does Retailing Cost So Much?

By Albert W. Atwood

ILLUSTRATED BY H. WESTON TAYLOR

FOR almost a year now one of the most important questions of immediate practical interest to the average man and woman has been the ability and willingness, or it might strike a more popular chord to say the inability and unwillingness, of the retailer to reflect in his prices the process of deflation which has been so markedly under way.

If women as well as men be included, the resistance or lack of sensitiveness, supposed or real, of the merchant to falling prices has furnished a topic for more animated conversation, I suppose, than even prohibition itself. For, after all, only a comparatively small part of the total adult population ever did or ever will drink spirituous liquors, but practically all are interested in prices and the cost of living. It is one of the very few subjects of universal application and appeal.

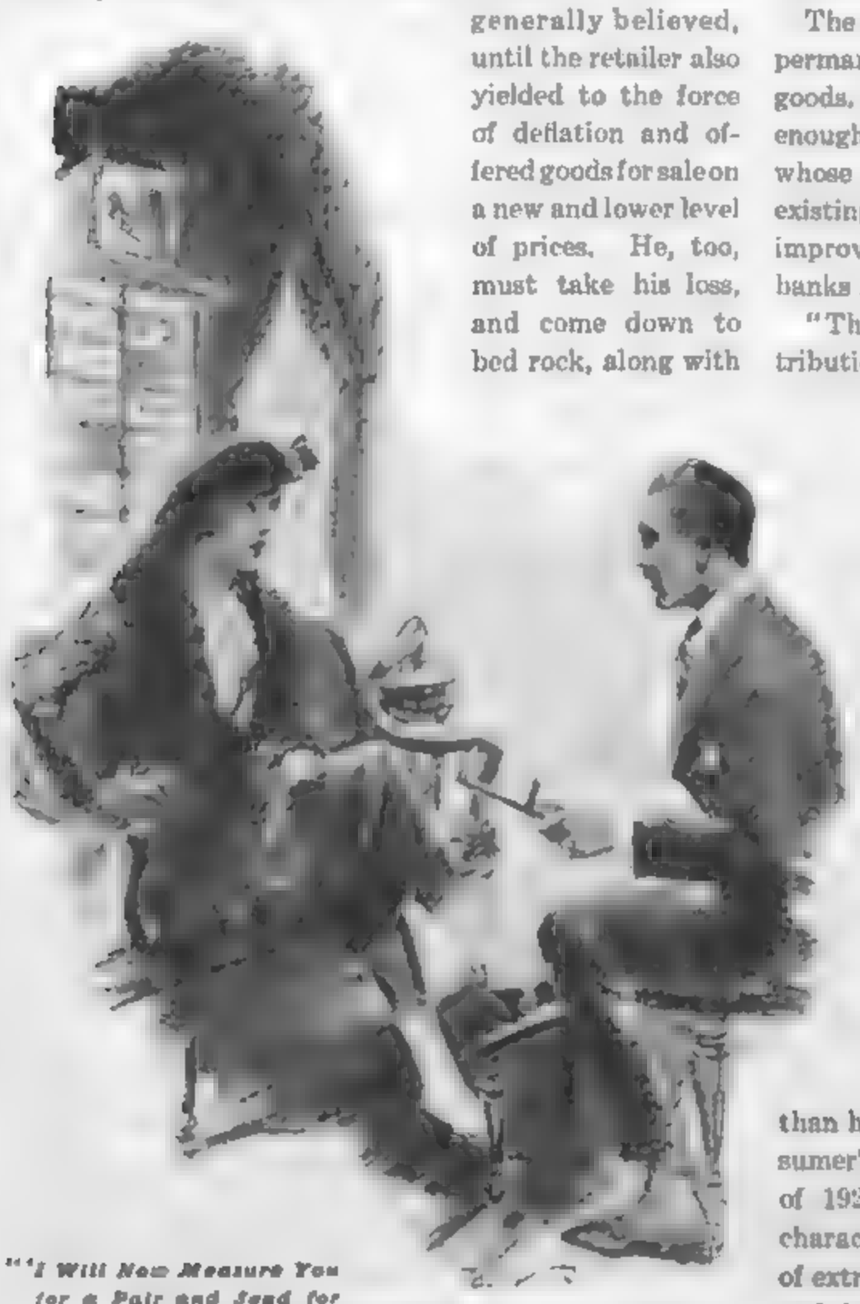
Now there can be no doubt that up to the time of this writing at least the public has been deeply resentful of what it considers the effort on the part of retailers to maintain prices. By far the most frequent scrap of conversation in all parts of the country and among all classes of people, repeated millions of times in the last year, has run almost exactly and literally as follows:

"Well, I see that prices are coming down at last—wool, cotton, and so on," says one man to another.

"Yes, but I can't see that retail prices are much if any lower," is the invariable reply.

The Deadlock in Retail Trade

THE consuming public has read and heard of severe reductions in commodity prices and knows that farmers, manufacturers and wholesalers have suffered great losses. Laborers, too, have been thrown out of employment in large numbers. Normal business conditions could not be restored, business would not pick up again, it has been generally believed, until the retailer also yielded to the force of deflation and offered goods for sale on a new and lower level of prices. He, too, must take his loss, and come down to bed rock, along with the producer—all of them regardless of the fact that their crops or goods were produced or purchased on a higher level of costs.



"'I Will Now Measure You for a Pair and Send for Them. With Good Luck They Will Come in Two Weeks'"

Only as the process by which merchants clear out their old stocks becomes complete can the wheels of industry start again, the factories resume, the unemployed be put back to work and the broken chain of prosperity restored. Such at any rate has been the profound and general conviction, repeatedly expressed by bankers and other business leaders, as well as in the almost tiresome reiteration of newspaper editorials and cartoons, but most of all in the everyday casual conversation of the people themselves.

The idea is not repeated here because of its novelty or originality. Indeed, by the time this article is published the retailer may have finally given up his understandable but in the main futile effort to avoid losses on his old stock of goods, and may have swung into line to the complete satisfaction of the buying public. It is never possible to predict entirely the course of prices or base any moral upon unknown future tendencies.

But to whatever level prices may fall or rise in the spring or summer or autumn of this year, the intense irritation and dissatisfaction on the part of the consuming public will not soon be forgotten, either by the people themselves or by that portion of the business community which has come in for such a vigorous chastisement. It brings into sharp relief the entire question of why the retail end of distribution should be such a costly process. The whole retail system is vigorously challenged, and people are asking with growing insistence what is to become of the retailer if he performs his work in such a costly and expensive manner.

The consuming public, as such, is not concerned in the permanence of any existing device for the merchandising of goods. If its irritation at high retail prices continues long enough it may support all manner of ill-considered schemes whose appeal lies chiefly in their names. In any case no existing retail device is very old or free from possibility of improvement. As the spokesman for one of the leading banks in the country said recently:

"The tendency has been toward chain stores and distribution on a large scale by people who buy direct of producers, or through agencies controlled by producers. The present deadlock and inability of producers to make their reductions effective to consumers will stimulate it. More shoe factories are going to have their own retail stores, for the sake of controlling prices to the public. The farmers are aroused over the failure of retail prices upon fruits and other products to come down, and thereby stimulate consumption when products are perishing. Possibly the retailer sometimes gets more blame than is coming to him, but this is a time when it behooves everyone to play the game of coöperation so openly that all can see what he is doing."

Before plunging into the mazes and intricacies of our subject it may be remarked that the consumer's exasperation at retail prices and methods has not been confined to mere conversation. His deeds have spoken even louder than his and her words. The result has been called a consumer's strike. At some point in the late winter or spring of 1920 the eager and extravagant buying which had characterized the previous year came to an end. The cycle of extravagance and inflation gave way to one of economy and deflation.

When a Woman Buys a Chair and Learns That She Is Paying Thirty-five Per Cent More for It Than the Merchant Paid She Is Inclined to Be Resentful

The public moves in cycles. At one moment it blows hot, and almost the next moment it is blowing cold. At one time it is buying madly, and only a few months later it is not buying at all. It is cold to all appeals.

Now this change in the public's attitude was due only in part to resentment against the supposed failure of the retailer to reflect lower prices. It was to no little extent a wholly natural rebound away from excessive extravagance. It was partly an inevitable reduction in buying power caused by the fall in the prices of commodities, the heavy losses sustained by the agricultural interests, the closing of factories and the appearance of unemployment.

Why People Do Not Buy

THUS the refusal of the public to buy is the result of various far-reaching causes. To describe it all by saying that the consumer has been on strike is certainly inaccurate. To say that a farmer or business man whose profits have vanished, or a laboring man who has lost his job, is out on strike is ridiculous. If such a man does not buy it is because he is without the wherewithal.

In other cases the consumer holds off merely because he believes he is in a falling market. If the buyer believes that a suit of clothes that sold at fifty dollars a few months ago and is now priced at forty dollars can be had shortly for thirty dollars he naturally holds off.

A careful survey early in January of the men's retail clothing trade throughout the country brought out the undisputed fact that whereas several months before customers who asked for forty-dollar suits usually wound up by paying from fifty to eighty dollars, it was the case in January that salesmen found it hard to raise the first bid by even several dollars. Most dealers explained that customers were coming into stores prepared to pay a certain price and not a cent over.

"Nothing will budge them," declared one dealer.

Nothing has been more marked up to the time of this writing than the refusal of the public to believe that rock bottom has been reached. A representative of a chain of men's clothing stores said:

"We put in our window a lot of men's suits which actually cost us between fifty and sixty dollars. The price

(Continued on Page 97)

FERN SEED

By HENRY MILNER RIDEOUT

ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. D. KOERNER

"Here's Your Old House for You. How Do You Like It?"

VII

THE service next morning seemed to drag. Dim light from a world hidden in fog made the windows gray, but served only to deepen the gloom and the stone coldness of the church. Leonard fell prey to a mood anything but devout. Everyone in the village had come there to cough. The parson, a worthy and even a genial fellow creature on week days, disguised himself with a Sunday manner like that of Cowper's fine puss gentleman; and when in the gloom a conscientious choir performed the Athanasian Creed their chant seemed to heave stumbling blocks more than were needful across the thorny path to heaven. Corsant drove away these indecorous fancies. A crick in the back was his reward, and both legs went to sleep, for the pew, a narrow shelf of hard old oak, cut him to the haunch bone. He grew restless. Moreover, Grayland had promised to meet him before church, to bring his jacket, and had failed. This fog outside threatened to become rain. Altogether the world was too much with him.

I'd soar and touch the heavenly strings,
And vie with Gabriel, while he sings
In notes almost divine,
In notes almo-ost divine.

From some pew behind, an excellent bass voice joined the hymn. Its vibration came deep, as if stirring the floor. Leonard thought he knew that voice. Later, glancing round, he saw Grayland's long frame relaxed in an attitude of patience.

The last man in church and nearest the door, George leaned his head on the rear wall and, pointing his thin beak of nose upward, dreamily studied the rafters. He looked like a black wolf, too lazy to harm the sheepfold.

They met outside the churchyard.

"You singing about Gabriel," said Leonard as they walked on, "after robbing him! What were you in a church for by daylight?"

"Does a man no harm to chin-chin joss now and then," replied the heathen, grinning. "Got as much right to sing those words as Sam Medley ever had to write 'em. Soaring and bumping amongst the heavenly strings! Put the whole orchestra out, he might, and then it would be a medley for fair!"

He stooped toward a hedge and, from a cranny where no bird could have well hidden its nest, produced by some conjuring trick a parcel and Leonard's jacket.

"I'll set you on your way," he continued, striding along with these under his arm. "No, you don't often catch me there—more's the pity. Like perching on a hymn-book rack. Those carvings amongst the roof, they do tell us a heap of old things worth hearing. But then, to sing you the multiplication table, believe-that-or-be-damned fashion. No, no! It don't persuade a chap."

In these pagan sentiments Leonard found an echo of his own.

"We think alike, George, about some things."

His companion's bright black eyes darted sidelong, a very quizzical glance.

"That's good—we ought to!"

"Why?"

Grayland ignored the question, or failed to hear. He began talking at random as they went. The fog was now thinning and whitening, to lift. As they crossed the river in one of Ashkettle's boats a gray disk of sun glowed high among streaming vapors, and when they had climbed the first hill on Leonard's journey the sea lay sparkling behind them, all the green country billowing before, dappled with a few last shadows that scudded inland.

"Here—short cut." Grayland, turning from the lane, struck into a footpath traced only by a wavering line on the moister grass of the fields. "This will save you many a step. Eat and drink first."

He chose a dry rock on a knoll, sat down and, opening his parcel, brought forth sandwiches and a flask.

"The grub is Cousin Laurence's," he explained. "Also the whisky. It's genuine Sma' Still."

They pledged each other and fed with sea-air appetite.

"Troubled about your cousin," said the provider of this feast. "You saw he was lame, yesterday, and looks frail? That's where he was tortured by those devils."

Corsant waited, but his friend sat brooding, with dark cheeks flushed and eyes that beheld something evil far off.

"Who were they?"

"Some damn tribe. A white man put 'em up to it. I haven't caught that noble sport yet," said George very softly, but his voice ached with a passion of revenge. "There's nine or ten of 'em will never torture again. We pulled their stings for good. I happened to be with the rescue party." He woke from musing and ate his sandwich with peculiar tidiness, like a man who abhorred crumbs.

"Your cousin labored," said he, "in the vineyard of the abomination of desolation, out there alone, the awfulest holes in the East. His work, you know, was like good housekeeping—well done, you never see or hear of it; undone, there's gurry all over the shop. Ay, and blood too! He did more'n a dozen of your political agents. Unattached, not recognized—couldn't be. Why, that boy," he cried in admiration—"nobody will ever know what that boy has suffered and done! The quiet little beggar! I told you he could wipe his boots on George Grayland any day. So he can!"

The speaker jumped up, strode back and forth over the grass to vent enthusiasm in action, then returned and flung down on the rock again.

"I'm sorry," declared Leonard, "if my coming here upset his plans at all. You said last night ——"

"No fault o' yours," growled George. "It did, but just by happen-so. He thought to slip down here, do a flit, no one the wiser. Hadn't been home since a kid. Well, here was you, weeks ahead, taking his place blindfolded, the news going round from mouth to mouth. Can't be helped, that's all—fate—luck."

"Bad luck," said Corsant.

"Bad or good," was the reply. "Never can tell till it plays out."

Their mound, a high point in the landscape, had nothing round it but grass and open sky; not a bush, not a handful of leaves anywhere near, and from sea landward to the farthest hill no living creature but a titlark that fluttered and twittered in the sunshine two fields away. Yet Grayland, before he spoke again, looked on all sides carefully as though in a room. He lowered his voice.

"What lays heavy on my mind," said he, "is this: The polecat we spoke of just now, nobleman who had our boy tortured and maimed, will follow on down here if he's got wind. Good reason why. Expect him any day. He's a dirty fighter, and dangerous. Well, so'm I. Nothing would suit my book better ——"

Grayland's powerful and shapely hands grappled some imaginary bulk, wrenched it in two and cast away the pieces.

"But I can't always be on deck. And with Laurence Corsant sick as he is, needing rest—well, I'm off. Here's your coat. That beast may be prowling round the house now."

They rose. Leonard unbuttoned and was removing his namesake's jacket, when suddenly he stopped and pulled it on again.

"No! Why swap?" he asked. "Here's an offer: I did the damage, so give me a chance to repair it."

"What do you mean? How?"

"Mr. Laurence Corsant needs a rest. Suppose we let him have one. I took his place blindfolded, you say. Now if he's in danger, suppose I took it again for a time, blinkers off. Would that help?"

Grayland stared.

"Goliath o' Gath!" he cried.

"You and I, George, would make a strong team. Me the bait and you to land the fish."

The older man laughed.

"They call me wild," said he, "but I begin to believe alongside of you, son, I'm a fuzzy lamb on wheels. Danger, yes. Come now, bar nonsense!"

"You bet, bar nonsense!" replied the younger. "It would be larks."

"Might not."

George shook his head. "You run along, boy. See that gorse a-shining on the next brow? Turn to your right round that. I'm off."

Halfway down the slope Leonard heard footsteps come flying after him. He turned and saw that Grayland's long legs could cover ground amazingly.

"Bait, I'm tempted to use you!" His friend pulled up and clapped him on the shoulder, grinning mischief. "You'll hear from me to-morrow or day after. If 'twill work, I'll put you on the hook like old Izaak, as if I loved ye."

Turning to go, George had a second afterthought.

"You'd better know in case," he added—"you'd better know, Bait, that our fish is that white-eyed, wooden-jointed pike you saw in Gino's café, Street of the Sword. So long!"

With that he set off running again up the hill as if it were level ground. On the sky line he flourished his arm in farewell and dropped below the crest.

Leonard went down alone toward his landmark, the shining gorse. With no lack of thoughts for company, he traveled the hillsides, now so far aloft that he could count the whitewashed stones of the coast guard's path like a bead necklace unstrung along the cliffs, now deep in a valley checkered with fields of pink and pale green, where the air boiled quivering up the slopes. An hour's walking brought him to a road that glared and sweltered. The afternoon grew hot. Sometimes, but rarely, he passed under shade and verdure in a street of cottages, all still as though abandoned; sometimes, tearing the Sunday calm into tatters, destroying a mile or two of straight solitude, a motor car roared by with dust and stink; but most of the way and the country he had to himself, till heat and lonesome plodding turned monotonous. Once among the endless show of hedge flowers he found some white sprays unknown to him; rather pretty, he thought, like dwarf lilies

(Continued on Page 24)

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Why do people like them so?

Quality alone can explain the extraordinary popularity of Campbell's Beans. Millions of housewives always buy them, knowing that the Campbell's label is a guarantee of the best ingredients, skillfully prepared and certain to be enjoyed. Half a century's experience in the making of good food products is back of Campbell's Beans and their delicious tomato sauce.

2 cans for 25c

Except west of Mississippi River and in Canada

Campbell's BEANS

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

(Continued from Page 22)

run wild; and while resting he plucked and pocketed a few to show Mrs. Merle later and ask their name of that wise woman.

The tramping became more and more tedious, but Grayland's short cut over grass had saved many steps indeed. Well before sunset he mounted a rise and saw the ugly blotch where his journey should end—a huddle of slate roofs glowering bluish under hot sunset, murky with the dregs of Saturday smoke.

"Now bath and dinner."

The hotel, to which he asked his way through grimy streets, frowned soberly from its grand portico; but within was all cleanliness, quiet and sober welcome. His room proved regally spacious. He was the more surprised, therefore, to find while undressing that it reeked with onions.

"The kitchen can't be so near. Phew!"

Leonard flung open the windows, took his bath and, returning, met the reek still there, worse than ever.

"Vile! The stuff's on my clothes too!"

From his pocket he tugged a clean shirt, tightly rolled. With it came tumbling the remnants of those pretty wayside lilies. One sniff as they lay on the carpet was enough.

"Whee!" Leonard gathered them gingerly and hurled them into the street. "Wild onions or wild garlic. Foh! Shame on you, posies!"

Laughing, he leaned out at window until aired enough to go downstairs among his fellow men. From a big leather chair, sheltered by hothouse fronds, he watched them while waiting for dinner. Amid the usual come and go of a lobby two small children drew his attention, brother and sister, both dazed by the great world, shy, and dreamy with wondering expectation. They were charming, thought Leonard. A voice behind the leaves caught his ear.

"Look! I tol' you so. Look there—Corsant!"

He turned his head quickly. Two men stood behind him at the desk. He saw only the back of the taller one and the face of the shorter, which was round, dark and chubby. Neither had spoken to him. Both were looking carelessly over the register, as if to pass the time.

"Shut up, you fool! I can read."

They went lounging off toward the street door. Leonard's ambush of leaves hung in the way, and when he rose for a better view it was too late. The children scampered across in that direction to twine themselves round the legs of a newcomer, a handsome bronzed young sailor daddy just off his ship, who beyond a doubt was glad to see them. Mother followed more sedately.

Leonard forgave the obstruction.

"Oh, I Say! Could You Help Me for a Moment?"

VIII

A SOLEMN gentleman in a cage, with a brazen scoop, ladled forth much money and rendered his opinion that the morning was overcast. Leonard accepted the opinion, weighted his namesake's pocket with the money and, having thus quickly finished the business which had brought him so many miles on foot, began his homeward journey straight from the bank door. A memorial clock in a dumpy little tower, staring blear-eyed through fog, rang the half hour past ten as he crossed the square. Few persons were abroad. In belated stillness and gloom a kind of Black Monday reigned.

To gain variety on his return, Leonard chose another route; but for three hours of good tramping he saw no more than the green borders along its way, the same hedge, the same branches of elm, ash, thorn or beech, the same margin of field continually repeated through a world of smoky drift and dampness. At times this drift brought with it a sound or two: sheep bleated far aloft, harness leather creaked near by, a plowman upbraided his trampling horses, a dog barked in the distance, a sea gull miaowled overhead. But these evidences of life unseen came rarely, and for miles together he heard nothing except his own footsteps, saw nothing to right or left.

Early afternoon found him hungry and steaming hot. The road plunged down some valley, the narrowness of which made itself felt by a more sultry moisture, and seen in patches of hillside floating high through the fog. At bottom here Leonard came without warning, almost between strides, into another village, quiet as though forsaken. Midway in the street rose an elm. By its trunk, less graceful but no less round and erect, stood a lone figure, a constable meditating on the absence of crime.

"In uffish thought," was Leonard's commentary. He approached the elm, greeted the thinker and asked where food was to be had.

"Well, sir," said the constable slowly, as if revolving in his mind a Homeric catalogue of taverns, "you might try the Bottle of Hay. In fact it's the only one. That little house yonder with door open."

He pointed stiffly down street, to the far end. Corsant thanked him and passed on.

The cluster of cottages hidden under green leaves and gray vapor had swum into view quietly as part of a dream, and even now, though plain, solid, built four-square to last, it kept a dreamy old look. Sleep had been poured on its head; an exposition of slumber lay warm on the gables. Mother Goose might have lived and written here—nothing happened since her day. The Bottle of Hay, a beetle-browed tavern, sat squinting down at a causeway and a veiled strip of marsh.

Leonard stepped through the open door, but nearly backed out again at once. After so tidy a street, this interior was downright scandal. Round the greasy wainscot ran a black frieze of smudge where heads had lolled; glutinous rings marked every table top, shining like the trail of a slug; the gloom was close, hot, rank scented, and the floor swam with puddles of Saturday night's leaving.

"Yes, sir." A dreary, slack woman, neither old nor young, dragged herself forward from some lurking hole. "Good evening, sir. What can I get you?"

Leonard paused on the threshold. He took a kind of shamefaced compassion on her at first glance, a helpless being, foredoomed. Besides, the next food would be some ten miles farther. A long course of Chinese inns had left him hardened.

"Whatever you have best, please."

Resigning himself, he hung up jacket and cap on a peg in the vestibule. By pulling the inner door wide open he could sit behind it as in a private box and perhaps forget the rest of the room. By pushing outward a stubborn window over his head he caught more fresh air, at any rate, than had passed that way in years. Tobacco ashes covered his table, but he blew them away, spread an old newspaper for his cloth and sat down to swelter in patience. After a time he heard the woman returning.

"Here, behind the door!" he called.

"Oh, sir, I thought you were gone!"

She spoke as if that would have been the more natural discovery and, coming round the door, brought her best into his corner. It was bad cheese, worse bread and excellent beer in a sticky mug.

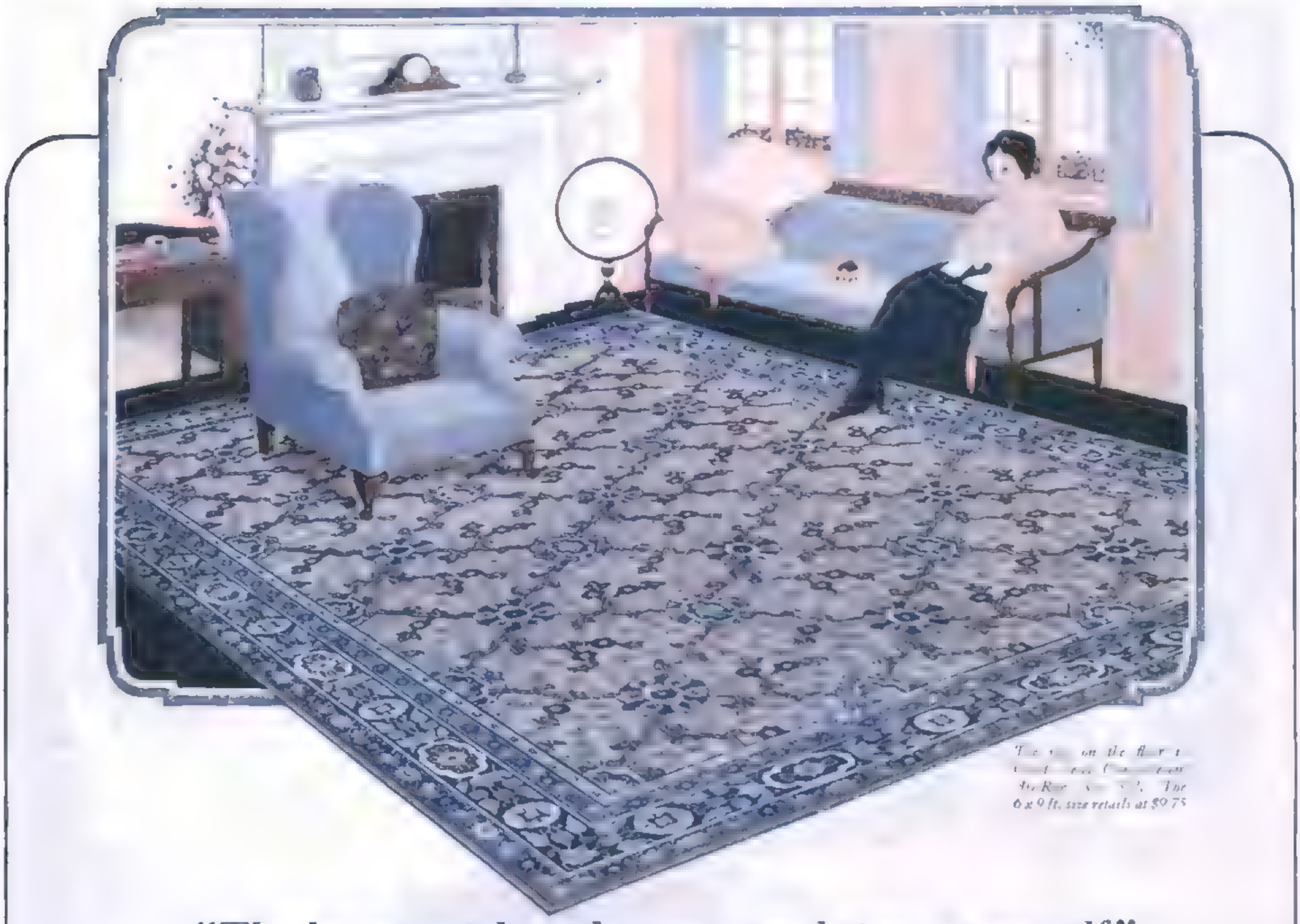
Leonard paid her, intending to drink promptly, then carry his food along with him outdoors. The woman had not dragged herself out of the room again, however, before a sudden whirring noise came rapidly down the street, grew into a sputtering roar and ceased abruptly. Two voices beneath Leonard's window exchanged words that he did not catch, and soon afterward feet trampled in the vestibule.

Remembering that his jacket hung there and contained almost all his money, Leonard peeped through the chink of the door. He saw two pairs of khaki-colored legs go by.

"Beer," said a harsh voice in the room, "and bread; and be quick about it!"

Chairs creaked. A man sighed.

(Continued on Page 27)



The rug on the floor is one of the Oriental designs in the Rug Book. The 6 x 9 ft. size retails at $9.75

"The house spick and span—and time to myself"

THINK of the hours that are spent sweeping and beating carpets and fabric rugs—hours that rightfully belong to leisure.

Thousands of women have freed themselves of these hours of drudgery by using throughout their homes the modern, sanitary, easy to-clean floor-covering — *Gold-Seal* Congoleum Art-Rugs.

Just a few whisks of a damp mop —and the smooth, waterproof surface of Congoleum becomes clean as a new pin—and in one-fifth the time it takes to clean fabric floor-coverings.

And Congoleum Rugs are just as attractive as they are practical! The rich colors, blended in patterns exactly reproduced from Oriental rugs, harmonize most charmingly with any color scheme.

Easy to lay! Congoleum Rugs lie perfectly flat without fastening.

And remarkably low-priced! The following list of the popular sizes will give you an idea of just how economical these charming rugs are.

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[illegible]	feet 1.60	7½ x 9	feet 11.85
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]

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When we placed this liberal plan, "Satisfaction Guaranteed or Your Money Back," on every one of these durable, charming rugs, we meant exactly what we said. If you are not satisfied we will give you back your money through your dealer.

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GOLD SEAL CONGOLEUM GUARANTEE
SATISFACTION GUARANTEED OR YOUR MONEY BACK

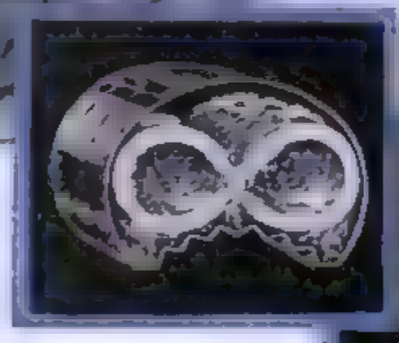
CHUBBY LITTLE HANDS have not the grown-ups' skill in handling big knives and forks and mischievous fat spoons! Plop! On the nice clean table cloth goes a spatter of richly-colored jelly or jam, and gone is the fresh spotlessness!

BUT mother only smiles understandingly. That's because she has a jolly, twinkling friend—the 1900 Cataract Electric Washer. Away that table cloth is whisked, and into the smooth copper tub of the 1900 it goes. Then just watch that figure 8 get busy!

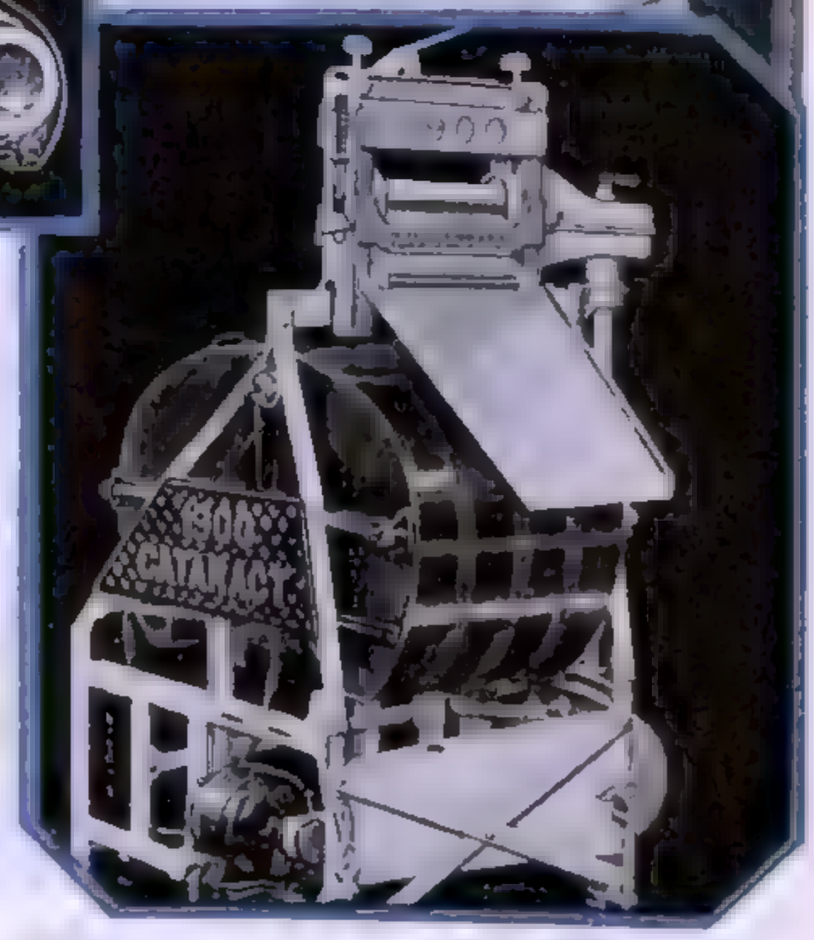
Back and forth, back and forth, goes the soapy cleansing water, in a perfect figure 8 motion. Thus the water is forced through the clothes with *every movement of the tub*, and *four times* oftener than in the ordinary washer. This figure 8 is an exclusive 1900 feature!

The 1900 was designed to wash clothes and save work. And it does it! Not a single part in the tub to lift out and clean after the wash is finished. Not an extra step to take, for the swinging wringer also works electrically, and can be moved from washer to rinse water, to blue water, to clothes basket.

A whole tubful of clothes can be washed in the 1900 in 8 to 10 minutes, *and at a cost of only a few cents an hour for electricity!* When you think of the 1900 remember the figure 8—the exclusive feature that makes the 1900 the *perfect* washing machine!



The water swirls through the clothes in a figure 8 movement four times as often as in the ordinary washer.



1900 CATARACT WASHER

8 © *I'm the figure 8!*

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If you want to know more about the 1900, send for the interesting book, George Brinton's Wife, a book of fiction with some surprising facts included

(Continued from Page 24)

"*Ah, comme j'ai soif! Bon sang, je suis tout mouillé!*" he declared plaintively. "*Il faut rester ici pour* ——"

The first voice broke in, growling: "*Tu as bien souffert, pauvre ange! Bah, j'en ai assez, de tes malheurs. C'est le micmac, ça. Mais attention, écoute* ——"

The talk flowed on in undertones. Leonard, finishing his ale, heard enough to know that the accent of both men was barbarous. They could not be French. It struck him as odd that they should sit there earnestly employing a language foreign to them both. He pressed his temple against the greasy wainscot, brought one eye to the chink of the door, and so looked through, along the wall.

Facing him, three yards away, sat the little chubby man who had read his name aloud from the hotel book last night. The fellow now wore misfit cycling garb, dust-colored, wrinkled and sweaty. He mopped his dark cheeks with a handkerchief none too clean, and glowed like a furnace. Of his companion Leonard could see only half a shoulder.

"Missed him? Till now, yes. But he must have gone this road; we tried the other far enough. If we don't overtake him, what then? Keep straight ahead, and be there waiting, on the ground beforehand."

Thus, in bad French and always harshly, the man to whom the shoulder belonged was grumbling, when some object outdoors fell with a crash.

"There goes your motorcycle again!" he cried. "I told you to prop it, imbecile!"

The speaker jumped up from table and marched out, cursing. A moment later he returned more slowly, and appeared to halt near the threshold.

Leonard bent forward. Aslant through his good practicable cranny he spied, in the vestibule, a rather tall man angrily pulling off his coat. His motions, though energetic, were stiff and muscle-bound. While tossing the garment over a peg the stranger beheld Laurence Corsant's old ruddy-brown tweed hanging there. He gave a perceptible start, pounced on it, handled, scrutinized the cloth like a tailor, then quickly turned to look all about.

His face, his pale gray eyes full of shifty light, were unmistakable. Here within arm's reach stood George's polecat, the man who had gone sneering through Gino's café in Sword Street.

Next moment, cool and swift, he was rummaging in the jacket. Leonard, with great indignation, saw his own belongings pulled out, scanned, then by flying fingers transferred into the pockets of the stained yellow coat alongside.

"Smiling, are you?" thought the young man. "You'll smile other side your mouth in half a jiffy." He sat still, waiting. The pickpocket entered the room on tiptoe. "Psst! Kamsa!" He startled the chubby one with a whisper. "Our man's here in this house!"

Leonard was quick in action, light on his feet. Without a sound behind the door he climbed upon the table—the bare end, taking care not to touch the newspaper—and wriggled through the window like an eel.

"Is he, though, this man of yours?"

The street lay empty and Mother Gooselike as before. Under his great elm tree the constable, in profile, strictly meditated.

"Shan't disturb you, my boy. We'll do our own law. Tooth for tooth."

From the doorstep he heard that pair still buzzing vehemently at their table. He stole to the row of pegs, reversed the legerdemain and emptied his foe's pockets. There was no time for choosing of property. Leonard took all that came to hand—papers, money, anything—crammed it inside his shirt, took jacket and cap and slid outdoors again.

"A good row would be rather fun," he thought. "I've a notion ——"

Just then the inner door slammed. They were searching behind it in his private box, the corner. He laughed.

"No, a jape. A gentle jape were best in this hot weather."

Two motorcycles leaned against the front of the house. Each had as fine a leather tool pouch as man could wish. Leonard procured some tools. He did not hurry. A deliberate humor of deviltry inspired him.

"All my life I've longed to ruin one of these beastly things." He stripped off the first saddle, then the second. "No time like the present. Never get such a good chance again." With a pretty little spanner he gathered a handful or two of vital nuts, which he threw broadcast away. Tire after tire fizzed. "It's a pleasure."

On a green bank where the nuts had scattered humble wayside lilies grew, white and fairylike.

"Just the thing! My dear old posies! Garlic and onions for dressing!" He picked a handsome bunch of them and returned to the door. That fellow's cycling tunic had shown a rip in the lining. He found it again, thrust his floral tribute well down inside and patted all smooth.

"*C'est le bouquet, messieurs!*"

Even then his devil craved something more. He could hear a throaty voice in the kitchen haranguing or calling the landlady. It seemed a pity not to improve this occasion. Leonard clothed himself, and then opened the inner door.

"*Bonjour, monsieur.*" He politely doffed his cap. "*Il fait bien chaud.*"

At the table by the wall sat his little round rascal, with handkerchief now tucked like a bib under his oily chops. This and the swaddling folds of his gaberdine made him resemble a depraved infant, a dark goblin child.

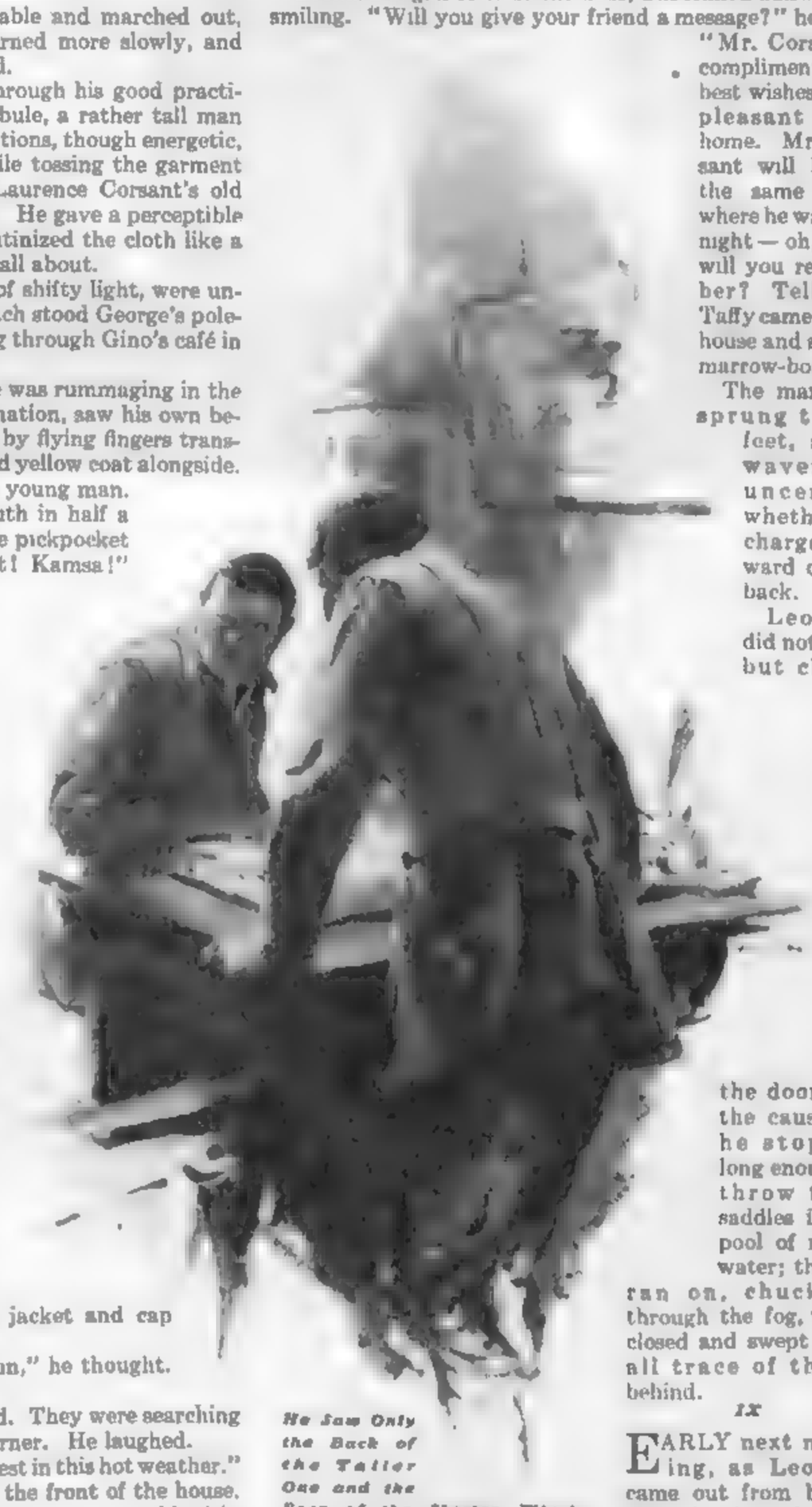
"Ah, ah!" he stammered. A look of stupid cunning crept into his eyes. "Yes, vairy 'ot, sir. 'Ow tit you know we were Freynsch?"

"I don't," said Leonard, "because I heard you talking it."

This logic appeared to confound the man in the bib, who looked behind him as though for help, then stared at Leonard once more. It was evident he could not descry the face of his visitor against the light.

"Oh! Ah?" he mumbled.

Leonard began to close the door, but leaned halfway in, smiling. "Will you give your friend a message?" he said. "Mr. Corsant's compliments and best wishes for a pleasant walk home. Mr. Corsant will be at the same hotel where he was last night — oh, and will you remember? Tell him Taffy came to my house and stole a marrow-bone."



He Saw Only the Back of the Taller One and the Face of the Shorter, Which Was Round, Dark and Chubby

The man had sprung to his feet, stood wavering, uncertain whether to charge forward or run back.

Leonard did not wait, but closed the door. On the causeway he stopped long enough to throw their saddles into a pool of marsh water; then he ran on, chuckling through the fog, which closed and swept away all trace of things behind.

IX

EARLY next morning, as Leonard came out from breakfast, he found Mrs. Merle, her Maltese cat, the bullfinch and the bull terrier forming a family group on the doorstep. In bright sunshine near by George Grayland stood talking.

"Yes, we'll have rain. Good morning, sir." He glanced up and made a slight motion with one hand, a forward snap of the forefinger. Most men would have failed to see, or disregarded; but Corsant happened to know it for an old sign which inquires, "How are you?" "Good morning," he replied, and with spread fingers of both hands threw a chest, in brief pantomime to say, "Very well, indeed."

"Now I'd give a deal, George," declared Mrs. Merle, "to know how you foretell weather so true. Rain? Why, there's not a cloud in the sky."

Grayland laughed.

"The sheep are all gobbling their breakfast," said he, "as if to catch a train. Skylarks a-singing wet too. And right there by your feet"—he pointed down at the cat, which hooked her paw rhythmically over one ear—"see Old Lady Maltee scrub her face for rain. No common sunshiny wash, that; no lick and promise, but solid work. Your garden will be wet before evening, sure. I've a chit here for you, sir."

He offered an unsealed envelope.

"Come into the garden, Maud," said Leonard, taking it. "I'd like to talk with you. Have you time?"

In the arbor, where the dog and the superannuated pet lamb joined them, the two men sat down for private conference. Grayland seemed very wide awake and cheerful.

"Where," asked Leonard, "did you learn Injun sign language?"

"Your country. Lived among 'em once," replied the other briefly. "But that's old. Your letter's new. Go on, read it. I made him think he wanted to go away for a week. It took some doing, but he never suspected me."

George lighted a time-blackened brier pipe and smoked thoughtfully while his friend read the letter, first to himself, then aloud:

My dear Mr. Leonard Corsant: It was a pleasant surprise to learn whose jacket I had been wearing, and I hope we shall meet again soon. Grayland, who brings you this hurried note, will explain that I am off to town for a few days. If it is not asking you to bore yourself too much, won't you come up and camp here meanwhile? A dull enough house, but you might find it interesting in spots. Grayland would look after you well.

"*Au revoir*, and do let me find you at the house!

Sincerely yours, LAURENCE CORSANT.

Monday P. M.

There followed a galloping scrawl of postscript:

You might even keep an eye on George for me. Tell him by all the earmarks he is about to break loose again.

The conspirators, in their honeysuckle bower, grinned at each other.

"Catch a weasel asleep," said George. "Boasted too early, didn't I? You'll come?"

"If you still want me." Leonard put away the note, and brought out two other documents. "Fair exchange—here's more news. Do you know a place called the Bottle of Hay?"

George nodded.

"Smells like a rabbit hutch," he testified.

"The same. Well, yesterday afternoon while that note was being written," said Leonard, "I met a couple of men there."

He went on to describe them. His hearer, leaning back in a garden chair, watched him with eyes half closed but far from drowsy.

"That's our pair. Talking bad French, eh? They would. Your little fat greaser, he's a Levantinish mongrel of some sort. Four and twenty blackbirds, all different, in his pedigree. Called himself Kamsa last, but 'answers to Hi or to any loud cry.' He's second fiddle. Your friend from Gino's café is the boss; what I call a professional traitor, playing both ends, then selling out either way, or to a third party—him and Kamsa the Locust. That's the pair."

Murmuring thus, George kept his black brier alight and missed not a word in what followed, the tale of yesterday's performance at the Bottle of Hay. As it progressed his eyes opened full and sparkling. He slapped his thigh.

"Spoiled the Egyptians good!" he exclaimed, greatly approving. "Off with their chariot wheels, so they drave heavy. You'll do, my son!" And he gave a curt nod that seemed to bind their alliance for good and all, to drive the last nail home. "It runs in the family."

"While getting back my own," continued Leonard, "these things—ah—fetched loose and came away in my hand." He tossed over one of his documents, an eight-page letter closely written in purple ink. "Female fist. Begins like a love letter, so I didn't go into it."

Grayland had no such scruple. He read carefully from date to signature.

"Tender," he growled; and again, "Tosh!" His lips curled scornfully round the pipestem. "Some women will take up with anything. Well," he concluded, folding the pages away, "it meant a lot to her, poor fool, but nothing to me. My chief had better study it. What's your next trick, Houdini?"

Corsant passed over to him a sheet of parchmentlike paper, blank on one side, covered on the other with line upon line of curious marks, and stamped in one corner with a bright red thumb print.

"Looks like shorthand done in printer's ink," said he. "The thumb daubed with an oily vermilion paste, you see. Chinamen use something of the kind."

(Continued on Page 102)

EVERYBODY'S BUSINESS

Gas and the Nation's Press

By Floyd W. Parsons

DECORATION BY DOUGLAS RYAN

THE people of the United States constitute the best-informed citizenry in the world. Here is the reason: American newspapers have a combined annual circulation of more than 14,000,000,000 copies, which means approximately 132 copies for every man, woman and child in the country. In addition to its newspapers, the American public provides a market for 175,000,000 books and pamphlets each year, fully half of which are religious or educational in character. More than 300,000 workers are employed in the nation's printing establishments, and the product of these plants has a total annual value of nearly $1,000,000,000.

Though very few people have realized the tremendous amount of printed matter published daily in this country, even a less number are informed concerning the constituents which go into the making of the papers, periodicals and books they read. The average individual is quite ignorant regarding the source of the inks now used in printing. We are led to believe that Benjamin Franklin obtained the principal ingredient for his ink by burning tallow candles and laboriously collecting the soot. That might have sufficed for the hand press, which at maximum speed could seldom turn out more than 150 copies an hour. Furthermore, Franklin's competition was not very keen, for there was only one other newspaper published in America at the time, and this second publication was considered quite a hazardous venture, because most of the people of that time seemed to believe that one paper in the country was a plenty.

The publishing business of the United States would be in a bad way to-day if it had to depend on the candle-soot method for obtaining its pigment for the inks used. The multiple rotary press now used is capable of 200,000 impressions an hour, and one investigator states that more than 100,000,000 pounds of printer's ink is now used annually in the operation of America's rotary presses. The essential substance used in the manufacture of printer's ink at the present time is an ingredient called carbon black, but more properly named hydrocarbon-gas black. This pigment is manufactured by burning a natural-gas flame, or rather a series of natural-gas flames, at the lowest possible pressure, in contact with a metallic surface or plate. Exceedingly minute particles of carbon, incandescent in the flame, are thus deposited upon the plate. The energy by which these particles are automatically scraped from the plate, collected, sifted through the finest mesh cloths, lightly compressed and packed for shipment, is also furnished by natural gas.

The unique product resulting from this process is composed of particles so fine that it is impossible for even the highest-powered microscope to exhibit them separately. Some authorities have given this product the name of congealed smoke, so light and fine is the material. Although the particles are tiny in size, they are brilliant and intense in color, and it takes only a pound of them, mixed with eight or nine pounds of mineral oil, to print 3000 copies of the average newspaper. It is this carbon element in printer's ink which causes it to flow freely, cover every hair line of the finest engraving and make an instantaneous and jet-black impression.

The idea of manufacturing from natural gas a black adapted to printers' use is attributed to a Philadelphia ink maker who experimented along this line in 1864. The first patent for the process of which there is any record was issued in 1872. Factories were established during the next ten years in Pennsylvania and West Virginia, where large quantities of natural gas were available. The output of the factories was in great demand, and at one time the black commanded the price of five dollars a pound. The present cost of carbon black averages about eight cents a pound, and it is interesting to note that approximately 2 per cent of the cost of a newspaper is the ink used. Three-fourths of the cost is labor and about 20 per cent is paper. The crude processes of early manufacture of carbon black were superseded by improved methods, and as early as 1885 the pigment was firmly established as the principal color base of black printing inks, in which position it has remained unrivaled ever since.

The annual output of the thirty or more carbon-black factories in the United States exceeds 50,000,000 pounds, and is used throughout the civilized world. These American factories, with the wells and pipe lines that supply them, and the absorption-gasoline plants operated in connection therewith, represent a total investment of nearly $20,000,000. Seventy per cent of the total production of the material is utilized in the manufacture of printer's ink, and the remainder of the carbon black produced is employed in making phonograph records, carbon paper, typewriter ribbons, automobile tires, stove polish, paint, varnish, crayons, carriage cloth, cement colorings, black leather, tarpaulin, cameras and other commodities.

Not many people realize that when they sit in their homes and listen to the phonographic reproductions of the voices of such artists as Homer and Caruso they are largely indebted to carbon black for the privilege. The average automobile owner is quite unaware of the service this gas by-product renders him, and if approached on the subject would probably say, "What is carbon black to me? I'm not interested in its production or the problems that relate to its manufacture." However, carbon black goes into the manufacture of practically all black-tread tires, and these constitute the majority of the tires used to-day. The black is employed, not for the sake of the color but because it is the one known material which, after numerous experiments, has been found to add to the tensile strength and elasticity of the rubber, retard oxidation, and in this way afford better traction and longer mileage. Industrial chemists say that when carbon black is added in the proper proportion to tire-tread compounds it increases the tensile strength by one-fourth and the elasticity by one-tenth.

In former times tire manufacturers refused to guarantee their product for more than 3000 or 4000 miles. To-day the guaranties on tires run up all the way to 10,000 miles. If only 10 per cent additional mileage results from the use of gas black in tire-tread compounds it means a saving of nearly $80,000,000 in the annual tire bill of the American people. A large part of this saving occurs in the operation of trucks, a strictly commercial activity.

The rubber manufacturers say that so far as their business is concerned carbon black is the king of pigments. The particles contained in each cubic inch of this gas black have no less than 1,905,000 square inches of surface, as compared with 152,400 in zinc oxide, the material formerly used. In fact, carbon black is seven times finer than the clay from which delicate Limoges china is made, and it is thirty-seven times finer than flour.

The carbon-black industry also adds appreciably to the supply of high gravity gasoline. Nine-tenths of the factories producing the black are now equipped with absorption plants to extract gasoline. In all such cases only the residue of gas remaining after gasoline extraction is consumed in carbon-black manufacture. Last year several million gallons of gasoline were added to the nation's supply purely as an incident to gas-black manufacture. It is further true that in a majority of instances the recovery of this gasoline would have been otherwise impossible, because of the limited local demand for gas and the consequent inability of the manufacturer to market the gas for other than carbon-black purposes after the gasoline had been extracted. The gasoline produced from natural gas by the absorption method is a fuel of greater importance than its statistical position would indicate.

This gasoline not only fulfills the rigid requirements of a motor fuel for airplanes assigned to high-altitude duty, but it is a type of high-gravity material that will blend with low-gravity naphthas to produce a desirable fuel for ordinary motors.

It was no more than six years ago that one investigator discovered that gasoline could be extracted from natural gas without at all impairing the usefulness of the gas for black manufacture. The gas is first passed through oil, by which certain of its constituents are absorbed. These constituents are then recovered in liquid form from the oil by distillation and compression. The resulting liquid fuel is often so volatile that if a cupful of it be thrown into the air only a few drops will reach the ground. For many reasons the production of natural-gas gasoline represents true conservation.

The difficulties connected with securing sufficient natural gas for carbon-black manufacture have caused chemists to search diligently for a suitable substitute for gas in this important manufacturing process. So far all experiments of this nature have met with failure, and it has been found impossible to produce a pigment for commercial use possessing such valuable properties as those of carbon black, except by the subtle chemistry of the hydrocarbon flame. Efforts are now being made to produce a black pigment through burning petroleum in vaporized form, and through using acetylene gas instead of natural gas, but these comparatively new processes have not yet reached a state of proved worth, so the fact remains that natural gas continues supreme in this field. Here it might be added that the black pigment manufactured from tar oil, and known as lampblack, serves a useful purpose; but in printing it is of minor importance, for it makes a dull, brownish, short ink which will not give the clear impressions that may be

(Continued on Page 35)

The Cadillac could not abate one iota of the year-in-and-year-out reliability which has won it the world's tribute over and over again, and still be the Cadillac.

The truth is that the two terms—Cadillac and dependability—have come to mean one and the same thing.

Years ago it might not have been possible to say this of the Cadillac, for this especial dependability is the highly developed product of the years.

It is the rarity and the unusualness of its ability to perform as its driver wishes it to perform, miles almost without number and months on end, that have made the name Cadillac a celebrated name in every corner of civilization.

For this reliability is rare, it is unusual; and it is the real reason why the Cadillac was chosen the official car of the American army, why France and England generously concede its greatness, and why the world gladly gives it the high place it occupies today.

CADILLAC MOTOR CAR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICHIGAN

C A D I L L A C

CADILLAC
STANDARD OF THE WORLD

WITH THE WOODWORKERS

By Forrest Crissey

I WAS standing recently beside a woodworker's bench in Grand Rapids, watching him put the finishing touches upon a delicate bit of carving. It looked good to touch, and as I passed my fingers lightly over it I felt impelled to ask, "Don't you like to do this kind of work?"

He glanced up at me sharply over the rims of his spectacles, saw that the question was not perfunctory but prompted by appreciation of his craftsmanship, and replied, "I like it better every day—and I've been at it more than forty years." His reaction to a touch of sympathetic appreciation for his art moved him to lay down his delicate gouge, unlock his tool chest, and take from it a thick block of wood in which he was carving an elaborate flower design of great depth and delicacy. He worked on this only when in the mood to do the finest work of which he was capable It was clearly a piece which had to be created as it developed under his chisel, for its fragile sprays and delicate petals involved too much undercutting to be more than vaguely suggested by any design that could be sketched upon the surface of the block

"Not a bit of machine work on that," he proudly explained. "All the roughing-out is handwork."

As I studied this admirable creation of the carver's art the craftsman continued: "Yes; I like this work. And I think every man who has been in it long enough to do it well will say the same thing about it. The fact is that those who haven't a natural taste for it drop out in the apprentice period or shortly afterwards. It is too fine and exacting to be followed by anyone who doesn't really like it. A man who thinks of wood carving as simply a means of earning a living will not be a success at it or stay with it long. That's the main reason why most of the journeymen carvers think it's about the only worth-while trade going. Those who haven't the real feeling for it have been weeded out."

A Craft That Breeds Fine Men

"I LIKE it because it's interesting and gives variety. Of course there's sometimes a little sameness to it where the same design is being repeated on duplicate pieces—but, even at that, there's nothing like the monotony to it that a man gets on a drill press, a saw or a machine of any sort. Just look at the different tools we have to use." He motioned to the confusion of small hand chisels with which his bench was heaped. "There are more than one hundred and fifty of them. That fact shows you how little sameness there is in our operations. Even in duplicated designs there is constant change from one tool to another.

"Then I like this craft because there's something pleasant about working in fine woods. They're clean, sweet-smelling and workable. I'd hate to work in anything dirty or with materials unpleasant to the touch. I guess all woodworkers feel that way—anyhow, the carvers do.

"But, of course, the main thing which makes me like this work most of all is the fact that the man who is any good at it can put something of his own into it—something of himself, I mean. And he learns something new in his work every day. If any wood carver tells you he has gone as far as he can go in his craft, don't you believe him. Just set him down as a bluffer instead. The better the carver, the quicker he'll be to admit that he has a lot to learn and that he's going to keep on learning and doing better and smoother work up to the day when he quits the bench and lays down his tools for good and all."

Then I passed on to a row of cabinetmakers, who, like the carvers, were nearly all men in middle life or beyond. One of the oldest of this group, who was fitting a sample dresser—a task requiring the highest cabinet skill—confessed that he had learned his trade fully fifty years ago, that it was a pleasant and interesting craft and that he would choose no other if he could do so.

"This is a woodworkers' town," he explained as he dropped a blotch of oil upon a stone and touched up the edge of his plane, moving it backward and forward with an easy, rhythmic motion which seemed somehow to help the flow of this thoughts. "Woodworkers are mostly steady, decent and a rather careful sort of men. I guess their trade tends to make them so, for it teaches them care, patience, exactness, and respect for the fine materials with which they work and also for good workmanship. They're rather a clean set, too, physically and morally.

"To my notion a man who does fine work with fine materials which have to be kept clean and protected from mars and from the effects of rough or careless handling of any sort isn't going to slam things about in his own home Again, this respect for things and the way they are treated—which is drilled into a cabinet worker, a carver, a turner or a woodworker of any kind in a shop making fine furniture—seems to get into his system and influence his character. He is inclined to become careful, to think before he acts, and to understand that if he doesn't figure out the consequences of an act he is going to make a botch of his undertaking.

"Then the woodworking shops have to be light and reasonably clean, dry and orderly. The air is good in nearly all departments and as a rule the shop has a clean, wholesome smell. The homes of the woodworkers are generally clean and wholesome. The man who works in a clean, light, airy place isn't likely to stand for dirt, disorder and bad light and air at home. All this goes to make this woodworkers' town a good place to live in. And I like to think that there's something in our work which goes a long way to make this condition. And I'm right about it too.

"So I think it's a good craft that helps to make those who work in it steady, careful, quiet and forehanded men, and that makes their homes cleaner, neater and more wholesome and attractive every way. To my notion working in fine wood is the best craft there is and one of which any man in it may be proud. It's a fine skilled work—none better or pleasanter. Other lines—like certain jobs in the steel mills or other metal trades—pay much better, but I'd rather have my work than theirs, no matter what they get. Pay isn't all there is to a trade. Some trades drive the men in them to spend at night what they earn by day—in order that they may get a little pleasure out of life. Give me the trade that is pleasant in itself and doesn't have to be forgotten in order to give those who work at it a little chance for enjoyment."

This is the spirit which I encountered wherever I went among the woodworkers. Not many of them expressed themselves so fully or so clearly as this reflective old cabinetmaker, but all of them in some way voiced two sentiments—pride and contentment in their craft and in their town, which contains about 12,000 woodworkers.

In recent years scores of employers have said to me: "The spirit of craftsmanship is dying out in this country. It's about dead. In the old days, among the skilled workers, it was a common experience to find those who had a high and genuine spirit of craftsmanship and who loved their work and took keen pride in their craftsmanship. That day has gone with the coming of a new generation. Now workers care only for their pay—and their pride of craft rests entirely upon the size of their pay check."

Under the monotonous repetition of this refrain I tried to hold to a faith that things were not so bad as they seemed and that pride of craftsmanship was not extinct as an active influence in the ranks of American labor. But I confess that I had a hard time holding to a remnant of this optimistic article of faith. I came to feel my hold on it slipping with each depressing repetition of the statement from a leader in industry: "The craft spirit is dead."

Since talking with perhaps several hundred woodworkers, as well as with those who employ and supervise them, I am able to meet these mortuary remarks with the statements: "No; you're mistaken. The craft spirit is not dead in this country. I'll admit that this spirit has suffered a notable decline in many industries, but it still survives among the woodworkers. And that fact gives me courage to hope that perhaps it is not so dead as reported in other industries."

Contented Wood Carvers

CONTACT with the woodworkers has corrected another mistaken impression on my part—that there was not an industry in this country which had not been disturbed by strikes in the past three years. In fact, I did not believe that there was a manufacturing business of any size in America which had not had its strikes in that period of virtually universal labor disturbance. The woodworking industry of Grand Rapids, however, appears to have been the miraculous exception to this rule. It is like the one lone house left standing in the center of an area devastated by a cyclone which spared nothing else!

When a representative of the woodworking industry of Grand Rapids said to me, "Your statement in a previous article, that we had been subject to strikes and walkouts here, was not based upon sound information, for we have not had anything of the kind in nine years," I accepted the correction with decided reservations and began an investigation. But I am frank to admit that I have been unable to find a hole in that protesting statement.

But there is a reason for everything. To locate the reason why the woodworking industry in Grand Rapids had been able to pass through the period of the greatest strike epidemic known to America without a single outbreak would be decidedly worth while—hence the determination to get acquainted with the craftsmen there and see if they would reveal the secret of their remarkable poise and serenity.

Personal contact with many woodworkers in the furniture city made two major impressions as to the problem which I was attempting to solve: The peculiar influence of the craft itself as reflected in the woodworkers and their homes, and the marked reaction upon those workers of a fine community spirit.

Genuine and intelligent contentment in their working and living conditions and a spirit of pride in their town are of course things which all progressive employers are most eager to have their workers feel. Such an attitude is the greatest asset that any industrial community could possibly have. In many industrial communities associations of employers have spent millions of dollars in attempts to establish such an attitude on the part of their workers. Though none of these efforts have, perhaps, been without some good results, a rather discouraging percentage of them have failed of that full success for which their originators hoped. To at least

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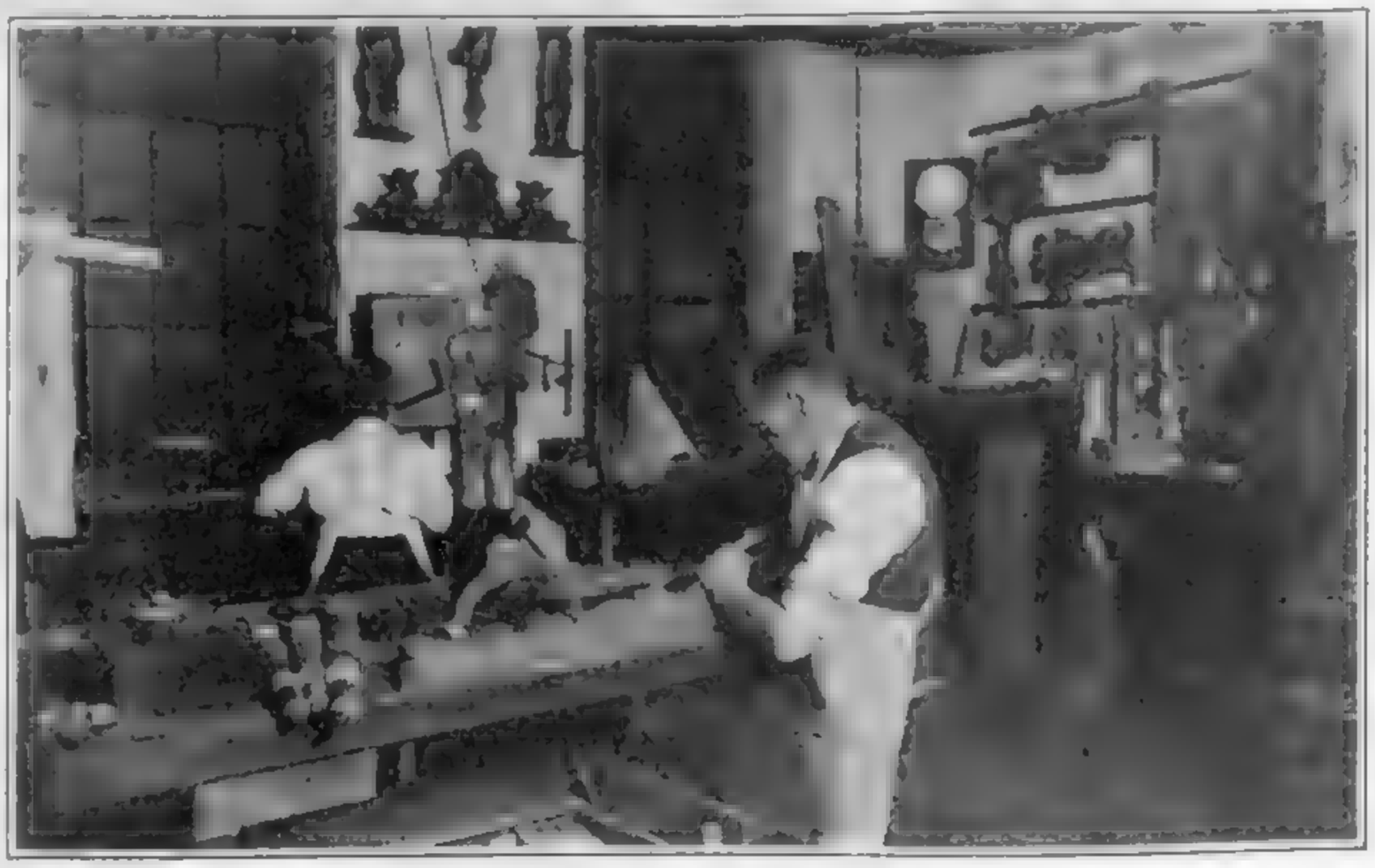

Furniture Carver at Work

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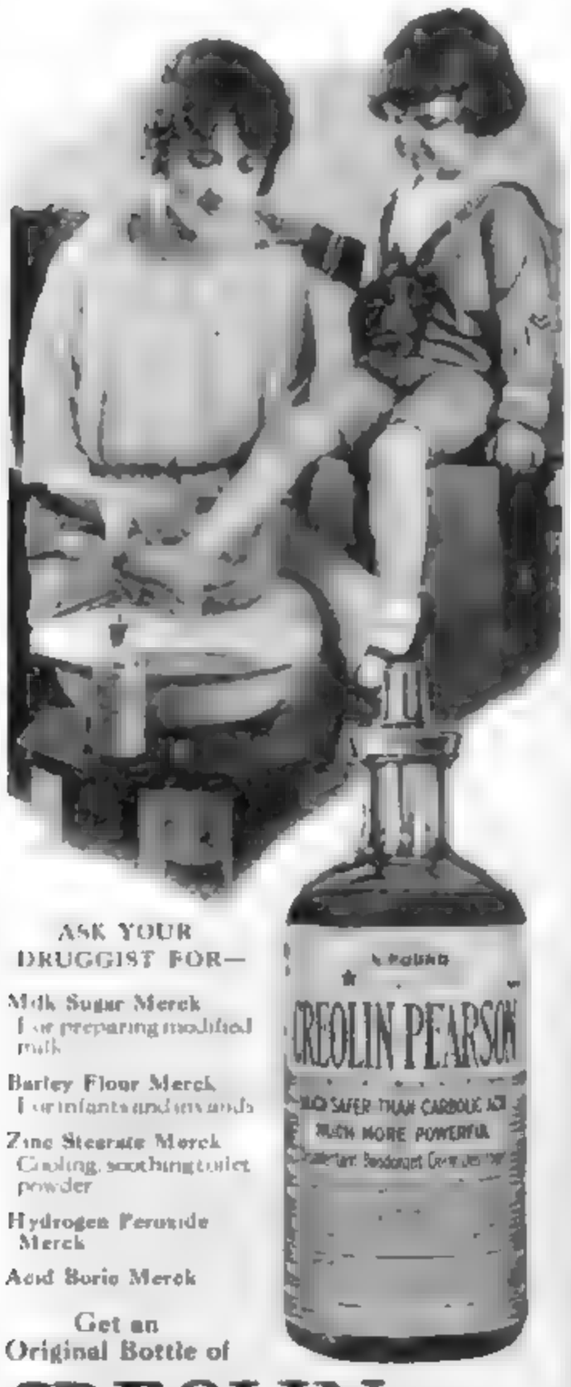
6. *Borg & Beck Clutch.*
7. *Rayfield Carburetor.*
8. *Exide Battery*
9. *Fedders Radiator — Nickel-Silver.*
10. *Gemmer Steering Gear.*

MOON

Actual Photograph of the Six-48 Touring

"An Ounce of Prevention—"

HEALTHY, full-blooded children, into every sort of mischief, are often bruised and injured while at play. Shield them from the dangers of infection by washing the little cuts and bruises with a solution of Creolin-Pearson, the household antiseptic and disinfectant.



ASK YOUR DRUGGIST FOR—

Milk Sugar Merck
For preparing modified milk

Barley Flour Merck
For infants and invalids

Zinc Stearate Merck
Cooling, soothing toilet powder

Hydrogen Peroxide Merck

Acid Boric Merck

Get an Original Bottle of

CREOLIN-PEARSON

AT YOUR DRUGGIST'S

MERCK

(Continued from Page 30

one observer it would appear that this partial failure has been due in large measure to the forced and somewhat artificial means employed to achieve the desired end. Taking "the kingdom of heaven by violence" has never held very high rank among successful military operations—or industrial ones, either!

Direct testimony is always the most interesting. Allowed to drift at will through one of the older factories, I asked to be taken to a cabinetmaker who was a past master of his craft. This request brought me to Geistert Van Der Male, foreman of the cabinet room, who was supervising the intricate work on an elaborate sample piece.

When he had finished his directions I asked: "You've been here for some time?"

"Yes—I think so," he responded in slow Hollander speech. "Forty years in this one shop. That's some time, yes? It's clean work and I like it fine. Just so I like, too, the firm and the town. I've grown up with the men who now run this business. Change is not for me—not when things are right and pleasant with everybody. You should gosee the glass-setter's hammer if you would understand something about this place and the way things don't change. Yes—see Doherty's hammer. That will tell you."

Acting on this challenge I sought the glass-setting department and the hammer was placed in my hand by Charlie Doherty, who remarked: "I've used that hammer right here for thirty-one years. It's a good thing that thumbs grow and fill in where the wear comes on 'em. If they didn't I'd have only a stub on my right hand—for you can see that where the ball of my thumb grips the wood the handle is almost worn through."

This was literally true. The hardwood handle had a deep channel in which the thumb buried itself when the handle was grasped for work. The wood about the channel was a mere fragile shell.

In a large plant I encountered in rapid succession a cabinetmaker who had been with the house thirty-six years without a day off for sickness, two brothers who had been employed for thirty-eight years, a finisher who had been on the pay roll forty years, and an expert cabinetmaker whose tenure of employment had reached thirty-four years. In still another of the older factories I found a father and son working side by side at turning lathes.

Bosses Who Know the Business

Remarking that the father called the executive head of the plant by his Christian name, the executive responded: "Certainly. Why not? The first time I ever came alongside his lathe when I was a little tad he turned me a policeman's club which was just my size. We've been personal friends ever since. For that matter, about half the men here address me by my Christian name. They're older than I and a few of them worked for my grandfather, who founded the business. They were his personal friends and I'm proud to have them my friends. Three generations of one old Hollander family work here—grandfather, son and grandson. When I explain that 10 per cent of our employes have been with us thirty-five years or more and that 30 per cent of our workers have been on the pay roll twenty-five years, you can see that I have literally grown up with a large share of them. In fact, I've been to school and played baseball and gone swimming with dozens of the men at our benches. Right over there, at the corner bench, is a man who taught me as a cabinetmaker's apprentice. I also worked under the expert veneer layer with whom we were just talking. There is scarcely a job in the factory at which I didn't serve time under men now here.

"Do you think I could throw out men with whom I have had years of this sort of relationship just because work happens to be slack? Never! Personally I couldn't do it. There are plenty of other executives here, in other concerns, who have grown up with their employes and have had much the same relations with them. That's a peculiarity of this town and this business.

"The woodworker's craft is different, vitally different, it seems to me, from any other craft in the relationship which it breeds between the men at the benches and machines and the men in the front office. And there are many executives at the heads of plants who are practical all-round woodworkers and have learned the trade from the men now working under their direction. That breeds respect both ways. No man can appreciate good cabinetwork or judge poor work until he is able to do that work himself, with his own hands. Every cabinetmaker, veneer layer, turner or finisher knows that fact and can never forget it. When a suggestion or a criticism comes from an executive who can take hold and do the job himself, the worker respects that sort of supervision.

"It is hard for the average industrial man to understand the peculiar relationship between men and management here, because that relationship is a slow growth and a matter of long and rather intimate personal contact, for the most part. At least it is not a forced and artificial relationship, built by welfare specialists and social engineers at so much per month. Like Topsy, it has 'just growed.' You don't need any welfare artist to promote the right sort of feeling with men who worked for your father or perhaps your grandfather, who have made playthings for you and maybe have bossed you when you were learning the fundamentals of the craft."

Long Terms of Service

Another furniture manufacturer sketched his situation as to tenure of service in these words: "Five per cent of our employes have been with us thirty years, 11 per cent have been on our pay roll twenty years, and 19 per cent for ten years. These figures cover all employes, not merely the woodworkers. If the survey were confined to skilled craftsmen in woodwork the percentages would be decidedly higher."

The head of one of the pioneer furniture companies declares that 20 per cent of his employes have been on their pay roll twenty years and almost 35 per cent have been employed for ten years.

Still another company offers this summary: "Three per cent of our employes have been with us for forty years, 5 per cent for thirty years, 20 per cent for twenty years and 50 per cent for ten years."

The management of another pioneer company puts the situation in these words: "One-third of our men have been with us for fifteen to forty years—three of this number for forty years or more."

An analysis of the long-time-service record of one of the foremost and oldest furniture manufacturing companies is decidedly illuminating as to the staying qualities of employes in this line of work. Its enrollment of men who have been with the company for precisely eighteen years is almost double that of its seven-year men; the list of its thirty-year workers is decidedly longer than that of its fourteen-year men; and the roll of honor naming those whose employment by the company comes under the heading of "Thirty-one Years or More" is more extensive than that of any short-term list on the service record submitted by the company, the veteran of the bunch having been at his bench for fifty years. Any employer who has even a passing acquaintance with the problems and the terrors of modern labor turnover will, I think, agree that too much emphasis has not been placed upon this matter of tenure of service among the woodworkers.

Now a word about the homes of these workers in wood and the extent to which the peculiarities of the craft and the character of shop conditions are reflected in those homes: Almost any leader of affairs in Grand Rapids will be quick to tell the visiting stranger that his city has no slum district. So far as I have been able to discover, this is at least true as to those who are strictly woodworkers. When buying a home—as most of them do—there seems to be a decided preference for purchasing the shell of a house instead of a finished structure. The reason for this is that these clever workers in wood wish to finish the interiors of their homes themselves, not only because they can save money by so doing but also for the reason that they can put their skill into its adornment.

One cabinetmaker put the situation in this phrase: "I'm always working on something for the house. Most of us have a natural pride in our homes and want to make them as beautiful and attractive as possible. A man who spends his life working in fine woods and making fine furniture isn't going to be satisfied with anything but the best in his own home. Nearly all the woodworkers with whom I am acquainted are making things for the members of their families.

"As a rule this tendency is encouraged by employers. They go as far as they can in allowing us the use of the machinery in the shop—but the trouble is that the power and the lights are off in the shops excepting in work hours. This means that in our leisure time we can only do handwork for ourselves. However, some of us have contrived to rig up certain power machines in the basements of our homes. You might think that we would get so much woodworking in our hours at the shop that we would be sick and tired of it. As a matter of fact that is not generally the case. Probably it is true in most trades, but woodworking seems to be a distinct exception to that rule. It is a fine, clean, pleasant craft, which seldom seems to lose its charm for those who follow it. The amount of work done by the men after hours and in or for their own homes proves this very conclusively. Some of the men and women of large wealth who buy the finest furniture sent out of this city would be astonished, I think, if they could see the pieces which the woodworkers have made for their own homes. Not a few homes of woodworkers in this town have interiors which are finished in the finest taste and with an elaboration of detail especially in the way of clever built-in features—which would open the eyes of those who have seen only the modest and perhaps very plain exteriors of those homes."

In seeking to account for the immunity of the furniture industry in Grand Rapids from strikes and labor troubles it is inevitable that the employer to whom the last three years have been a nightmare of strikes and walkouts should raise the question: "What have these manufacturers done for their men to produce such an attitude of contentment?"

The answer is, I think, bound to be a little disappointing to those employers who are looking for a formula that can be successfully reproduced by their own executives. In the main, it appears to me that the manufacturers have simply looked after their men in perhaps a rather old-fashioned and individual sort of way, paid them a good going wage for their work, and placed in their hands facilities for their own entertainment and pleasure.

Sturdy Holland Stock

This does not mean that there are not modern premium, bonus and profit-sharing plans in operation in some of the shops, particularly those plants given to quantity production. But it does imply that in other lines of industry and in other centers, which have been harassed and torn by labor disturbances almost without cessation, these plans to stimulate production, reduce labor turnovers and build up good will on the part of the workers towards their employers are to be found in far greater profusion and in much more radical form.

An experience of a progressive manufacturer having a large output is decidedly illuminating. He came to the conclusion that group life insurance for the benefit of his men would be about the right thing to do for them and would probably be much appreciated. He notified his men of his beneficent intentions and waited to receive their enthusiastic appreciation. So far as about 80 per cent of his employes were concerned he received the crisp answer: "No, thank you. We believe that if we live industrious and honest lives that God will provide for and protect us better than any insurance company, aid society, secret society or any other man-made scheme."

That settled it. This employer's offer to bear upon his own shoulders the entire moral and religious onus of taking out the insurance was quite as firmly rejected as his original offer.

"Nearly all of my men," explained this manufacturer, "are Hollanders of the old-fashioned sort—God-fearing men who are devotedly religious and who cling resolutely to the same beliefs which were so grimly held by their forefathers back in the Netherlands. If I had a larger proportion of the younger generation of Hollanders among my employes the situation might have been different, perhaps. But I have a very high percentage of men who were born in Holland and who are past middle life. And I'm proud of them, no matter if they did put a crimp in my plan to do something for them by the way of group life insurance. On my pay roll is a surprisingly large number of men who have been with this company thirty to forty years and even longer. Almost any wide-awake and pushing manufacturer will naturally question the wisdom of keeping

(Concluded on Page 35)

Prest-O-Lite

STARTING & LIGHTING

Storage Battery

What about "Reinforcements"?

THERE was once a Great Indian-Fighter. He led his Brave Band against Unsuspected Odds. And History Records the Unequal Struggle that might have Ended Differently—*if only Reinforcements Had Been Provided!*

There are motorists who likewise go into action with a battery of no reserve power. It wages the unequal battle against frequent starts and the steady drain of lights at night. And some day an unresponsive starter records the plight of that battery—and its owner.

The Prest-O-Lite Battery uses less than one four-hundredth of its power-reserve for a single start—and the generator quickly replaces that.

When folks mention green seal, you'll want to be informed. Ask the Prest-O-Lite Service Man about

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THE PREST-O-LITE COMPANY, Inc., Carbide and Carbon Building, 30 East 42nd St., New York

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Testing PLUMB Tools

Batches of Plumb Tools—as a final safeguard, and in addition to all regular inspections—are attached to this machine and made to strike a quarter of a million blows on a steel block, each blow of one hundred and twenty pounds force.

The character and durability of the metal are thus tested to prove hardness and toughness, and freedom from "mushrooming," chipping or breaking; likewise the strength and sinewy toughness of the handle, and the permanency of the anchoring or wedging of the head.

Only tools that have the Plumb exactness of manufacturing methods—that are made with scientific precision from special analysis steel, could possibly survive such a terrific ordeal.

It is by extraordinary methods of making and testing that you are assured the very best and finest tools—hammers, hatchets, axes and sledges—that it is possible for money to buy.

Whether you are a mechanic or carpenter, with your livelihood depending partly on the tools you use, or a householder doing "jobs" around the home, it will everlastingly pay you to be sure you get Plumb Tools.

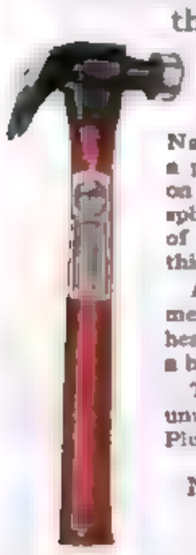
Plumb Tools have a handsome hand-forged finish—handles are beautifully mahcganized. They appeal to the tool user and meet the tests of skilled workmen—that's why workers say, "They're Worth More."

Machinist's Ball Pein—$1.75. Sold by hardware dealers everywhere.

For Automobilists

A Plumb Ball Pein Hammer of smaller size, just right for the automobile tool kit. $1 50

The Hammer With the Mighty Pull



A force of fifty pounds on the handle of a Plumb Nail Hammer exerts a pull of 1100 pounds on a nail. The short split and extra curve of the claw produce this leverage.

A Plumb Nail Hammer will pull a nail head through a one and a half inch plank.

This is but one of the unusual features of the Plumb Hammer.

Nail Hammer—
$2.00

FAYETTE R. PLUMB, Inc.,
Philadelphia, U. S. A.
Factories, Philadelphia and St. Louis
Established 1856

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Sydney	*Brisbane*
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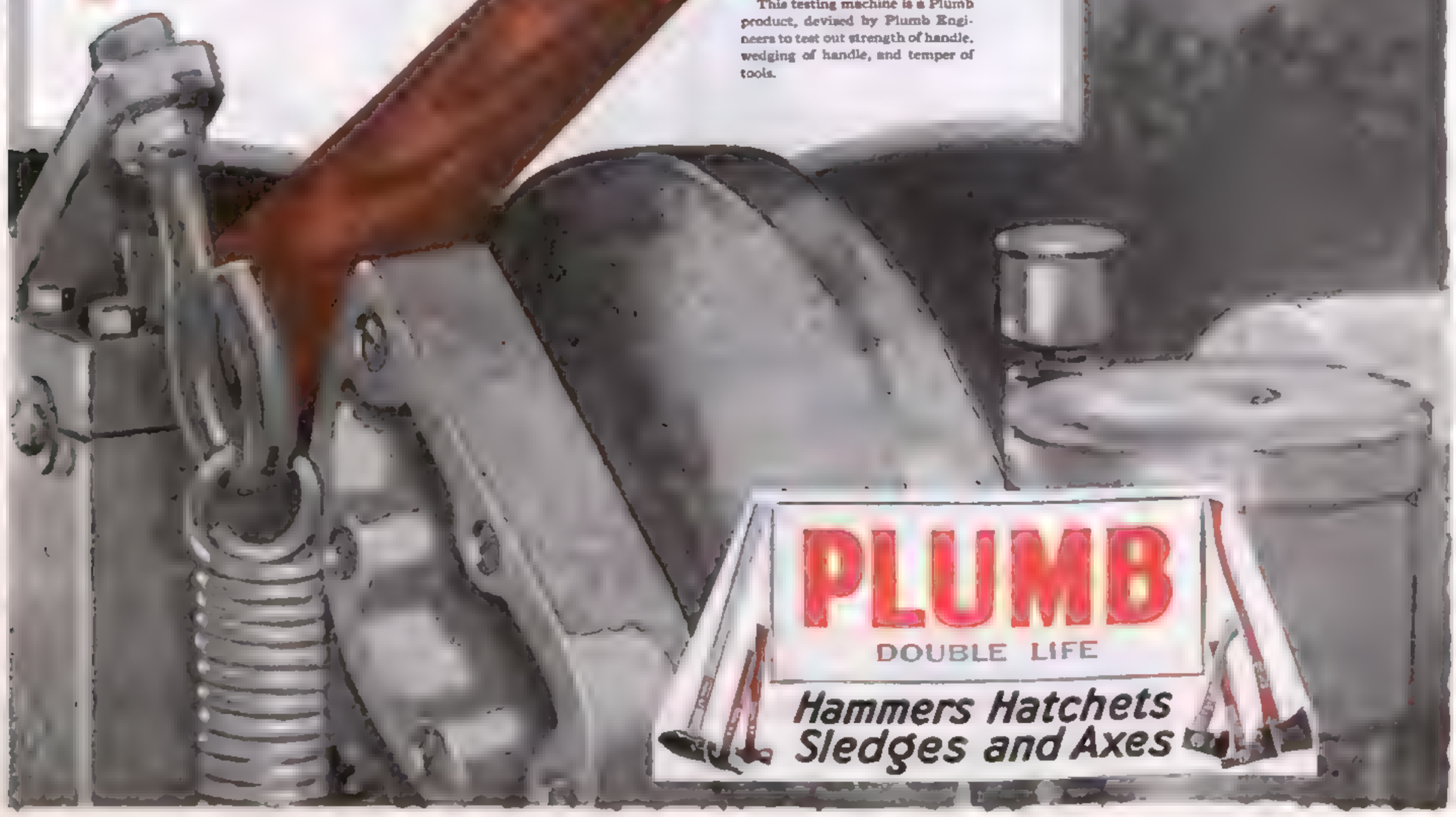
This testing machine is a Plumb product, devised by Plumb Engineers to test out strength of handle, wedging of handle, and temper of tools.



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these men who have passed the period of maximum production and who have begun to slow down very perceptibly. You will find the same position in every furniture plant in this city. Probably there is not a shop or a department in any furniture factory in this city in which you will not find at least one old craftsman who has passed the period of being a profit producer so far as his own output is concerned

"All of the employers understand this thoroughly. But the fact remains that the keeping of these men on the pay roll at full wages is amply justified on a business basis. These old master craftsmen are the ones on whom we rely to pitch the key for quality production. They cannot be spared. They are our insurance against a decline in the quality of our output. And, what is equally if not more important, they are the guardians of the old-time craft spirit. This industry has no greater asset than this craft spirit, this feeling for fine work in wood, this pride in the traditions of the craft and a determination to perpetuate and protect, in this age of machine production, all the excellencies evolved under the old handwork régime.

"I am not saying that those old master craftsmen who have reached an age at which their production will not yield a profit to their employers, would not be retained if their shop and craft influence were not worth more to their employers than their material output. As a matter of fact there are few if any employers in this line in this city who would not keep such a man on his pay roll regardless of anything excepting the fact that he had worked faithfully for thirty, forty or fifty years. But the old craftsmen who have reached the period of marked slow-down need not worry about a failure to earn their wages. I regard them as the most valuable men in the industry, and only mention them because an explanation is necessary in order to help the outsider to understand why so high a percentage of men past middle life are retained at the benches and the machines. As a cold business proposition we are fully justified in keeping them. Besides, we are glad to acknowledge their worth and we hate to see them drop out."

His plan for group insurance for his men having been rejected, this employer was still determined to do something for his workers, and instituted a rather simple profit-sharing plan. Last year the distribution of profit to his employes amounted to about one hundred thousand dollars. He considers the fact that the distribution is made quarterly instead of annually as one of the most valuable features of the plan. The distribution to six hundred employes for a period of three months has run as high as forty-five thousand dollars.

"Figuring their wages on a dividend basis," comments this employer, "our employes have actually received more than the company shareholders. Profit-share payments are made to the men in the form of certificates of deposits in the bank. When we started this plan about five years ago we averaged our shipments for three years and our profits for the same period, and figured out a fifty-fifty split with the men. That is about what it has amounted to. At the same time we put up what we call a production thermometer in the shops. The men knew when the shipments were falling off, and lost no time in getting after the lagging department which happened to be, at the moment, holding up the output. The plan has worked well and the men are as much pleased with it as I am."

In another factory having a large-volume output another plan is in force. The executive head of this company says: "In the days when we needed to crowd our output to the limit I decided to install a premium system which would encourage extra efforts and added earnings, but at the same time would give no grounds of complaint to the worker who wished to do only a standard day's work for a standard day's pay. To work this out with justice to all was not as simple a task as it might seem to be. The difficulty was to establish a fair base line from which to start the premiums. Of course the purpose of this base line was to define where a normal day's production at the full going wage rate left off and where stimulated or extra production began. Here is a hint of how this was done. In a nine-hour day there are five hundred and forty minutes. Deduct forty minutes for lost time and you have five hundred left. Call these minutes production points. To each task, each operation, we applied the question: How many points will it consume under average conditions and at the average speed of the unstimulated worker? When this was determined in each case to the satisfaction of the men and the management we were all set, and the remainder of the work was simple. The men received 75 per cent of the premium earned above the amount of the regular day wage; 25 per cent of the premium was set aside to pay for the establishment and administration of the system. This was met by a like payment on the part of the company. In fact, the company paid a little more than half.

"At the outset of this plan there were several misunderstandings which had to be ironed out. For example, one day I was summoned to the wood-filling department and found about forty men standing beside their work. They said that they didn't like the new system, that they didn't wish to be pushed, and that they wanted to go back to the old basis. I told them to pick three of their number as spokesmen and then I would do business with them. When the conference was finished they were thoroughly satisfied with the new plan and went back to work immediately. The point was to make it clear to them that none of them had to earn a premium unless he wished to. He could do an average day's work and get a standard day's pay.

"All of the men in our plant who are willing to accept group insurance, after they have been in our employ for three months, are given it. As to other things done for the men, they are furnished with a good assembly hall for their weekly dances, moving-picture entertainments, athletic stunts, song fests, lectures and special entertainments. All of these things, not only in this factory but in others, are in the hands of the men. They run them. Of course the company arranges or contracts with the Y. M. C. A. for such supervision and help as they may desire. A large part of our workers are men of strong religious interests and they hold a religious service once a week in the factory."

Another company is constructing a clubhouse or gymnasium for its men, with an auditorium with a seating capacity of twenty-five hundred. One of the most novel features of factory recreation life is the noonday social sings, often characterized by the participants as song fests. These are the regular order of the day at the thirty-six manufacturing plants receiving the social service of the Y. M. C. A. No visitor can listen to one of these sings without realizing the enjoyment which the men take in it.

A committee of four from the workers of each plant meet once a month to lay out the general lines to be followed in the physical, social and educational development of the men—but all programs are referred back to the men of each factory.

As the industrial specialist of the central Y says: "The objective of the whole enterprise is to reach and develop men. This means that almost everything must come from the men themselves, at each individual plant, and not be a cut-and-dried proposition imposed from the top or from the outside. Ten years ago only eleven plants required our service; now we work at thirty-six plants. About 60 per cent of the educational work is strictly vocational. The question as to each man is: What do you need? It is up to the educational committee of each individual plant to find the answer to this question with each employe.

"There is evening-school work at all the high-school buildings, and also noon classes at the plants. This is in addition to the normal work—that of teaching teachers—which is, of course, highly important. The teachers are furnished by the board of education and are paid for their work. Naturally the fundamental instruction for those of foreign birth is in English and in American citizenship. But we do not stop with teaching citizenship; a concerted effort is made at election time to get out the vote. In other words, we make a strong point of teaching our new citizens to use the franchise, and as a rule they are mighty proud to do so.

"There is excellent coöperation in this city on the part of the public library. This is based on a very intelligent decision that it does not get results to attempt to highbrow the patrons of the library, and especially those who are in industry, but to give them the books that really interest them. As a matter of fact most of these books are technical. The coöperation from the library is not only highly intelligent but successful.

"As to recreation pure and simple, the men in the factories are strong for cage ball, for dart throwing and for boxing. Speaking of dart throwing brings up the point that we always try to have some little novelty in reserve. The men seem to appreciate this. As a rule two noontimes at each plant are given to play, two to something of an educational nature, and two to social relaxation."

The Dutch strain is the dominant one to-day in the woodworkers of Grand Rapids. In the main they are thrifty, steady and home-loving people, who can be depended upon not only for a high quality of craftsmanship but also for industry and application. They are steady workers, consistent savers, and solid citizens whose chief interests are their homes and their churches. This fact should be weighed well by those who would understand the peculiar labor conditions of this city of skilled craftsmen in fine woods.

EVERYBODY'S BUSINESS

(Continued from Page 28)

got from a carbon-black ink. Furthermore, the lampblack costs several times as much as the carbon black.

It is unfortunate that the name carbon black was ever given to this valuable pigment derived from natural gas. This name not only fails to indicate to the average person the origin and properties of the product, but worse still it causes confusion by failing to distinguish carbon black from all the other members in the great family of carbons. Coal, asphalt, lignite, graphite, and the numerous charcoals made by charring wood, bone, ivory, coconut shells and other forms of vegetable and animal matter, are all black and all contain more or less carbon. As a consequence it is only natural that many people have concluded that these common carbons are the same thing, or can be made into the same thing, as the natural-gas product used in ink manufacture. No conclusion could be more mistaken. Carbon black physically has less in common with the carbons mentioned than has the diamond. However, if a misnomer is tacked to a product the damage is done, for seldom is the mistake remedied. Someone once christened graphite "black lead," and even to the present day the expression "lead pencil" survives, although pencils contain graphite and no lead whatever.

During the past few years there has been a laudable movement for the conservation of natural gas, which, particularly in drilling operations for oil, has been wasted in an appalling manner. In the midcontinent field, for example, the Bureau of Mines estimates that 425,000,000,000 cubic feet of natural gas have been allowed to escape into the air without any use being made of it. From this wasted gas tens of millions of gallons of gasoline might have been obtained, and the residue would have supplied all the printer's ink needed in this country for more than a generation.

In line with that ancient observation about the futility of locking the barn door after the horse has been stolen, legislators in various states have suddenly come to realize the value of natural gas, and in a frantic effort to correct a long-standing evil they are taking action that threatens to land the carbon-black industry in the realm of kingdom come.

Some of our lawmakers now contend that to burn natural gas in order to secure gasoline and carbon black is a wasteful practice, and one that deprives hundreds of homes of cheap fuel for cooking and heating purposes.

An investigation shows that a great deal of the recent prohibitory legislation that has ousted the carbon-black industry from various districts has been based on contentions that are questionable and which do not recognize the consequences that must inevitably follow the slow but sure killing off of this industry.

KEYSTONE TROUSERS

TRADE MARK 1883

Just Trousers

THE manufacturers of Keystone Trousers make nothing else—just trousers.

Conscience and concentration are the key to Keystone Trouser superiority. By the way they are made and the materials of which they are made—in fit, comfort, looks and wear—Keystone Trousers serve justly.

Any Keystone Trouser dealer, or the makers, will honor this unqualified Pledge of Service indelibly stamped in every pair:

"Satisfaction Guaranteed. New Pair or Money Back."

Match your coat and vest—If you cannot secure Keystone Trousers locally, send in your waist and inside leg measurements with $5.00 and we will fill your initial order in any material desired for work or street wear.

Cleveland & Whitehill Co.

Headquarters for Corduroys and Kerseys

Newburgh, N. Y.

Welland, Can.

Paint Your Car *with* Murphy Da-cote

Exchange One Afternoon for a New Car

Your car is probably worth more to you today than the day you bought it. Her in'ards are in perfect condition. She answers every touch and runs like a song. If she only looked as good as she is—you'd have a *car!*

Next Saturday afternoon do this:

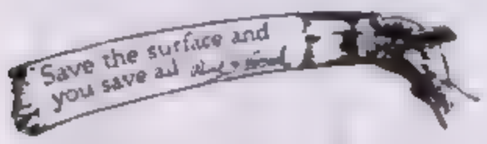
Clean the car thoroughly and let it dry. Then take a soft varnish brush and flow on a coat of Murphy Da-cote Enamel. You'll find the brush marks and laps will magically disappear as you paint. You'll finish in about two hours. Then lock the garage doors and let Da-cote dry overnight.

Da-cote means—a coat today—dry tomorrow.

Sunday you'll have a *car!*—your familiar old bus, but brilliant and resplendent in her new dress.

The hardest thing about Da-coteing your car is making up your mind to do it. The rest is fun.

Write for a color card or go to your dealer's today and study his color chart. Select a pleasing combination—there are ten popular colors and black and white. Exchange one Saturday afternoon for a new car.



Murphy Varnish Company

NEWARK CHICAGO

The Dougall Varnish Company, Limited, Montreal
Canadian Associate

Canada, our neighbor on the north, is gradually acquiring control of the paper industry of this continent. They have natural gas up there, and a carbon-black industry has already been started.

There is no doubt of the truth of the statement that there are not plants enough or raw materials enough in the United States to supplant carbon black as a pigment in the ink and rubber industries of this country. The National Association of Printing Ink Makers recently gave out this statement:

> It would be impossible to continue the supply of ink requisite for the printing of newspapers in the United States if the ink manufacturers of the country were to be deprived of the black made from natural gas.

Assuming, therefore, that the continuance of the carbon-black industry is vital to the unhampered operation of the nation's press, let us briefly examine the charge of wasted gas in carbon-black manufacture.

In the carbon-black factories every effort is made to economize gas consumption. The industry may be said to be purely an American business, for we produce practically all the carbon black now manufactured in the world. In normal times we consume about 80 per cent of all the black we produce, and export 20 per cent to supply pigment for the ink makers of other countries. The entire process as here employed is the most efficient that forty years of experiment and experience under the supervision of able chemists have been able to develop. The large units in the industry constantly employ chemists who devote all their time to research work in the hope of bettering manufacturing practices.

One criticism is that though there are thirty pounds of carbon in 1000 cubic feet of gas, only two pounds or less of black are manufactured. This criticism confuses the element, carbon, with the commercial product, carbon black. The element carbon exists in every kind of organic matter and in the breath we exhale. The whole industrial value of the product carbon black lies in its unique form and properties. Without doubt it would be easy to increase the yield of mere carbon from gas. Many methods for doing this have been devised, but up to the present time every one of them has proved a failure, because it obtained quantity only at the sacrifice of the qualities on which commercial value depends. One process recently much talked of consisted in subjecting the gas to high heat in a retort in the presence of a catalyst, but although the yield was higher than is now obtained the resulting material proved to be gritty, almost devoid of tinctorial power and useless for printing inks, phonograph records or rubber compounds.

The manufacturers of carbon black are vitally interested in the conservation of natural gas, for the continuance of their business depends upon a constant supply of this gas. In many of the less populous communities, and it is in such communities that most of the carbon-black factories are located, the manufacturers of carbon black have proved real and potent factors in the conservation of gas by providing a market for this fuel in commercial quantities. In years past, in regions where natural gas is abundant, population scanty and the use of gas for domestic purposes correspondingly slight, billions of feet of gas have been wasted from wells left open or so insecurely closed as to result in constant leakage. In such districts the carbon-black industry, through installing pipe lines and creating a market for gas in substantial quantities, has enhanced the value of this natural product, checked waste and stimulated production. This fact has been recognized by the National Natural Gas Conservation Committee, by which the utilization of natural gas for the manufacture of gasoline and carbon black, in regions where the demand for gas for domestic use is limited, is commended as the highest possible form of conservation

There are some who claim that American processes for making carbon black are less efficient than the methods used in Europe. The fact is that Europe has no important carbon-black industry, although a small amount of the product was once produced in Germany, and some black may still be manufactured there. If Germany or any other European country has perfected methods for producing this valuable pigment superior to our own it is not likely that with our high labor charges here in the United States we should be able to find a ready market in Europe for all the black we can spare for export.

The statement has often been made that the value and usefulness of carbon black are less than the value of the gas consumed; but this charge is absurd, as the value of carbon black exceeds many times the value of gas from which it is manufactured. As to the criticism that the carbon-black industry uses too much gas as compared with other industries, the truth is the amount of gas consumed in the manufacture of black is approximately 4 per cent of the gas used for other purposes, and the 4 per cent that is used comes mostly from sections where the gas is in slight demand for either domestic or industrial purposes. It would be foolish for carbon-black manufacturers to try to buy gas in a region where they would have to compete against a large demand for the gas for domestic and industrial uses.

It is likely that the greater part of the agitation against the use of natural gas for the manufacture of carbon black, so far as the public at large is concerned, has been based upon an honest though perhaps a somewhat mistaken conviction. Communities that depend on natural gas for cooking and heating purposes cannot be blamed for showing real concern with reference to the efficient utilization of such a valuable local resource. The principal trouble seems to lie in the spirit of selfishness that so often actuates industries that are obliged to compete in the purchase of a raw material the supply of which is limited. Other industries, like the carbon-black people, depend for their life on natural gas. Some of these industries undoubtedly have been actively engaged in working against the carbon-black business. It is one thing to legislate against the use of a natural resource for industrial purposes and favor the householder, whereas it is quite another thing to enact laws that permit one industry to benefit from a resource while another business is shut off.

Discrimination in favor of the home is sometimes excusable, but discrimination among industries whose products are equally essential is a policy that would seem to be unfair. If certain states deprive one industry of the right to buy its raw material in the open market it will not be long before a second and a third industry will be treated in a like drastic manner.

Natural gas is one of the most valuable of America's resources, and every effort must be made to prevent its waste. Millions of cubic feet of gas that might be saved are still vanishing into the air at plants and places where no carbon black is manufactured. If we would save gas there is plenty of opportunity to do so without bringing disaster to the printing-ink industry. Every cubic foot of gas now being wasted contains such valuable compounds as chloroform, carbon tetrachloride and methyl chloride. Let us invoke science to create instead of legislation to destroy.

Charity Don'ts

NO PERSON is more easily moved by an appealing story than the average American business man. This may be a tribute to his generosity, but certainly not to his intelligence and good judgment. It is not uncommon to hear the remark, "Well, I suppose I get trimmed occasionally, but I would rather have it that way than miss an opportunity to help a really worthwhile cause." Such a point of view is well meant, and without doubt shows a spirit of sympathy and kindliness; but it should not be overlooked that loose, careless giving seriously injures the deserving charities.

In a large percentage of these cases the organization or cause appealed for does not exist. It is also true that in many instances the charity projects are run in such a haphazard and unbusinesslike way as not to justify financial support. Foreigners say that Americans are money mad, but the fact remains that our rush after wealth has failed to develop us into a race of sophisticated, hard-headed givers. If we were not easily swayed by the softer emotions of pity, dollars would not flow so easily into the greedy grasp of many gentlemen of urbane manner. Neither would we fall for the clever crook who solicits donations over the telephone and then sends a messenger for the money. It is difficult to believe that successful business men could be so easily deluded, but the records of official investigators show that like instances of charity cheating are matters of daily occurrence in most of our big cities.

So many people made an easy living during the war while connected with projects for war relief, bogus as well as bona fide, that it is only to be expected that a large number of professional charity solicitors should now be attempting to gain a livelihood from this line of work which once seemed to be so easy and profitable.

A number of semireligious organizations appear to be sincere in their aims, but lack system in their methods. Recently one group refused to account for their contributions, alleging that they all came in answer to prayer and curiosity concerning them was sacrilegious. Organizations that refuse to adopt businesslike methods are almost as undesirable as the dishonest projects. A case in point is that of a certain hospital, where it was discovered merely by accident that the treasurer of the institution had been quietly pocketing the funds intrusted to him and using the money in speculation. The thefts, which had continued over a period of years, would have been promptly revealed by a proper annual audit. Worthy organizations have their dishonest understudies, and care should be taken to distinguish between the real and the false societies.

Many of the solicitors for fake charities believe in a seasonal appeal. In the summer they collect for fresh-air benevolences, while in the winter their begging is based on the necessity of providing coal and food for the destitute. Investigations have shown that in many cases the poor and needy family is the solicitor's own household, and it usually develops that this particular home is anything but poverty-stricken.

The elimination of fake charities is being undertaken by chambers of commerce and other business organizations in a number of cities. The evil practice, however, and the losses resulting therefrom will not be stopped until the public itself becomes interested in the matter and lends its cooperation. In one large city a mendicancy squad has proved to be a successful experiment. This group has helped the genuinely unfortunate, while at the same time it has been instrumental in having the cheats arrested and tried as impostors.

So flagrant and numerous have been the dishonest charity solicitations during the past year that a national organization, backed by a group of public-minded citizens, has taken up the work of investigating questionable individuals and concerns in every part of the country. Thousands of dollars would be saved for investment in worthy causes if business men would make it a rule never to contribute to solicitors for charity funds when first approached, but always to write down carefully the name and address of the headquarters of the organization, and the people managing it, and then send the data to the information or charity bureau of the local chamber of commerce. No money should be given until a favorable report has been received.

Some sound and simple rules to minimize fraud and increase the efficiency of money devoted to charity work may be stated as follows: Don't answer remit-or-return letters from organizations with which you are not acquainted. Examine the merits of the project to be benefited. Never feel compelled to contribute to sectarian organizations unless you are a member. Don't keep on giving year after year to a cause without an occasional checking up of its work. Refuse to give to any organization that does not issue an annual report, with an audited financial statement. Also insist on knowing something of the character of the methods employed, and require adequate evidence that results, in serving a public purpose, justify the money expended.

Do not give money on the street. This method of raising funds is not only expensive, but it has been so abused that the plan is falling into disrepute. Insist on a receipt for every contribution, which shall show the name and address of the organization to which the money was given. Giving a receipt is the first step in proper accounting, and all worthwhile organizations follow this businesslike plan. Never accept a hitherto-unknown organization at its own valuation. Inform yourself concerning it through disinterested agencies. Refuse to advertise in programs until you know whether or not the advertising is offered on a sound business basis. Don't advertise blindly, but be sure that your money is financing a bona-fide proposition.

Last, and most important of all, remember that the rule, Investigate before you invest, applies to charities as well as to financial undertakings.

PACKARD

THE Packard Truck is known everywhere for its unequaled durability. It has a staying power that challenges both work and time.

Alongside new Packards, in every line of hauling, you will see veteran Packards, five years old, ten years old, twelve years old, steadfastly adding to their records more thousands of miles and more hundreds of tons.

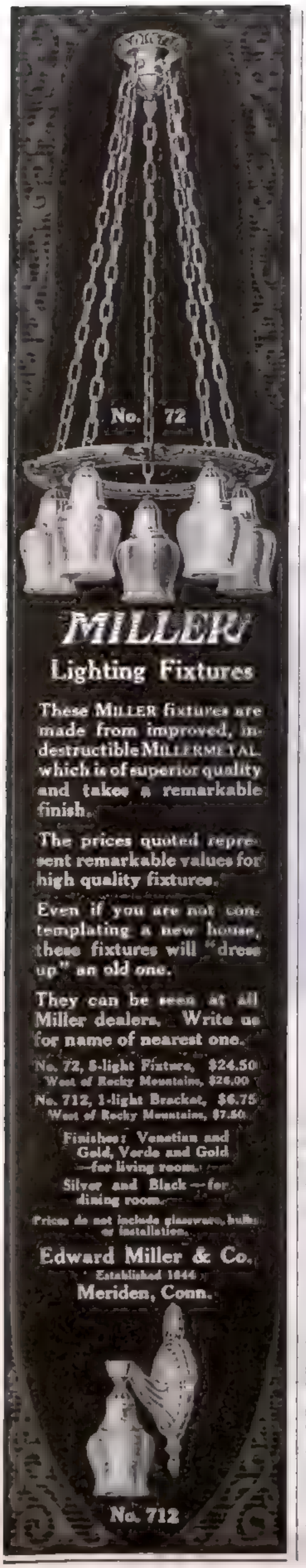
This stamina that defies the years is the product of Packard design, materials and manufacture. In these trucks, the stresses and strains of road work are resisted by working parts especially designed and built to repel the effects of wear. And now by the Packard method of scientific rating of the truck to its job, an even longer life of profitable truck service is guaranteed to Packard users.

For an example of the endurance that has made the Packard reputation for durability, turn to the record of a Packard in the service of the C. F. Smith Company, of Detroit. For ten years now it has averaged 12,500 miles a year. It is on the job every day, still hale and hearty at the end of 125,000 miles, and good for years to come.

Every Packard Truck has the advantage of the uniform and countrywide service facilities established to keep it at the highest possible efficiency throughout the years-long term of its working life.

PACKARD MOTOR CAR COMPANY · DETROIT

Ask the man who owns one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These MILLER fixtures are made from improved, indestructible MILLERMETAL, which is of superior quality and takes a remarkable finish.
The prices quoted represent remarkable values for high quality fixtures.
Even if you are not contemplating a new house, these fixtures will "dress up" an old one.
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SMALL-TOWN STUFF

By Robert Quillen

Thrift and the Alibi

WHEN one stands before the bar of his own conscience he is given the benefit of any existing doubt. If one would survive the ordeal of to-morrow he must to-day convince himself that he is a person of no little importance. Hot-heads do not always win, but cold feet invariably lose. Man's flattering opinion of himself is necessary to his preservation. It is the law of self-preservation that prompts him to give himself full credit for his successes and blame Providence for his failures. When the battle is finished and the dust has settled, he will make a boast, "I am a mighty man of valor and have overcome the foe"; or he will seek to establish an alibi, "God hath delivered me into the hands of mine enemy." In either case he preserves his self-respect.

Hiram Barnes is a blacksmith. He employs two helpers, and his earnings seldom fall below sixty dollars the week. The clang of his hammer is the first sound heard in town of a morning, and the doors of his shop are not closed while the light of day endures. He has health, friends, a comely wife and six sons—the eldest a sturdy lad of twelve years and the youngest a physical marvel of three.

These sons spend a great part of their time about the blacksmith shop, accumulating dirt, misplacing the tools and interfering with the work of the helpers. They have an insatiable appetite for nickels, and they have learned that their father's pride will not permit him to refuse them any request when a customer is in the shop. They hold their peace and find contentment in their play until a patron enters and engages their father in conversation, whereupon one of their number interrupts with persistent clamorings for a nickel and presses his advantage until his end is gained. When the patron departs the other sons approach their father with the logical argument that each has a claim on his affection and his purse equal to that of him who led the attack, and the father ends by parting with thirty cents instead of five. If he has no small change he trusts them with a dollar and admonishes them to return the leavings—an admonition heeded with a frequency barely sufficient to keep alive his faith. If the boys have a lucky day they contrive among them to wreck a five-dollar bill.

Barnes spends little money for clothing. He wears overalls on six days of the week and a venerable black serge on Sundays. His wife dresses plainly, and the boys have no more clothes than they need. He mentions these facts when the conversation turns on thrift.

His house is comfortably furnished and contains innumerable books, wished on him by glib agents who offered attractive terms and thus broke through the fragile wall of his resistance. Barnes has little leisure for reading, but when unkind weather keeps the boys within doors they use the books to build fortifications or turn the pages listlessly in search of illustrations that may be torn out to adorn the walls of their bedrooms.

On the first day of the month, when clerks from the grocery and dry-goods stores appear with bills for collection, Barnes is a little haggard by reason of his inability to satisfy them all, and makes solemn resolution to mend his ways; but within a week he has banished care and again listens eagerly to the eloquent speech of some stranger who has stock to sell, on easy payments, in some enterprise having its head office conveniently located several thousand miles away. He has a fine collection of nicely engraved stock certificates with pretty gold seals in one corner, and when he is in jocular mood he will speak of them and their worthlessness and call himself a sucker.

He bears no malice, however, and, despite many disappointments, still takes counsel of hope.

Barnes is a first-class fighting man and never tires of relating tales of his prowess. He has sublime confidence in his ability to thrash any man of his acquaintance and is therefore quick to give his temper rein and begin hostilities. When he engages in fisticuffs the town authorities require him to put up a bond of twenty-five dollars, which he forfeits cheerfully on the day of the trial.

When a subscription paper is circulated to get money for some local improvement or distant charity, he glances over the list of contributors to discover what sum the wealthier citizens of the town have promised and binds himself to give as much as the leader in generosity, for he will permit no man to outdo him in good works.

I met him on the street one day and, being fond of him, as all men are, handed him a newspaper clipping concerning the art of thrift. He read it through, and then laughed rather bitterly.

"That wasn't written for me," said he. "With my family and everything, it's simply impossible to save a dollar."

"But, man dear," I argued, "there are others here in town whose earnings are less than half of yours, and they save."

"I know," he acknowledged; "but I have it figured out that God intended for some people to get rich and for others to stay poor. There's no sense in fighting the will of Providence."

We Poor

BECAUSE Joseph possessed a coat of many colors and was the apple of his father's eye, his brothers were envious and sold him into slavery.

When I was a small boy I sat on the back porch without any pants on and read a book while my mother mended a torn place in the only pair of pants I possessed. The book I read concerned fine people who lived on the fat of the land when knighthood was in flower, and the author made no secret of his conviction that the lower classes existed for the sole purpose of fetching and carrying for his favorite characters.

There was a tournament or something of the kind, and a grand stand had been erected for the elect. After the grand stand was filled, and before the entertainment began, a small boy, worming his way through the mob of common people that stood about the stand, climbed along the timbers and found a perch whereon he poised to see the sights, utterly unconscious of the grand folk who were so near him. He was unwashed and ragged, and a fine lady who sat in the stand saw him and said to her companion: "We have fallen upon an evil day. They are bringing the stench of the rabble to our very nostrils."

I was a small boy, but I sized up that lady and decided that I didn't like her. Then I glanced down at my dirty bare legs, incrusted with the dust of the playground, and thought of my pants that were in process of being mended and already were patched within an inch of their life, and the thought came to me that the author of this book, if he should see me, would place me outside the grand stand with his rabble. I was offended with him, and when I got my pants I put his book back on the shelf and have not finished it to this day.

I mention the matter as introduction to the fact that I am of that class called the common people. Since I was knee-high to a duck I have had to sweat for my bread. I have lived with workers of one sort or another all my life, and they are my kind of folks. I hold work to be the panacea for all human ills, and I confess that I have the misfortune to despise a loafer, whether unwashed or perfumed. I may therefore scold common folks without prejudice, for it is all in the family.

Much of the world's literature has been written by poor men. Much of it is devoted to the task of persuading poor men that they are not so unfortunate as they seem—that they are, in fact, the salt of the earth, and that rich men are as crooked as a dog's hind leg and will all go to the place where Dante saw the wolf. The thought isn't expressed so clearly and briefly, but the reader is invited to share the author's conviction that those who acquire riches deliver their souls to the devil.

I have no doubt it is a very difficult matter for a rich man to enter the kingdom of heaven. He has so very many good things here and now that he is prone to enjoy them and give little thought to a paradise that is to come. A man who lives on milk and honey every day of the week doesn't get excited about a promised land in which everybody lives on milk and honey. But my mind rejects the absurd and vicious theory that the possession of riches dooms a man to hell. It is a poisonous theory, invented by poor men or those who would prey on poor men, and offered and accepted as a sop to thwarted ambition. You tried to get rich and failed, but you need not feel abused. Your poverty will take you to heaven, and there you will enjoy all manner of good things while the rich man is frying in hell.

And while we poor profess to believe this and find in our belief a great consolation, we yet struggle manfully to acquire riches so that we may go to hell along with the people of wealth.

The truth of the matter is that we don't believe a word of it. We know rich men who are better men than ourselves, who live cleanly and make intelligent effort to do good in the world. We know that the rich man didn't steal the money he has; we know that he didn't win it by methods that we would have scorned to use; we know, in short, that he is much as we are in all particulars, save that he has a greater ability or has practiced greater industry.

Our effort to discredit him—to prove him a rogue and strip him of the wealth and honors he has earned—is the work of our envy. If we could we would exchange places with him to-day. If we knew in what manner he acquired his wealth we would quit our present tasks and follow his pathway step by step. And if those of us who now scold the rich man should wake up in the morning and find ourselves rich you never would hear another cheep out of us.

When that author caught me without pants and intimated that I was a part of the rabble I was offended. But I am much more deeply offended when a modern author undertakes to sympathize with me because I am a part of the common people, and to shed tears for me because I am denied my rights. I have the inalienable right to consume all the air and water I need, and the further right to earn a living by hard work. That is the extent of my rights. A hard and terrible system has not deprived me of anything I have earned, and it hasn't taught me to hate men who have worked harder and saved more. Fifteen years ago I envied men who were making as much money as I am earning now, but I now work much harder and have much less fun than when I was sticking type at eighteen dollars a week.

When I hear a politician appealing to the horny-handed sons of toil I yearn to gag him. Almost I yearn to hit him with a brick. For I know that he is a trickster and that the truth isn't in him. He doesn't care two whoops in a rain barrel for laboring men. His sole interest is votes. He appeals to workingmen because he knows they are a majority. If the majority of the voters in his district were millionaires he wouldn't be aware of a laboring man's existence—and he seldom is, after election, anyway. For tweaty years I have listened to politicians who seemed to be full of a wild desire to do something for the poor man, and I have yet to find one who has redeemed a promise or made any effort to redeem a promise after getting an office. They can't redeem their promises without violation of the Constitution. Any legislation to benefit the poor would be vicious class legislation. And all sane and just laws that help the poor man help the rich man in equal measure.

You can't make men rich by legislative enactment any more than you can make them pious by legislative enactment. Law can do no more than establish a fair field and stand on the side lines to prevent fouls. Those who play the game will win or lose according to their skill and their deserts.

The practice of scolding the rich man in order to win the poor man's friendship is as old as history, but of late it appears to have developed into a sort of frenzy. The world is full of agitators and politicians with axes to grind who make the days hideous with their execration of men who have money and between intervals of cursing the rich they turn to the poor and shout for more funds to carry on the good work and defray their expenses.

Now these gentry make a great deal of noise, and they make the rich man nervous,

(Concluded on Page 41)

Journal of the Society of Automotive Engineers

America's best authority, recently called attention to the importance of *proper wall thickness* for the ideal piston ring, as follows:

"—Construct a ring of uniform thickness, nearly filling the grooves of the piston, to get as much wearing surface as possible and also lessen the chance of leakage of gas by passing behind the ring."

—*December, 1920, p. 529*

To Prevent "Oil Pumping"

IF your motor has started "pumping oil" it means, simply, that oil is getting past the piston rings into the firing chamber. Your troubles have begun and economy has ceased—with a loss of oil and loss of power.

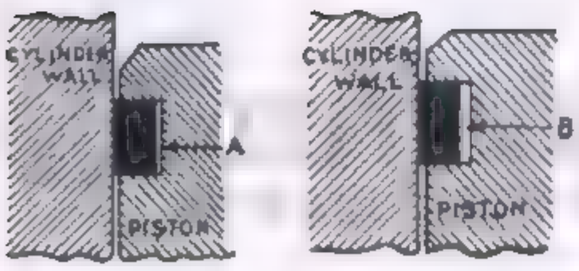
Many piston rings of the proper diameter and width for the motor in which they are to be installed actually *do not fit* because of the varying groove depths in the different pistons.

Rings of proper wall thickness are absolutely necessary to fill these piston grooves.

American Hammered Piston Rings are designed to fill the piston grooves in all motors. They are made with precision and skill and conform to the same high standards demanded by the makers of some of America's foremost automobiles, which we supply.

Get them from your Dealer or Garageman. They will end your piston ring troubles—*permanently*.

AMERICAN HAMMERED PISTON RING COMPANY
BALTIMORE, MARYLAND
Export Department, 461 Eighth Avenue, New York, U. S. A.



Cross section of piston equipped with American Hammered Piston Rings. The *correct wall thickness* of this ring fills the groove at "A", holding compression.

Piston equipped with ring of proper diameter and width, but of *insufficient wall thickness*. Open space at "B" allows compression and oil to leak behind the ring.

American Hammered Piston Rings

Why You Must Have Beautiful Well-Kept Hair to be Attractive

Illustrated by WILL GREFÉ

EVERYWHERE you go your hair is noticed most critically.

It tells the world what you are.

If you wear your hair becomingly and always have it beautifully clean and well-kept, it adds more than anything else to your attractiveness.

Beautiful hair is not a matter of luck, it is simply a matter of care.

Study your hair, take a hand mirror and look at the front, the sides and the back. Try doing it up in various ways. See just how it looks best.

A slight change in the way you dress your hair, or in the way you care for it, makes all the difference in the world in its appearance.

In caring for the hair, shampooing is always the most important thing.

It is the shampooing which brings out the real life and lustre, natural wave and color, and makes your hair soft, fresh and luxuriant.

When your hair is dry, dull and heavy, lifeless, stiff and gummy, and the strands cling together, and it feels harsh and disagreeable to the touch, it is because your hair has not been shampooed properly.

When your hair has been shampooed properly, and is thoroughly clean, it will be glossy, smooth and bright, delightfully fresh looking, soft and silky.

While your hair must have frequent and regular washing to keep it beautiful, it cannot stand the harsh effect of ordinary soaps. The free alkali in ordinary soaps soon dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle and ruins it.

That is why discriminating people use Mulsified Cocoanut Oil Shampoo. This clear, pure and entirely greaseless product cannot possibly injure and it does not dry the scalp or make the hair brittle, no matter how often you use it.

If you want to see how really beautiful you can make your hair look, just

Follow This Simple Method

FIRST, wet the hair and scalp in clear, warm water. Then apply a little Mulsified Cocoanut Oil Shampoo, rubbing it in thoroughly all over the scalp and throughout the entire length, down to the ends of the hair.

Rub the Lather In Thoroughly

TWO or three teaspoonfuls will make an abundance of rich, creamy lather. This should be rubbed in thoroughly and briskly with the finger tips, so as to loosen the dandruff and small particles of dust and dirt that stick to the scalp.

When you have done this, rinse the hair and scalp thoroughly, using clear, fresh, warm water. Then use another application of Mulsified.

Two waters are usually sufficient for washing the hair; but sometimes the third is necessary. You can easily tell, for when the hair is perfectly clean it will be soft and silky in the water, the strands will fall apart easily, each separate hair floating alone in the water; and the entire mass, even while wet, will feel loose, fluffy and light to the touch and be so clean it will fairly squeak when you pull it through your fingers.

Rinse the Hair Thoroughly

THIS is very important. After the final washing, the hair and scalp should be rinsed in at least two changes of good warm water and followed with a rinsing in cold water. When you have rinsed the hair thoroughly, wring it as dry as you can; and finish by rubbing it with a towel, shaking it and fluffing it until it is dry. Then give it a good brushing.

After a Mulsified shampoo, you will find the hair will dry quickly and evenly and have the appearance of being much thicker and heavier than it is.

If you want to always be remembered for your beautiful well-kept hair, make it a rule to set a certain day each week for a Mulsified Cocoanut Oil Shampoo. This regular weekly shampooing will keep the scalp soft, and the hair fine and silky, bright, fresh looking and fluffy, wavy and easy to manage, and it will be noticed and admired by everyone.

You can get Mulsified Cocoanut Oil Shampoo at any drug store or toilet goods counter. A 4-ounce bottle should last for months. Splendid for children. Fine for men.

WATKINS
MULSIFIED
COCOANUT OIL SHAMPOO

Copyright 1920 THE J. L. W. CO.

Your Hair Should be Dressed So as to Emphasize Your Best Lines and Reduce Your Worst Ones.

Begin by studying your profile. If you have a pug nose, do not put your hair on the top of your head; if you have a round, fat face, do not fluff your hair out too much at the sides; if your face is very thin and long, then you should fluff your hair out at the sides. The woman with the full face and double chin should wear her hair high. All these and other individual features must be taken into consideration in selecting the proper hairdress. Above all, simplicity should prevail. You are always most attractive when your hair looks most natural—when it looks most like you.

(Concluded from Page 38)

but they don't win the respect of the poor man—not if the poor man is possessed of sense. There are poor creatures who can be inflamed by this sort of thing. But it gives me a feeling that is closely akin to nausea, and because I am one of the common people, a poor man and a worker, I am persuaded that my feeling is shared by other men of my class—who are the backbone of America, if I do say it as shouldn't.

Moving

WHEN the time came to move into the new house, I engaged Hiram Thornby, who has a decrepit wagon and two ancient mules y-clept Sassafras and Balaam, and does odd jobs of hauling. I had seen him on the street many times and remarked the ponderous dignity of his gait, and I reasoned that one so thoroughly schooled in the art of taking his time would be a painstaking workman. This impression was strengthened when I called at his home to engage his services for the morrow.

In answer to my inquiries he explained that he did plain or fancy moving and charged by the hour. When engaged to do a job of plain moving, he inferred that his employer was inspired by motives of economy, and accordingly made conscientious effort to get everything on one load; while if a fancy job was desired he increased the number of loads in order to avoid scratching the furniture. This policy of grading the service to fit the purse of his patron seemed a sufficient proof of his integrity, but I was even more deeply impressed by the manner and substance of his speech. He spoke slowly, as though weighing his words carefully before liberating them, and the words he selected for release were so respectable and so freighted with dignity as to inspire a feeling near akin to awe, even when they appeared entirely foreign to the subject of his comment. Moreover, he improvised proverbs and coined solemn phrases that gained from the magic of his unctuous bass a seeming of quotations from the Scripture.

I bargained for a fancy job of moving and arose to take my leave, whereupon he offered his hand and said: "The righteous are indeed incredulous. I'll be there soon in the morning if I live and nothing happens. How garrulous are the ways of Providence."

Brother Thornby may have been addicted to originality in the application of other words, but he was entirely orthodox in his use of the word "soon." His wagon backed against our porch the next morning a full hour before sunrise, and waited there at one dollar an hour while we dressed and made a sketchy breakfast.

When I opened the front door I discovered that I was about to receive a great deal more than I had bargained for. There was a Thornby Junior whose existence I had forgotten. He was a young giant with the smile of a cherub and a vast pride in the tensile strength of his thews. He whistled for the joy of living. And he was a glutton for work. I had but to nod in the direction of a piece of furniture and he was upon it. There was a creak of complaining bolts and screws as he snatched it from the floor, a resounding crash, and the rattle of casters as it skidded to the front end of the wagon body.

It was magnificent, but it was alarming. I sought to remonstrate with him, and even ventured an appeal to the elder Thornby, who sat in an easy-chair affecting an interest in the proceedings; but the one smiled his cherubic and noncommittal smile and the other countered with an improvisation that seemed to rebuke my interest in the cares of this world.

"The gluttonous," said he, "are rebuked by affiliation and the righteous know the syntax of corruption."

I retreated to the kitchen to help pack the fruit and left the furniture to the care of whatever gods there be having influence with young giants who feel their oats. From the living room came a rhythmic and muffled crashing as objects were shunted across the floor to collide with other objects or hurled through space in the general direction of the front door. Glass tinkled.

"That would be the bookcase door," the wife whispered. "It won't stay latched."

And the prophet's solemn voice drifted back in corroboration: "Gather up the fragments, William. The ways of premeditation are past finding out."

Noon found us moved. The elder Thornby and the cyclonic cherub had gone on their destructive way and left us to the wreck of our idols. I sat on a folded mattress in the midst of desolation and studied the countenance of the wife. She was haggard, and there was a wild light in her eyes.

"Cheer up," I urged. "We needed a new set of dishes anyway, and the frames of those pictures are still good. It might have been worse. From where I sit I can see a spot on the front of the piano that doesn't appear to have a single scratch on it."

She looked at me dully, and then at the débris that littered her newly waxed floors. Then she smiled the twisted smile one employs when the doctor asks if it hurts much, and lifted her eyes to the ceiling.

"Contamination," said she solemnly. "As the feeble cry of disintegration, so is the chaff that waxeth voluminous; and I've got this darned mess to straighten up yet."

Desires

WHEN dinner is late one's appetite is prone to run away with his imagination, so that when he comes at last to the table he will deal himself a generous helping beyond his capacity to consume. Desire is much more intemperate than appetite. Indeed, desire is so interwoven with imagination as to be wholly unworthy of confidence. One may give rein to his imagination and persuade himself that he desires many things, yet when a change of fortune or circumstance brings them within his reach he will find the ardor of his desire strangely abated and will pass them by lest they cost him more of inconvenience than they are worth.

I have long entertained a desire to tramp about that region between the Tigris and the Euphrates where the human race was cradled, and to drift into Egypt and follow the sleepy Nile to its beginning. I have felt at times that life would be a cheat if it denied me this pilgrimage. Yet now that the way is open I remember that my one experience on the big water proved me a very poor sailor, and I know that I should return from the journey full of strange impressions but empty of all other things whatsoever. And I have an uneasy feeling that I should become homesick and waste my substance in riotous cabling to discover whether the passing of a day had brought ill to those I left behind to keep my vine and fig tree. The desire is still a welcome guest within me, but it speaks very softly in the presence of a greater desire to remain at home.

For many years I have desired a son, that I might teach him to avoid the errors I have made and shape his character and his habits of thought as a potter shapes the damp clay, and thus leave in the world a revised and expurgated edition of myself that would reflect some credit upon me. A kinder fortune brought me the task of training a wee lady whose parents died, and I so frequently err and am so frequently persuaded by love to avoid a hard duty that I am constrained to thank God for having kept from me the responsibility of training a son of one having so little wit.

But yesterday I saw a white bulldog that I coveted. He was a sweet creature and full of a manly pride; and if his tongue was dumb his eyes held more of wisdom and sound sense than is spoken by men. Yet when I had hugged him and rubbed his ears I began to realize that the feeling I had thought a selfish desire to possess him was but a wholesome gratitude that the world should contain a creature so noble and so faultless. What matters ownership of the estate? Let him who will hold title if I may tramp through his woods at dusk or stop in the road when the morning is young and drink my fill of his fat fields.

Few of the things we desire are worth even as much as the energy we expend in wishing for them. Property is frequently a nuisance; luxuries but multiply trivial annoyances; and the good times we have without cost of money remain longer in the memory than the good times that are purchased and delivered to order.

If the fairies who visited men in an age having more of faith should forgive us our sophistication and return again to grant one wish to each, I should think and think and think, and, wanting baser desire, ask for a perennial to-morrow.

The By-Product

SENTIMENT is a product of reason. Sentimentality is the froth of emotion. Sentiment is deep; sentimentality is superficial. Sentiment has dignity; sentimentality is hysteria. Sentiment endures; sentimentality is a bubble.

When the members of an audience are told that a widow and her five children are starving at their doors they produce their handkerchiefs and weep. They are filled with an emotion that demands an outlet. While the emotion endures they carry baskets of food to the widow's home, but when the emotion dies their interest in the widow and her children dies with it. Emotion will spread a feast, but it won't provide a quarterly allowance. It burns out quickly. It is an intoxication of the spirit—a transient frenzy—and leaves no reminiscent thrill for the morning after.

When America was in arms the doughboy occupied the foreground. He was the one important thing in the universe. He was cheered and fed and flattered. Orators praised him, matrons knitted for him, pretty girls adopted him. He deserved it. He was engaged to handle a big job, and he handled it remarkably well.

The question yet to be decided is whether the fuss made about him was inspired by sentiment or sentimentality. Was it patriotism or was it hysteria?

Patriotism is a sort of religion, and, like religion, must function three hundred sixty-five days a year or confess itself a sham. Religion isn't worth much if it prays the shingles loose on Sunday and indulges in sharp practice on the six other days of the week. And patriotism isn't worth the name if it yells itself hoarse while the fight is in progress and remarks casually that the ax is ground when the fight is finished.

This is no plea for fresh cheers to gladden the heart of the doughboy who came home sound and whole and picked up the thread of his former existence. He is, in his own language, a regular guy; and a show of sentiment embarrasses him. Gush gives him a pain. He considers the big job finished; if it wasn't finished right the fault is not his; and if he has a grievance he keeps it to himself. He has washed his hands of the affair.

Nor is it necessary to urge remembrance of those who did not come back. They won immortality; neglect cannot dim their glory nor ingratitude disturb their sleep.

Those who challenge the sincerity of America's patriotism lie maimed in hospitals. They are the by-product of war.

They have food, shelter, clothing, medicines. All these Government provides. Government provided these before they went away, while they were yet whole. But when they were whole and full of the joy of living they received something Government could not provide. They received the sympathy and fellowship and love of the people whose cause they championed. The cause is now a triumphant page in history. The enthusiasms engendered by conflict have cooled. The cheering is ended. The job is finished.

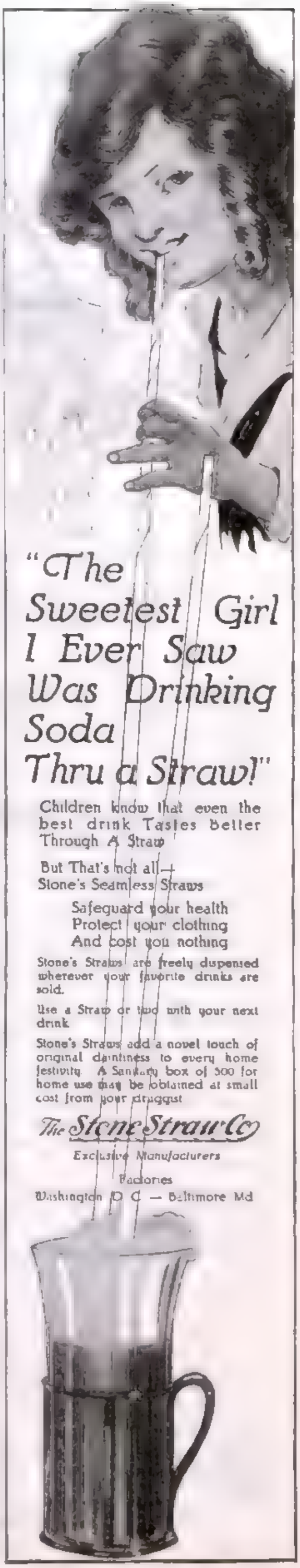
There remains the by-product—the maimed. And patriotism—is there any of that remaining? Was it an emotion that wore itself out in cheering? Was it a hysteria bred of excitement? Did it end when the ax was ground?

Those who are maimed are something more than a group of casuals. They are folks. Their capacity for absorbing human kindness was not lessened by their hurts.

If patriotism was something finer than sentimentality it is at liberty to prove its case. A hospital and a barracks are lonesome places at best. If they provide all that they can they yet fail to provide something America owes.

Patriotism wept when the wounded fell in France. If it did not exhaust its sympathy it will treasure the wounded while they live, and its interest will not wane with the passing years. Those who did not return to homes will be adopted into the family of the nation, and the people they served will count it a privilege to serve them.

And if patriotism is dead? Why, then it was a childish thing—an epidemic of hysteria that affected the shallow, called forth their ready tears and left no memory to dilute their selfishness or lessen the complacent joy to be got from their play pretties.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Many physicians are recommending yeast—the richest available source of the mysterious vitamine

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Yeast helps all the digestive processes. A New York physician writes: "Vitamines are readily supplied to the body in yeast, and we sometimes advise patients to eat one half cake of yeast three times a day, the yeast being stimulant in its nature to intestinal motility."

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Sense and Nonsense

Cramping His Style

AT THE close of a long theatrical tour which ended in the far West, Miss Ethel Barrymore rested for a few days at a mountain resort. While at the resort Miss Barrymore was driven about daily in a touring car owned and operated by a breezy young native known to the world at large as Snook. As a chauffeur, Snook, according to the actress, knew more about driving and caring for a car and less about dressing the part than can be put into words. He drove superbly, but coatless and always wearing a grease-stained scarlet cap with a long visor such as Miss Barrymore heretofore had associated solely with jockeys. And his burning ambition, so he confided to Miss Barrymore one day, was to be a chauffeur in New York City.

"Well, whenever you want to come, Snook," said Miss Barrymore heartily, "I shall be glad to give you a job."

"Done!" cried Snook. "Start whenever you say."

"One thing more," Miss Barrymore began hesitatingly, after discussing with Snook some preliminary details. "I suppose you quite understand that in the cities there are certain—er—customs which may not be practiced here. For instance, we expect chauffeurs to wear a livery—a uniform, rather, which must always be spick and span; and they are supposed to open and close the door of the car for the owner, hold an umbrella in readiness when it is raining and—well, there are a number of details like that which are just the—the—the style, Snook."

Miss Barrymore spoke deprecatingly, fearful that the uncrowned king of the mountain wilds would resent any hint of doodads, especially any suggestion of servility, in the prospective job. Instead, his reaction to the suggestions surprised her delightfully.

"And we must follow the style, Snook," Miss Barrymore concluded.

"Follow the style nothin', miss!" bellowed Snook. "Lead it, lady, I says! Lead it! Me, I'll get me a suit like Pershing hisself, and hold a umbreller like I was on dress parade. That's me! Style, I'm for it! Me, I'll click my heels and come to a salute after I've throwed open the door of ——

"But wait a minute, miss! Door? What d'you mean, door? You folks don't go round in a closed car, do you?"

"Why, yes," faltered Miss Barrymore. "In cold or stormy weather, Snook, it is also the—the style to use a limousine or sedan for ——"

"See-dan! Deal's off!" cried Snook with finality. "Me, I'm for style in this business, first, last and finish, all right. But you know how it is yourself, lady—when a tubaccer-eatin' fool like me gits him a job he's got to git him one where a son of a gun can spit frequent and free."

A Rush of Art to the Head

ALONG the lines of the tradition that all successful stage comedians have a chronic obsession to tackle Hamlet, just so the newspaper reporter who, owing to his bump of humor, is daily assigned to grinding out what is known in journalistic circles as josh stuff often is obsessed with a burning desire to vary the daily monotony by writing news stories that have to do with murder, fire and sudden death—and the bloodier the jollier.

A New York reporter of the sort in mind nagged his city editor into a promise that when the next good murder came along the reporter of humorous gifts would be permitted by way of variety to wade aesthetically into the blood. And the next good murder was a beautiful murder, even for New York. To list only its more entrancingly lovely aspects, it included the finding of the headless body of a man in a trunk in a tenement room, the gruesome but fruitless search for the missing head, a revolver battle between the police and the probable murderer before the suspect was captured, and finally a thrilling third-degree session.

The reporter surfeited with josh stuff reveled in banging a typewriter that all but splashed the city room with gore. Especially when he got down to describing the third degree did he smear his narrative with a wealth of detail which to-day is equaled only by that school of modern American fiction realists who can take a thought such as "Carol Kennicott crossed Main Street to the Gopher Prairie Bank" and boil it down to twenty-four pages. Joyously he described how the police had replaced the headless body in the trunk exactly as it was when they had found it; how at the height of a terrific thunderstorm the night before they had blindfolded the suspect, thrust him into a taxicab and had taken him on a wild and seemingly aimless ride beneath skies laced with lightning; how at midnight they had stopped the taxicab at a tenement door and had led the suspect, still blindfolded, up into the room where the rays of a flickering gas jet shone down upon the open trunk and its ghastly contents; how they had tortured the blindfolded man with quick, savage questions as a preliminary to the appalling final scene.

And then ——

"Timing his action with the most terrific thunderclap of the storm, Detective McGovern snatched the bandage from the man's eyes and left him standing there—face to face with the headless corpse."

Disadvantages of Bookishness

AT THE end of a recent session of fiction writing Rupert Hughes consented to journey by train to a small town near by and read some of his stories at a charitable entertainment in which Mrs. Hughes was interested. When the train arrived at the town Mrs Hughes and three other passengers alighted in a driving downpour.

Two jitneys were in waiting at the station. One of these public conveyances stood directly across the tracks from the middle cars of the train, the other was parked abreast of the panting locomotive, far up the rain-beaten cinder path. Naturally Mr. Hughes and his three fellow passengers made a bee line through the deluge to the jitney near at hand. In the scramble to get under cover Mr. Hughes drew a front seat beside the jitney driver, who proved immediately to be gifted as a conversationalist.

"When one of these know-it-alls gets feedin' too much on book learnin' you can't tell 'em nothin' that's got sense into it," observed the jitney bandit to the novelist as the overloaded flivver coughed triumphantly past the driver of the rival car, who had failed to get a fare.

"Ole Mike—drives that other jit there—'s alwuz readin' an' workin', when he ain't hackin', on what he alwuz calls right out in public, physics. So he says to me, just before Nummer Seven—your train, stranger—gets in, he says, 'I figgered it out exact,' he says, 'on account the grade and the redoocin' of friction by the rails bein' wet,' he says, 'that Nummer Seven'll slide between hunner 'n' five 'n' hunner 'n' seven yards beyond her reg'lar stoppin' point,' he says. 'An' knowin' human nature like I do,' he says, 'I figger the passengers that get off Nummer Seven'll run for the jit nearest at hand without pickin' and choosin'. So better take my advice,' he says, 'an' wait way up the track like me,' he says.

"Trouble is, stranger, they ain't nothin' in Ole Mike's books or in no book nothin' about Ed Burke. Ed's ingineer of Nummer Seven. Ed never slides by nothin'. What happens? Ed figgers it all out, too, an' he stops Nummer Seven where she ought to stop, like I knowed he would. An' what else happens? Ole Mike, all on account of book learnin', is so fer up the track he don't get one gosh-blame darn ole fool off that train, an' I get four."

Precaution

DUE to the accounts of numerous taxicab robberies last winter the women of New York were afraid to use public conveyances when alone, and the cabbies, as a result, suffered considerably. An actress in one of the Broadway successes left her apartment with just fifteen minutes to get to the theater. She called a taxicab.

"Driver," she announced before getting in, "this string of beads I have on cost a dollar and a half. The only ring I have is my wedding ring, and this purse you see here contains exactly sixty-five cents. Drive me to the —— Theater."

"Miss," declared the dumfounded chauffeur, "I could stake you to a dollar if youse needs it."

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With 50,000 owners giving a solid verdict for Essex reliability, it is natural that you should know the car best for that quality.

No other thing counts so much with men who buy a car to keep. It is the decisive question in today's competitive market, when buyers choose the car they want—not just any car that can be delivered.

Everywhere its owners are the greatest sales force Essex possesses. It has been so from the first

It is they who say the convincing worthwhile things about it that others remember and repeat and act on.

For men know neither self interest nor gain is back of the impulsive praise owners give the car.

They sense that this trust and enthusiasm are but the sum of thousands of miles and months of service that brought no disappointment.

Thus, even those who newly acquire the Essex bring an expectancy of unusual endurance and reliability. But it is interesting to note even they are not prepared for such costly car dependability in this moderate-priced field.

Repair freedom is not all they find. But bird-like smoothness, whether in the first or 50-thousandth mile

And consistency that gives the same duty in the same delightful way today, or next month or next year.

What owners know of the Essex has put all concern of the car from mind. It is a belief that thrives in an intimate companionship of steadfast service, and each day renews its bond with substantial satisfactions.

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The drum saves endless "stops for oils"—particularly if you formerly bought oil by the quart or gallon. *It assures you a constant supply of oil which is scientifically correct for your Ford engine.*

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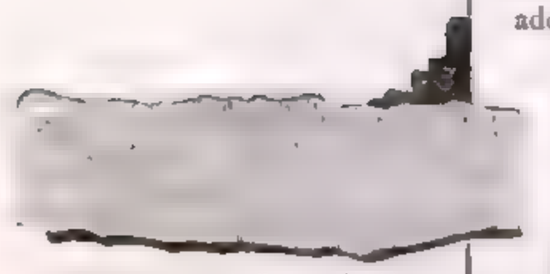

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VACUUM OIL COMPANY

STATIC

(Continued from Page 7)

"Well, the more hawses you've got in your stable, Mr. Owen, the harder you'll find 'em to manage. I'd stick to one if I was you."

"Uncle, you needn't worry none about Lilah lettin' me drive a team."

"Well, I wouldn't marry no woman 'thout I'd find one could handle me better'n I could handle myself. I'm goin' to have a try in the mornin' to find out 'bout that telegram. Let me keep it, will you, son?"

"Sure thing! I don't want it in my pockets; I'm too forgetful."

"I see lots of telegraph offices with a leak in 'em. Lots of 'em young fellers plays the races 'emselves, an' they gener'ly get onto these code wires. You can hardly put one through they can't read. If I can find out if anybody here's in the habit of gettin' wires 'bout meetin' girls on trains I'll make it wuth his while to lend me his code for a minute. If it ain't 'bout Condor I don't give a hang."

"Call up my room, old man," Stewart said, "an' ask for me. I just want to locate the little wife."

Owen heard Andrews ask, "Is Mr. Owen in? I want to see him mos' partic'lar." Then into the receiver, "Thank you, missis. Sorry to disturb you so late, but it's kinder important."

Andrews hung up and said, "You're down at the club with some minin' friends, Mr. Owen. I guess I must've got the missis out of bed."

Owen grinned. He surmised that wifie's answer had been right sharp at being disturbed.

"I'll go down to the floor an' hang round a bit," he said, "then I'll turn in."

"Well, good night, son. In the mornin' I'll try an' see what can be done."

Half an hour later Owen went to his room, having rehearsed a little speech explanatory of his return.

"The main guy wasn't there, Lilah. I guess he fell by the wayside pretty early. Connors is the only one could give an option, 'cause he staked the claim; an' as I couldn't get an option, I didn't want to hang 'round wastin' wine. The other fellows were goin' out for a joy ride, but I told 'em I was comin' home to sit by my own fireside with wifie."

"You're a wonder, Tootie," Lilah commented.

Strangely, Stewart's early return and his modified demeanor strengthened her suspicion that he hadn't been in the company of men just off the rocks; he possibly had been in the society of a lady.

The Castilian lady had a will as strong as her sinewy hands, and she clapped it down over the passion that was surging her blood hot. This was the chance she had been waiting for to trim Mr. Stewart to a standstill, as she worded it. Money came to Owen easily. He picked it up like fallen manna. He was a man born with a silver spoon in his mouth, also a beautiful set of teeth. It was somewhat as if Apollo, imbued with the spirit of Paris, had come back to deal in mine flotations as a bridge to amatory pastime, his boyish personality, plus the lure of gold, making his path a rosy one. His residence was No. 1 Easy Street.

But with all this, though he gave Lilah spending money with a lavish hand, she, clever as a whip, felt that a turn in the run of luck might come; and if so she knew full well that Owen's bank account would be surprisingly short. She could swim on the flood with him, but she had no longing for rocky shallows. More than once she had asked him, as a precaution, to put in the bank a goodly sum in her name; but all she received was the joyous smile and a new ring or an expensive gown.

Now she lay awake for hours, threading these numerous beads on a string of continuity which was this chance to trim him to a standstill. It would cost him something to settle this matter when she had prepared her case.

The big boy at her side slept soundly, as babes should, dreaming of Stellas and horses and million-dollar mines. And all night, all about in the darkened sky, mental static was snapping and twisting the attenuated threads of their lives.

Next morning, Saturday, Owen met Jack Andrews at eleven o'clock. The patriarch had been out to the track to watch Drummer take his morning gentle work-out and to consult with his trainer, Bill Cooper. As they sat together in a quiet corner Owen could see that the Man from the Desert was still troubled. That thin-lipped mouth that was generally set in established lines when something definite was to be carried through now gave expression to various emotions. The steely-gray eyes traveled around in their sockets like loose marbles.

"That gol-hanged telegram has give me indigestion," Andrews growled. "The more I can't find out about it the more I want to."

"You've hit the nail on the head, uncle; you have got indigestion," Stewart smiled. "There isn't anything in that wire but just skirts."

"But there didn't no skirt turn up."

"Leavin' that out of it, uncle, what's the matter with it bein' a rig on me? Some dang Westerner that's been here with me perhaps has sent that from Buffalo knowin' that I'd fall for it, it bein' his idea of a joke."

The patriarch treated this sepia wash as though he had not heard it.

"When I come back from the course," he said, "I fought a tough mutton chop in there, then I got busy. I chummed a leetle with a bright boy at the cigar stand, an' mos' natural, me bein' an owner, we talked hawse; an' gradual I works 'round to information on a good thing. All over America I've found that, next to tobaccer, cigar-stand boys is mos' interested in a good thing on hawses."

"What'd you find out, uncle?"

"I didn't want to find out nothin' from him except did some of the boys that worked in the telegraph office dribble in sometimes with wise stuff that had come through on the wires. I had to go mighty pussyfooted, 'cause no cigar boy wants to get a telegraph boy into trouble. They stick together like a fleet of herrin's. I didn't find out nothin', an' I kinder thought I'd give my hair its anniversary, for there ain't a barber livin' that don't know more 'bout hawses an' bettin' than mos' race men."

"Gee, I thought you looked kind of spry this mornin'! That's it. You're ten years younger, uncle."

"It's too doodish," the patriarch opined. "I was so busy tryin' to find out somethin' I let him cut it too short. Well, anyways, I lay for the head barber, an' I guess he kinder hustled, seein' me there, 'cause soon's I climb into the chair he says, 'Nice day for the races, Mr. Andrews.' See? He knows I own Drummer; an' danged if he wanted to take pay for the haircut. I kinder let it leak that I could give him a pointer, 'cause I had a wire, only I'd lost my code."

"No wonder he cut your hair short an' didn't want to charge for it," Owen laughed.

"Well, son, that tonsorial artist he pulls out a drawer that's half full of towels an' shows me a dozen codes."

"And he had it, uncle?"

"No-o; nobody's got it! It's one of 'em things that to-day, after the race, a feller'll come up to me an' say, 'Why didn't you ask me? I had that code right in my pocket.'"

"Uncle"—there was a shade of pitying commiseration in Owen's voice—"there isn't any code. That wire isn't anything but a kid on me, or some other Johnny picked up the girl on the train."

"I got a hunch ——"

"You've got indigestion, that's what you've got—an' a haircut."

"Wait till I finish. Then the barber lets fall the gol-darnedest jar I got for many a day. He's diggin' my scalp with his fingers, like he's harrerin' it up to plant potaties, an' his tongue's beatin' time to the jig he's playin' on my skull. He says, 'I shave Mr. Owen. I see you with him upstairs. He's some sport, that man. He couldn't put his shirt on without wantin' to bet you he'd get the collar button in fust try.' I hear him give a chuckle—then he says, 'Funny thing, his name's Stewart Owen, an' I shave a man his name's Owen Stewart. Dang funny, ain't it?'"

"Gad, uncle!"

"'An' does he play the ponies too?' I asks.

"'Bet your life!' he answers. 'He gets some good wires. He's give me sev'ral tips that went over.'"

"Did you trail Owen Stewart, uncle?"

(Continued on Page 46)

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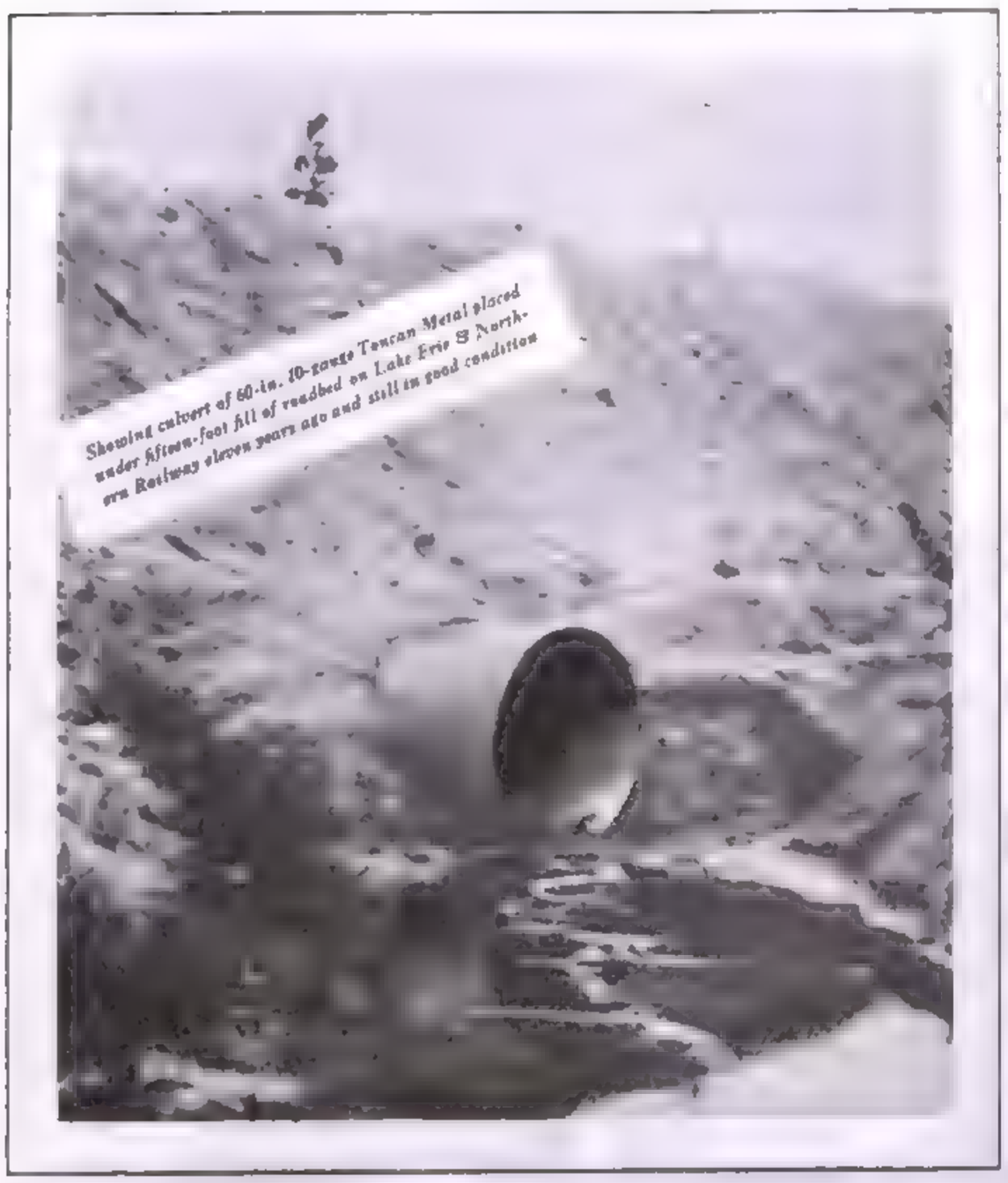
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Endures and Insures

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(Continued from Page 44)

"Soon's I escaped from that haircut I look up in the phone book. There he is—just residence, no office. I calls up his house, an' he's out of town."

"Holy Mike!" Owen cried.

"Yes, sir, just that. I goes down to the telegraph office, shows the wire to a little chap there, says I can't make it out an' wonders if it's for me, Mr. Stewart Owen. He goes upstairs an' says, when he comes back, that he guesses it's for me or another man. 'What other man?' I asks him, an' slips him a couple of fat cigars. He gives me a cute little smile an' says that names is sacred an' he ain't dyin' to lose his job, an' he don't know the name anyway.

"I'm kinder onto what he's got in what he calls his head, an' I says, 'Son, if I could get this straight I'd win a carload of money. Then I'd meander in here to-morrow, an' you 'n' me'd get terrible friendly.'

"'You mean it ain't 'bout a girl?' he asks me—'that it's hawses?'

"I says, 'Son, look at me.'

"He lamps me with 'em baby eyes, an' then says, 'I guess it ain't chickens, pop—wait a minute.'"

"He wasn't no judge, uncle," and Stewart showed his white teeth.

"Then he scoots up to the attic again. He comes back with, 'They say there's a gent gets wires 'bout meetin' girls, the names bein' dif'rent, but the wires bein' kinder alike always. They've figgered they was code telegrams on hawses. 'But, no sir-ree, that kid won't give the name away.'"

"But it was this Owen Stewart, likely, uncle, and perhaps I got one of his wires," Owen suggested.

"It looks like that, son, 'cause he mightn't want 'em girl messages comin' to the house, an' as he comes here to the hotel a lot he'd have 'em sent here."

"Yes, the company has got my address here at the hotel, and p'rhaps they've just switched the names around at the telegraph office. What'll we do, uncle?"

"I guess, nothin', 'cause anyways it ain't no good to us if it ain't 'bout Condor. That wire may be for you from this racin' man that uses that code. He may be a feller you've done a good turn to, like the bookie you staked. He'd know you string with me an' we'd be down heavy on Drummer, an' is puttin' you wise to Condor bein' the goods."

"Well, you're the doctor. You give me the high sign—five thousand or five cents I'll see the ante," Owen said as he parted from Andrews.

Stewart and Delilah lunched together early. Later, up in the room, again there was the little tableau of Owen's fastidious decoration of his handsome form. Delilah watched this cynically, for she had intimated that she wasn't going to the races.

As Stewart harmonized the color scheme of his attire—suit pattern, hose, tie, utterly ruined by the profuse sparklers—he waxed insistent that Delilah should go the more determinedly she took the opposite stand. She was stringing him. She felt that hubby was just putting on a front—he didn't want her. Stella would be there—sure she would! But she, Delilah Owen, was not going—not with Stewart.

"Why should I go?" she asked petulantly.

"There's your ladies' badge to the club inclosure, Lilah," and he threw on the dresser the neat badge with a ticket attached for each day; a pretty thing with its gold cord to fasten it to a button.

"The club inclosure!" she sneered. "Who'll know me? I don't lend them a thousand at a crack. The high-toned dames'll swarm that grass lawn you talk about, and they'll give me the highbrow once-over. No, I won't go! I'm as good as they are if I stick right here and pay my way. Get me?"

"That's the way they breed 'em in the West, girlie. I don't know any of these dames or I'd introduce you."

"No, Tootie, they're too old and too fat for you."

And until Stewart had finished his sartorial endeavor the mental fencing continued. At the end he said:

"I've got to pull my freight, girl, if you won't go. It's quarter to two, and the first race is two-thirty. I've got to get down a little early, 'cause if Jack Andrews finds out something we're goin' to reap the sheaves on Drummer. There's a horse in the race—Condor—that's got Jack shiverin', 'cause he can beat Drummer, beat him to a fade-away. That's why I'm in a hurry."

"What time does the race start?"

"Oh, it's the fourth." Stewart spread a paper on the writing desk and consulted it. "Yes, there it is—Condor and Drummer in the fourth race. There's others in it that the suckers'll pile their good dollars into the machines on, but the race is between 'em two. We can't find out anything about him. He's dead to the world about nine times out of ten, but when he wakes up he comes home with the bacon—just breezes in. Jack thinks the telegram is ——"

Owen had been pulling a tight collar to connect with the button as he spasmodically spluttered this out—let it slip. Startled, he gasped, cursed the collar and went red in the face.

"What telegram, Tootie?" Delilah asked innocently.

"Why—why, Andrews got a wire about a horse, but he can't make it out, 'cause it's in code," he lied cheerfully.

"You mean, Stewart, that Condor can beat Drummer if the owner tries to win?"

"Sure he can, see?" and Owen took a big roll of yellow-backed bills from the dresser. "Here's five thou I was goin' to bet on Drummer, but not—not now. If we knew what that crooked gang was goin' to do I'd be on velvet; if they were out to win I'd bet it on Condor, and if they were just breezin' to-day I'd put it down on Drummer. Then if I won wifie'd get that sable coat without waitin' for the mine option," and he took a little pinch at Delilah's shapely chin.

He would have kissed her, but she drew back, saying, "Hand that in with the sables, Tootie."

"You'll get 'em, Lilah. Here"—he divided the bills—"here's two thousand bucks that I want you to put in the hotel vault. I won't bet more'n about two hundred on Drummer unless Jack finds out that Condor's not tryin'. Well, good-by, girl. Sorry you're not comin'," and he slipped through the door.

When the echo of Owen's springy footstep died away down the hall the mask of pleasant acquiescence Delilah had worn fell away. Hers was one of those finely chiseled faces that when unlighted by pleasant sensations becomes intensely hard, cruel. Her voice, too, even in the low tone of her audible self-communication, was rasping.

"'Come to the races, Lilah,'" she sneered. "With an ace up his sleeve! He's as shallow as a fry pan with the bottom warped up. And vain? Oh, Lord; it's a wonder he doesn't wear corsets!"

She put the two thousand dollars in her hand bag and placed it on the dressing table, saying mockingly, "'Attend to this business for me, girl, I'm going down to meet Stella.'"

Her eye caught sight of Stewart's discarded suit lying in a crumpled heap on the bed. "'And valet me, wifie. Hang up my clothes!'"

She swept coat, vest and trousers into a ball and threw them toward the open door of the clothes closet. The throw wasn't exactly a Christy Mathewson over-the-plate heave. The trousers gyrated like the arms of a windmill, and as the coat sailed through the air upside down a leather letter purse fell from an inside pocket. She played Rugby with the clothes, booting them into the closet, and picked up the letter case.

Even under normal conditions Delilah would have investigated its contents, but since the Stella telegram she was letting no chance for information go by. The leather case contained a small blue print of a mine location and two unopened letters addressed to Mr. Stewart Owen. The first one she opened contained a letter from a man and Owen's I O U for four hundred dollars, written across its face the word "Paid." When she opened the second letter her figure went rigid. The first word that caught her eye was "Stella."

"Stella, eh? Stella! Hubby seems to have this skirt-chasing game down to a fine art." Then she read the missive.

She finally took a seat at the writing table, and with the letter and its contents in front of her busied herself with pencil and paper. She looked at the date. Evidently Owen had carried the letter around for two days, too unmethodical, too unbusinesslike to open it. But he was like that. In the West she had found letters that had lain around his room for two and three weeks at a time unopened.

At last Delilah seemed satisfied with her notes and her investigation. She looked at

(Continued on Page 48)

Roof of Johns Manville Asbestos Shingles

Ancient cliff dwelling in Frijoles Canyon, New Mexico

THIS picture plea is mute advice to all who are considering the question "What roofing?" Two habitations: one, centuries old, preserved by its stone roof; the other a modern dwelling, yours, let's say, also protected by a stone roof—Johns-Manville Asbestos in one of its many forms.

Both have stone roofs—

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NOTHING has come down to us from the early inhabitants of America except the cliff-side apartments in which they lived. These have endured through cycles of time, only because they were fashioned from stone.

It is natural, then, that we moderns, in searching for a durable roofing material, should look among the rock-formations of the Earth. But where was a rock so hard as to be durable and yet so pliant that it could be made into flexible rolls of roofing for the buildings of today? The answer was found in Nature's paradox—asbestos rock. A natural mineral, taken from the mine as hard, stony nuggets, each one a sheaf of millions of fibres—silken and pliant.

These asbestos fibres are felted together, waterproofed with asphalt and made into Johns-Manville Asbestos Roofing; or in the case of shingles, the asbestos fibres, combined with cement under tremendous hydraulic pressure, become beautiful, fireproof, stone shingles of permanence.

Of course Asbestos Roofing is fire-safe, either in shingle or roll form. That is the first thing everybody thinks of in connection with Asbestos Roofing. But it has other properties just as important. Because it is all-mineral, it is absolutely immune to rot, drying out or decomposition. It is not bothered by weather, time or fire.

Yet, with all these qualities that go to make a perfect roofing—it is economical. Because of its long life, without need for frequent attention, and because it needs neither painting nor coating to protect it from the elements, its first cost is practically the only cost.

The unique character of Asbestos Roofing is not its fire-safety, nor its durability, weather resistance nor permanence; the point to remember is that not one but all these qualities are combined in this one roofing.

Johns-Manville Asbestos Roofings are given highest ratings by the Underwriters' Laboratories, Inc.

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JOHNS-MANVILLE
Asbestos Roofing

(Continued from Page 46)

her watch—it was two-thirty. There was no hurry. She would play cat and mouse with this *coup d'état* and settle the Stella account at the psychological moment. She placed the letter and her notes in her hand bag beside the crisp, opulent hundred-dollar bills, and purring, humming a negro ditty, leisurely incased her slim figure in a tailored suit of gentle gray. Delilah was strong on hats, and now she asked the mirror its opinion on half a dozen creations, finally yielding to the glamour of a wide-brimmed Parisian Gainsborough. It was simple, the sweeping lines and a rich plume giving it artistic grace, beneath which her olive face, half hidden, was fascinating.

Delilah was in high humor. She carried the exultant flush of victory. She addressed the groggy photo on the dresser. "How do you like me, Toots? How do I stack up against Stella? And to-morrow little wife gets that sable—eh, Tootie?—and Stella pays the bill. Now I'm ready; now I'm coming to join the party at the races." Below she secured a taxi, telling the chauffeur to drive to the club entrance of the Grapevine race course. When Lilah passed through the gates to the club lawn she was almost swept off her feet by a stream of people hurrying from the betting room. The third race was on, the horses were going out.

The lawn was thronged with beautifully gowned women and men dressed in good taste. Opening day at the Grapevine course was a society function. As Delilah bought a program at a booth the man, in answer to her question, said the third race was about on—two had been run.

She mounted five steps of the stand, and leaning against a handrail swept the lawn with her dark eyes, looking for Owen—and incidentally Stella. Once she fancied she caught sight of him as the crowd surged back and forth as the race was being run, but the next instant he was swallowed up in the human maelstrom.

She sat down on the step—she was less conspicuous now. But still she could feel eyes on her—men's eyes. But she was not there to flirt. Her engagement, the engagement of her intellect, was with Tootie and his Stella.

Presently across the course the jockey board swept upward, on its top, "Fourth Race." That was the Condor-Drummer race.

Delilah consulted her program. Yes, there they were. No. 1—that was opposite Drummer's name on the program, and Kelly was the rider. No. 2—that was May Fly. So the numbers went on down to 7, opposite which on the program was Condor, and on the board the jockey's name, Binkle.

This settled, she put the program in her hand bag and brought her eyes back to the gay throng that paraded up and down, up and down the greensward. Some were seated on benches out at the front of the lawn, the ladies' parasols, crimson and green and blue and black, making it like a picture of fairyland. Everybody was smiling, everybody was chattering.

A tall, soldierly man, looking very proper in his cutaway morning coat, was the center of a group of ladies, in his hand a silk hat out of which each lady picked a little folded paper with a horse's number on it—it was a two-dollar pool. There was an almost continuous stream of men passing with hurried footsteps to the paddock and to the betting machines—the iron men, as they were called.

Down in the paddock Delilah could see the race horses, eight of them, being led round in a circle within a railed inclosure. But Stewart Owen was not in sight. She had failed to catch another glimpse of him. Probably he was down in the paddock at Drummer's stall consulting with Jack Andrews.

Presently, with a little clutch at her hand bag that suggested a sudden determination, Delilah passed down the steps, and following the men she saw hurrying along with money in their hands was led into a room below the grand stand, at one end of which were several railed-off passageways leading up to the issuers of betting tickets. Each passage already held a line of eager investors.

Delilah ran her eye rapidly over the wickets and took her place in the queue leading up to the twenty-dollar tickets. When by attrition she had landed at the wicket she passed through twenty one-hundred dollar bills, saying quietly, "A hundred tickets on Condor."

The rotund little man behind the wicket gasped. He took a startled look at the beautiful Spanish face of Delilah, then counted the bills rapidly and passed her out one hundred little bits of pasteboard bearing in many places and many designs the number 673. Deliberately Delilah looked at the number in front of Condor's name on her program. Yes, it was 673.

As she turned away those who had waited in the line just behind followed her with their eyes. One portly gentleman pursed up his lips and whistled, "Phew! Some bet honey girl put down!" A little sharp-featured man behind him said in a low tone: "That settles it for me! That's the owner's money—that's a commission—and when the money's down Condor always wins. I'm goin' to switch. My twenty bucks goes on Condor. He'll be ten to one!"

"Not with that two thousand bet on him out of one hand," the stout man objected. "It'll cut his odds to sixes."

When Delilah made her way back to the stand the steps were crowded, but out in front was a bench quite empty. As she sat there tapping the toe of her shapely boot with her parasol a casual observer would have thought her a very pretty woman more interested in the superlative set of her exquisitely tailored suit than in the great game of flying steeds. Over the heads of the men grouped in the paddock she could see gay-colored caps like a detached brilliant ribbon floating toward the course. The horses were going out.

With her husband, Delilah had seen considerable racing, and as Drummer passed with his long sweeping walk, turning his big honest eyes toward the thronged stand, the jockey and his saddle almost filling the space between the high withers and powerful long quarters, she knew that Condor would have to fight a stout-hearted battle or Tootie's two thousand dollars would never return.

There was a little shrug of her lithe shoulders, a cynical chuckle as she whispered, "If you win, Drummer, Tootie is fined two thousand for flirting with Stella. Some fine, boy, but it's coming to him!"

From Drummer her eyes bridged the other horses and landed on the one with the number 7 on the saddlecloth—that was Condor. A twitch of apprehension tickled her nerves, for Condor had no pronounced lines except angularity. He must have been seventeen hands high; his neck was long, its length accentuating its leanness; the head was just a matter of bone and skin. But the legs—the forearm—it was the forearm of a tiger, so big and hard-muscled—fiber, steel sinew, bulging. Peeping below the saddlecloth and back of it, almost flat against the stifle, were ribs, barrel staves—she could count them. And the thighs, long, let down until the cannon bones seemed ridiculously short, were like the forearms—gigantic; the hoofs big and round as saucers.

Perhaps because Delilah was a woman this suggestion of strength was comforting. This bizarre structure was somewhat in keeping with what Stewart had said—"If Condor is trying it's all off—nothing can beat him."

Granted that Drummer was what he looked and what Owen said he was, a brave, good horse with plenty of speed, the

(Concluded on Page 50)

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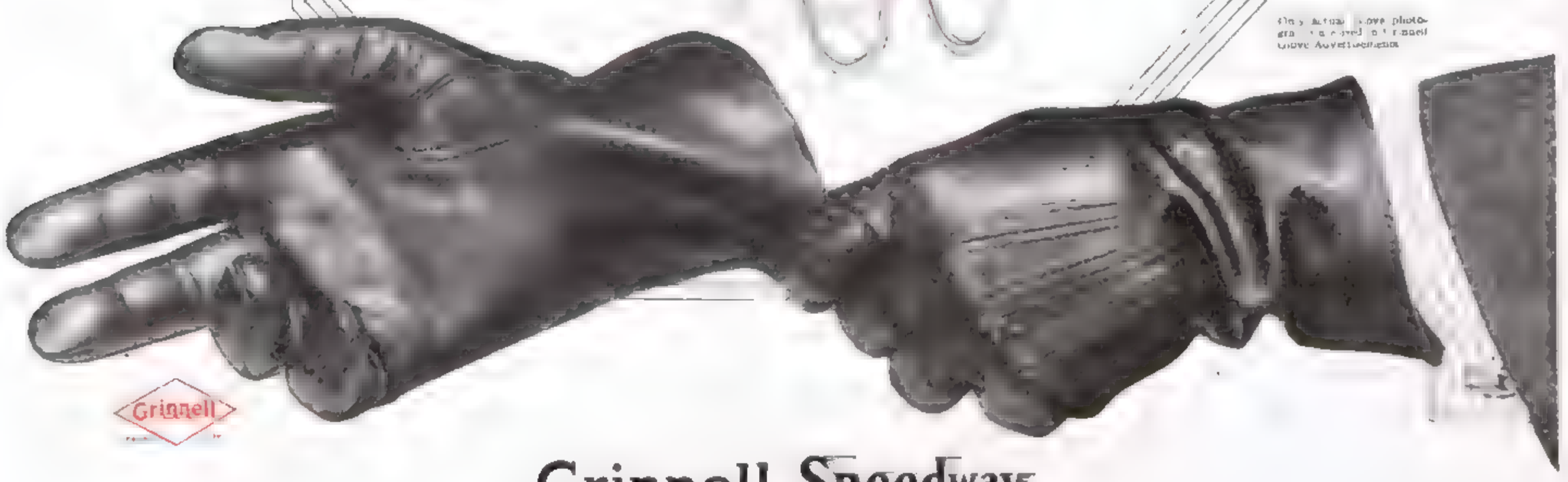

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Name

Present Position

Address

(Concluded from Page 48)

one to beat him must be abnormal. There was no question about Condor's abnormality.

Two men eased their saunter just behind Delilah. She heard one say:

"By gad, Jim! Look at that giraffe—that's Condor, the horse you made me put a ten-spot on. Just look at him! He's not a race horse—he's been yanked out of a fire reel. I'll sell my ticket right now for two bones. Wish I'd gone down to the paddock before I bet."

They moved away.

But in spite of this a sense of satisfaction possessed Delilah. All the long train of static happenings had guided her to just where she was, sitting there with two thousand dollars of Stewart's money on that creature that looked like a gigantic greyhound. If the horse won she'd have to take the money home in Tootie's coat pockets—if she could find him. If Condor lost Tootie could debit his Stellas with the amount.

A hand was laid on Delilah's shoulder. Turning her head she saw Owen and, just behind him, Jack Andrews.

Perhaps because Andrews was so close Owen simply said: "Glad you changed your mind, Lilah, and came down. Let's stand up on this bench and watch the race. They'll be off in a minute—they're at the barrier now."

It was a mile race, once around the course, and the barrier was just to the left, beyond the judges' stand.

"I'm watchin' Binkle," Andrews said. "I guess the monkey's tryin' to get away—there!"

It was Binkle's eagerness that had shot the camel-necked Condor through the webbing.

The other horses wheeled and went back twenty yards, while the assistant starter picked up the disrupted web and ran across the track to replace it. The starter, angered, pointed his finger at Binkle and bellowed a reprimand.

"Do that again and you're fined fifty! Go back, go back!"

"If Condor wins," Owen remarked, "he'll be ten to one."

Delilah's black eyes dilated.

"Twenty thousand dollars!" she thought exultantly.

"No, he won't!" the patriarch declared emphatically. "I heerd somethin' just five minutes ago I don't like none too well. Cooper told me that Bull Connors see a two-thousand-dollar commission placed on him, an' they was smooth over it too. A flashy-lookin' dame—looked like some big bettin' man's wife—coolly slipped the two thou through the wicket under Bull's nose."

"Then the owner's backin' him?" Stewart asked.

"Nary a back—not here, to cut their odds. There's been a leak. It might be a put-away—that the information was sent out on purpose to make it look as though he was backed an' they don't mean to win."

This time Delilah felt more apprehension than exultation.

Owen turned to her.

"See, wifie, that's what we're up against. Mr. Andrews wouldn't let me bet more than two hundred on Drummer, and I meant to bet five thousand."

The web, a slender stringer, was now taut again. The starter was bellowing, "Come on, you boys! Move up there, Kelly, with that horse!"

The little mare, May Fly, excitable, temperamental, was circling like a dancing dervish, the assistant starter clinging to her bit ring, while behind, the third man, with his bull whip, was snapping at her quarters.

Suddenly, so quick that it was like a trick with cards, May Fly straightened, with her nose almost touching the barrier. The assistant starter released his hold of the bit, there was a clang of metal in the starter's stand, the web shot out of view and the eight thoroughbreds sprang forward like unleashed hounds.

The whole stand, with its applauding thousands, vibrated with a muffled roar, and from the course came the heavy drum of pounding hoofs.

Like a frightened rabbit, or rather like a whippet, the little bay mare, May Fly, shot to the front, and at the first turn lay flat and smooth against the rail. At her quarter, hugging close, bobbed up and down the lean, ugly head of Condor. As they swung around the turn the boy on Drummer took him back out of the fierce wrangle of struggling horses he was in and laid him against the rail, two lengths behind the flying mare.

"We got the wust of the start," Andrews muttered. "But the boy did a wise thing, 'cause the ol' hawse ain't no quick breaker. He'll hang right there an' none of the others'll cut him off. He'll beat the little mare. There ain't nothin' to it—he'll outstay her. An' Condor's got to run on the outside all the time now till the mare quits. He'll travel twenty yards furder'n Drummer."

Down the back stretch the three-cornered struggle swept on. The mare was a length in front of Condor; and lapped on the big horse, half a length back, glued to the rail, was the chestnut, Drummer.

"Kelly's a purty brainy little cuss," Andrews muttered from beneath his focused glasses. "He's lettin' Drummer keep a little closer to the pace than general, but he don't mean to lose that rail position. I told him not to mind the little mare, he could beat her in the stretch; but he don't calc'late to let Condor slip in ahead of him when May Fly gives up, which will be about when they swing into the stretch. See him gettin' ready?"

At the first turn at the lower end of the oval the boy on Condor let out a wrap. The big dun-colored horse lengthened his stride till his nose was lapped on the mare's quarter. But the chestnut, too, had crept up. His lean, outstretched head was at Condor's girth.

"Well done, son!" Andrews muttered. "That giraffe'll never get the easy berth, an' if the mare don't swing too wide he'll be blocked. If Drummer can hold him even to the last sixteenth he'll beat him home sure."

Looking down the course they saw the splash of red and green and black and gold of jockeys' jackets swing into the long home stretch as if the three leaders were flat abreast. The bay mare had swung a trifle wide—they could barely see Condor for her form. And running so close to the rail that it appeared as if the jockey's leg must be crushed was Drummer.

"Here's where the race is settled between 'em two," Andrews muttered.

And still the little mare, now tiring, bore out instead of coming straight.

"Condor's done!" Stewart cried exultantly. "He's beat!"

For the big dun-colored horse had dropped back—even there they could see it. Then his weird head showed inside of the bay mare, clear of her; and a length, perhaps two lengths, behind the chestnut, Drummer, that was still galloping with that tireless stride, the jockey low crouched and quiet as a sleeping bird.

"My ol' hawse'll win—he can outstay that camel!" Andrews declared. Then he gave a sharp "Ah, quit it!"

For suddenly the green jacket atop Drummer lifted more into view, the green arms were shaking the chestnut up; and behind, the giant Condor, with mighty strides, was coming like a whirlwind.

"Come on, Condor! Oh, Condor, Condor!"

Owen turned his eyes on Delilah's face. "What's got you, girl?" he asked. "I'm backin' Drummer!"

He might as well have expostulated with the parasol. Her strong hands were clenched, her black eyes had gone amber, her breast was beating at her bodice like a bird beats at the wires of a cage.

Gone was all that Indian stoicism, broken, smashed; she was elemental; she, Delilah, her wishes, the sable coat, more diamonds—all were embodied in that cry, "Condor! Condor!"

As if the giant horse heard her, as if mental static pulled him forward, he gained inch by inch. It was the stride, the terrible long stretching of those powerful limbs; and the boy, who knew him so well, sitting there apelike, just steadying him, just steadying him.

The stand held a roar as though it were a cage where tigers battled. On the lawn men jumped up and down like monkeys, trying to see the combat over the heads of the mass that lined the rail. Some ran and clutching at perfect strangers pulled themselves to a standing position on the benches. The air vibrated with tempestuousness, with cries of "Drummer!" "Condor!" "Come on, you boy!"

Once Andrews muttered, "It's anybody's race! Drummer'll hold him! Stick, boy, stick—that's his final rush! Stick to him, boy!"

"Condor's got him, uncle!" Stewart groaned.

"Not till the finish, son! Drummer'll come again!"

For the big dun-colored horse was surely in the lead.

Then voices were screaming, "Drummer's beat! The outsider wins!"

"Condor wins—wins—wins!" Delilah was almost sobbing.

"Well, I'm damned!" Owen cried in disgust. "Have you gone off your nut, girl?"

"No, he don't not yet, not yet!" Andrews muttered. "Not yet!"

The "not yet" was drawn out into an optimistic cadence as the stout-hearted chestnut responded to one sweep of the green arm, one sting of the whip on his ribs. Half a length, a foot, now his head bobbed at the dun-colored quarter—but look! The giant horse leaned toward the rail as he raced.

"Pinched off, damn him!" growled Andrews.

The next instant they were galloping proppingly opposite where the three stood on the bench, pulling up.

Across the course the numbers were dropped into the little square—7, 1, 6.

Condor had won.

"You'll object, won't you, Andrews? Condor fouled Drummer—cut him off," Owen said.

"What's the use? I guess the best hawse won—he was in the lead. The judges'll figger it that way. No, I like to win by bein' fust past the post. Kickin' don't get you nowheres."

The lawn had turned into a playground for a disrupted hill of ants. Men cantered here and there, turned, twisted and ran back again; women tore up betting tickets and threw them on the grass; a florid woman with face wreathed in a triumphant smile clutched at an acquaintance crying: "I had Condor—two dollars on his nose! I'm going to buy a hat with the money!"

Stewart held out his hand to the patriarch

"Uncle, I've got to hand it to you. Your hunch saved me five thousand bucks."

"I was a le-e-tle afraid," Andrews answered. "I guess Drummer feels wuss 'bout it than I do. He most hates to get beat, that hawse does."

Owen turned to Delilah.

"You're a funny kid," he said. "Did you forget I was bettin' on Drummer when you was rootin' for Condor?"

Before she could answer across the track a red board carrying the word "Official" was placed below the numbers of the three horses

Delilah ignored Stewart's reprimand, and presently Andrews was saying, "There go the odds. Condor pays six-forty to one"

Delilah opened her bag and taking out a sheaf of cardboard tickets handed them to Owen, saying, "Cash these for me, Tootie dear. I had two thousand on Condor."

A hundred below zero could not have frozen the two men stiffer than Delilah's quiet announcement did John Andrews and Stewart Owen. The old man looked at her out of blue-glazed eyes; a big hand held his gray goatlike beard in a lingering grasp as though he clung to a rope. And he had alluded to her as a flashy-dressed dame!

Stewart opened his mouth and closed it. He looked at the tickets—all he could hold in his big hand—673—yes, that was Condor's betting number, and "$20" was printed on each ticket.

"Great Scott, girl!" Owen gasped. "You win twelve thousand eight hundred! Where'd you get the tip?"

Delilah handed him the copy of the Stella telegram, and attached to it was its code meaning worked out:

Condor in fourth race Saturday to win. Sure thing.
NEVADA.

Then she passed him the letter that had lain sealed in his pocket. He read:

Dear Friend: I ain't forgot. I said I'd make good. There's a big commission here for a horse Saturday. I inclose code, and will send you wire when I know it's all right Friday, so's you can bet it away from the track. Don't get put off this—it's all in. Yours truly,
JACK FLANNIGAN.

"Where'd you get this, girl?" Owen asked in a tired voice.

"It fell out of your pocket after you'd come to the races."

"Why didn't you find me and tell me?"

"Because I saw you at the station to meet Stella."

What about *your* Ceilings?

MOST ROOMS in your house should have *some* Flat-Tone. Even where you prefer papered walls, you need Flat-Tone on the ceiling. There are several reasons.

First, it *protects* the surface. It largely prevents the alternate absorption of moisture and drying out, which causes unsightly cracks and seams.

Second, it makes the most *sanitary* surface, dust free and germ proof. You can easily clean floors but not ceilings; so, apply a surface which keeps itself clean.

The third advantage is in *light*. All light should come from above to relieve eye-strain and give natural illumination. White Flat-Tone has greater light diffusing power than any other wall covering. This saves lighting cost, makes brighter, more cheerful rooms, and contributes to greater physical comfort.

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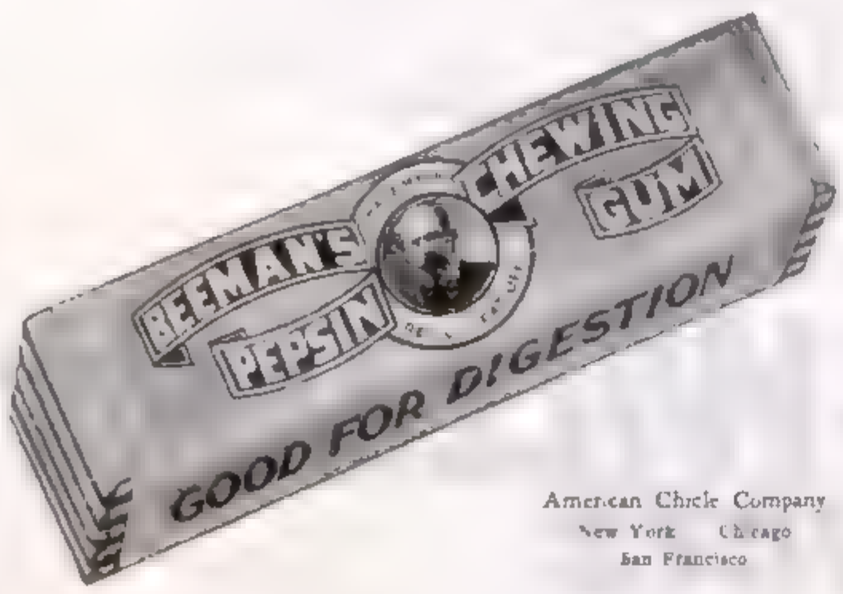
ORIGINAL PEPSIN CHEWING GUM

Be an Optimist

It may be difficult to exactly define an optimist, but it is certain that he is the man who has the right of way.

If you have found your optimism diminishing you have found at the same time your efficiency decreasing, and that means that it is time to take an inventory of yourself.

If you will eat more slowly, masticate your food thoroughly, chew Beeman's Original Pepsin Gum ten minutes after each meal, you will note an improvement in your digestion and a return to an optimistic frame of mind.



American Chicle Company
New York Chicago
San Francisco

WHY I AM A PROGRESSIVE

(Continued from Page 4)

brought home her virtue and some pious maxims wrapped up in the covenant of the League of Nations.

But the new heaven and the new earth had gone. European greed had disillusioned us. Suddenly America became as materialistic as Europe. Our circular insanity ran from zenith to nadir. Our faith became a sneer; our generosity waxed into greed; our credulity was transmuted into a persecutions delusion; we thought the whole world was trying to gouge us. Our brotherhood, so warmly glowing between the classes who toil and those who work, soured overnight. "Hunt 'em out, stand 'em up and shoot 'em down!" and "Down with the rich" might well have been the national slogans of our warring classes. And the word "classes" began to mean something for the first time in America. A grand awakening, that, from our lofty dream of 1917!

It is into this mad world of hate and violence that the mild-mannered progressive comes eagerly and innocently like the idiot in the Tavern, asking "What's all the shootin' about? Why are all the strangers in the inn? What kind of a night is this?"

The path of plain duty before the progressive of to-day is not blazed. He is in the midst of a wilderness: a wilderness of down timber of the old world and undergrowth of the new. The new heaven is gone; but this is the new earth with a vengeance! It is hard to realize how completely the old order has changed; yet the signs are everywhere. Of course politics drones on and creaks in its accustomed round. Business is going back to its prewar status.

If one's life has no horizons but politics and business—and their inter-relations—one would say, "Here, by God's grace, is the clock turned back to McKinley's day; Harding's in the White House, all's right with the world!" And it is, for the most part, all right with that world.

A Shimmering Utopia

Would you see the signs of another world, stroll around to the first building project in the residential part of your town. Before it are two or three automobiles. They are 1918 models mostly. They belong to carpenters, plasterers, painters or plumbers; not superintendents, but workmen.

Get into the automobiles at five o'clock and ride home with their owners. If the building project is not in New York or Philadelphia or Boston or Chicago or in the congested district around the great seaports, the automobile will head straight for some suburb. Here are bungalows, thousands of acres of bungalows; all with wide shady eaves, cozy front porches, gay green grass plots, a squirting garden hose, a garage in the rear down a trim cement drive; and inside everything advertised in the great popular magazines—phonographs, tooth paste, smart plumbing, festive electric fixtures, art squares, player pianos and sets of books; all bargains, and probably all cheap, but all clanging with revolution—social revolution! The toilers are becoming workers, and have risen from the muck of the labor market of yesterday—a market as dead as the slave market of the mid-nineteenth century—into the ranks of the middle class.

The backwash of the war has swept much that was noble from our war lives, back into the deep—back into our hearts, to remain the shimmering Utopia of another era—everything but the self-respect of the skilled laborer! And that remains. In it is the seed of the new world.

To plant it wisely and plow it well—that is the job of the progressive of to-day. Rather a large order that! The tops of ten years ago—workmen's compensation, the eight-hour day, prohibition of child labor, woman suffrage, the initiative and referendum, guaranteed bank deposits, rate regulation, and all that—still are spinning. They will be kept spinning by those who tried to stop them ten years ago. And the new big top stands ready to go.

The change that came over the industrial worker has also come to the farmer. His automobiles choke Main Street in every town on the continent. And with the farmer's automobile are coming the hard-surfaced road, the village moving-picture show, the rural-delivery box stuffed with daily mail—the home paper, the city paper, the farm paper and the magazine—bringing, with their advertising, divine discontent into the heart of the woman who fifty years ago was a peasant's daughter, and now is president of the county federation of women's clubs!

Here also is the revolutionary seed of self-respect. And those who doubt it, those who feel that the old order is coming back just around the corner, who doubt the permanency of the change, should step into the American college. It is jammed to capacity. The children of the skilled worker and the farmer are crowding into American colleges by tens of thousands. The state universities of the Middle West and the Pacific Coast States register their students by the thousands, and high schools all over America are demanding more buildings. All because the war brought the farmer two-dollar wheat, and the laborer an eight-hour day with a dollar an hour minimum. Prices are going down; the farmer is feeling it temporarily; but wages for the most part remain as they were. The workman will not go back to the tenement. He is in the bungalow and in the middle class to stay.

Who Shall Take the Squeeze?

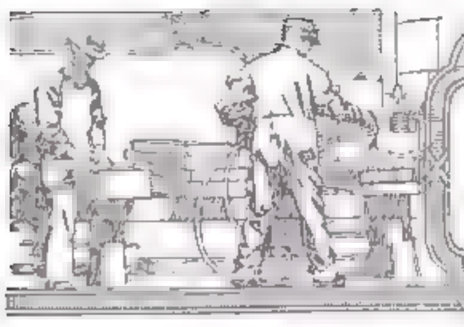
And he and his farmer friend form a problem. The standpatter solves no problems. He forgets as fast as he learns. And curiously enough, the problem may not be political at all. Indeed the American people aren't looking to politics as earnestly now for the solution of their problems as they looked ten years ago. The farce of party government as it was manifest in the two major party conventions last year was amusing, but not encouraging to those who pin their hopes upon parliamentary government. The rise of extraconstitutional organizations in which the public opinion of groups is expressed is a significant thing in the America of the moment. The chambers of commerce, local, state and national; the women's organizations—clubs, federated city, state and national; the Rotarians; the labor unions, city, state and nationally federated; the farm bureau and its agricultural allies—these bodies and similar groups of men and women, some local, some regional, others national—are much more accurate in expressing public opinion of their groups than Congress is. If once these groups join—as they are beginning to federate in towns and cities—an institution will form outside of government which will carry with it great powers. Possibly to some such functioning nonpolitical organization the problems of the day will come. The traditions of high-caste politics—the sort of politics that functioned in the two national conventions of 1920—hamper free action in legislative and executive circles and in courts. But men and women in their own trade councils—bankers, miners, employers, clubwomen, railway trainmen—are not hampered by precedents and customs, and with their agreements as strong as laws, it is possible that the progressive of to-day may ignore politics entirely and go to the solution of the big modern problems through those freer organizations of public opinion.

Legislatures, executives and courts may then be free to whittle away on tariffs, foreign relations, taxes, rivers and harbors, and investigations into the palpable misconduct of their immediate predecessors forever!

The problem before America to-day, rising above every other, as the progressive sees it, is the industrial problem. It is social and economic. In simple terms it is this. First, keep wages at a point where the American workman may maintain himself at a living standard which makes for self-respect and independence; and, secondly, bringing down the price of the things produced by American labor to a level where the average citizen, which must include the laborer himself, can enjoy them. With the farmer the condition reverses itself; he must have a price high enough to leave him a margin of profit great enough to permit him also to live upon the higher economic level.

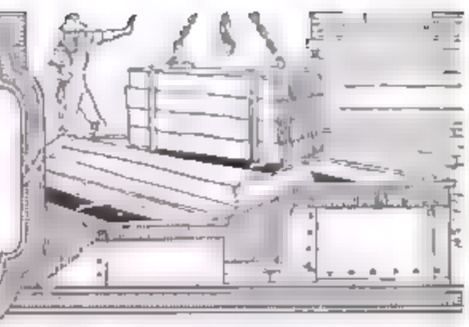
These social needs—the need of self-respect in the growing middle class—call for a squeeze somewhere. Who shall take it? To try to force the laborer and the farmer back to prewar conditions will be dangerous; to take their sons and daughters out

(Concluded on Page 54)



WOOD PRESERVATION

A timely talk of interest to all users of structural wood



PUBLISHED BY US EVERY FEW WEEKS IN THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Congressman B. H. Snell, of New York, urges prompt action to save the Nation's forest resources

One of the most comprehensive programs for timber conservation yet presented is outlined in the Snell Bill, now pending in Congress. The author of this bill says:

© Harris & Ewing
Hon. B. H. Snell

"For more than twenty years the people of this country have realized that one of our greatest sources of national wealth—the nation's forests—were fast disappearing. But not until recently, when the beginning of the end appeared in sight, have we waked up to the fact that something definite must be done in the way of improved lumbering operations, better forest management, reforestation, and proper preservative treatment of manufactured lumber, if we are going to perpetuate an adequate lumber supply for the future needs of the country.

"This is not a matter which concerns some particular section or special class only. It is of vital importance to every section and every industry. It affects the farmer in the rural districts, and especially it affects the taxable assets of the country. The future cost and supply of forest products are of interest to every citizen."

Lumber Famine Imminent

A lumber famine will be upon the nation within fifty years unless a national program of conservation is undertaken at once. The bill introduced in the House of Representatives by Congressman Snell, of New York (House Bill No. 15327), outlines such a program. It provides for reforestation, protection against forest fires, scientific lumbering, the economical use of forest products and continued research into wood preservation. *Of these none is more important than wood preservation.*

Surface treatments (two or more brush coats of Carbosota) at points of contact

For if the great mass of lumber users were to employ simple preservative treatments with Carbosota Liquid Creosote Oil, conservation would become a fact now, substantially increasing our timber resources during the next decade.

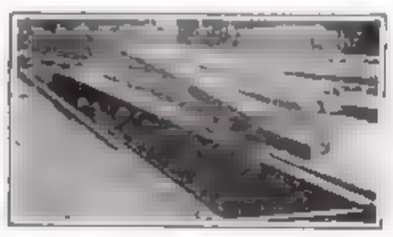
Wood Preservation Simplified

Carbosota has brought wood preservation within easy reach of every lumber user, making it a simple home task, that can readily be performed by himself, right on his own premises.

Its outstanding feature is its adaptability to non-pressure methods of application. It is pure coal-tar creosote oil, specially refined to permit effective use in non-pressure treatments.

Surface treatments—dipping the wood or applying Carbosota with an ordinary paint brush or a compressed air-spray—while less effective are a decided economy and should be employed when the Open Tank process is not available. They increase the life of wood approximately 30%, reduce the frequency and cost of replacements and materially aid the conservation of timber.

The Open Tank treatment consists of submerging the timber alternately in a hot and cold bath (or hot and cooling bath) of Carbosota. Properly applied, and when the wood is not subjected to severe mechanical abrasion, this treatment doubles —often trebles—the life of lumber.



Open tank process carbosoting plant for heavy timbers (hot and cooling treatment).

The saving from preservative treatments varies, of course, with the species of wood, its condition when treated, and the location and character of construction. To insure maximum benefits to Carbosota users, this Company maintains a free technical service. Advice and assistance may be obtained without charge by addressing our nearest branch.

Why Non-Pressure Treatments

"Pressure" treated timber—where the preservative is injected into the wood under artificial pressure—is produced by private and commercial timber preserving plants whose output is not now available to the average small consumer. In 1919 less than 1% of the structural timber consumed was treated by pressure processes and of this but a very small fraction was available to the general public who use in the aggregate more than 50% of the annual production of structural wood.

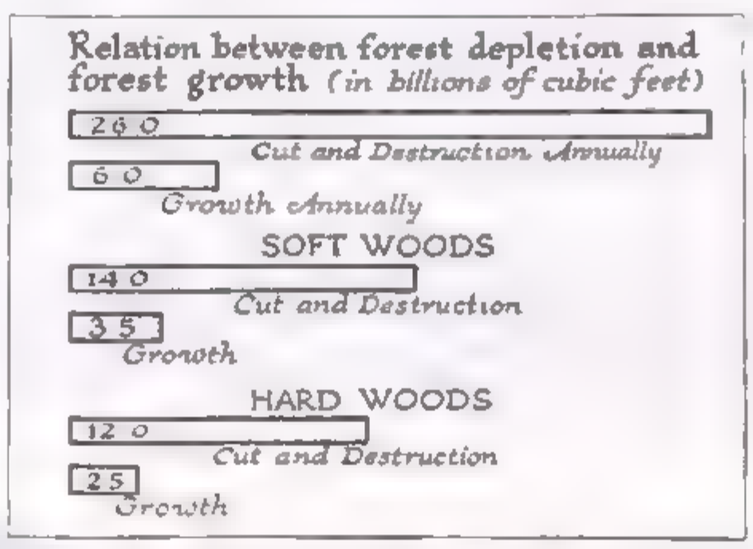


Diagram reproduced from Forest Service report of June 1st, 1920, on "Timber Depletion, Lumber Prices, Lumber Exports," etc.

Farmer's home-made Open Tank process plant for carbosoting posts of non-durable species (hot and cold treatment).

From this it is apparent that the economy of wood preservation can be realized—that the present tremendous waste from preventable decay can be checked—*but only* through the popularization and widespread practice of available and convenient methods of creosoting such as non-pressure treatments with Carbosota Liquid Creosote Oil.

Where to use Carbosota

Among the many instances where Carbosota treatment pays big dividends on the small outlay required for equipment, material and labor, are:

Industrial Construction—Factories and mills, particularly the roof-decks, sub-floors, etc., of textile, paper and other mills where humid conditions prevail. (Open Tank Process.)

Railroads—Freight car construction, buildings, and miscellaneous construction along the right of way for which timber treated by pressure processes is not available or not required. Also roof-decks of round houses.

Farms and Plantations—Fence posts, silo staves, and the sills, foundation posts, flooring and shingles of farm buildings. Poultry houses, hog houses, and other animal shelters are made more sanitary as well as more durable.

Mines—Treatment of all mine timbers placed above ground or underground reduces maintenance costs approximately 50%. An Open Tank carbosoting plant should be standard equipment with every mine.

Dealers

Lumber and other dealers, by selling Carbosota not only earn profits, but enable their customers to obtain longer service from timber.

By increasing its durability, Carbosota makes lumber the most economical material for general construction purposes.

Illustrated booklet, "Longer Life for Wood," sent free on request. Please address our nearest office.

Unsanitary lumber shed—avoid loss due to decay and infection of stock by using Carbosota. U. S. Dept. of Agriculture photograph

Put up in 1- and 5-gallon cans, also metal drums and tank cars

What is Carbosota?

Carbosota Liquid Creosote Oil is a highly refined and specially processed Coal-tar Creosote, particularly adapted to Surface treatments (brush treatment or painting, spraying and dipping), and the Open Tank process (hot and cold, or hot and cooling treatment). It conforms to standard specifications.

Barrett

Carbosota

Liquid Creosote Oil

For Preserving Wood

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(Concluded from Page 52)

of college and high school and sell them down the river, to put the laborer back into the tenement of ten years ago, and to put the farmer back into the farm wagon on the mud road—it can't be done.

Yet it must be done if rent, interest and profits are not curtailed, as matters stand to-day.

This is what all the shootin' is about; this is why all the strangers are at the inn; this is the kind of a night it is! And this is why the little old scared common people are afraid to move, for fear of stumbling into plutocracy on the one hand or Bolshevism on the other! This is why progress is paralyzed and the progressive, always an optimist, stands with his feet apart, his hands in his pockets, squinting quizzically at the black place where the sunrise ought to be, wondering where Archimedes hid that lever!

Congress can pass laws on the subject ad lib. without result. It's a human problem. To increase a man's self-respect is the thing needed—to make him an American. Self-respect is the essence of Americanism. Americanism is not his language; not his patriotism. It does not consist in flag waving and the recitation of creeds. An American is a self-respecting citizen who can look every other human creature straight in the eye and tell him where to head in! Nothing less. Indeed it is that sublime impudence glowing in the faces of an American crowd that gives the crowd its character—differing from any other crowd on earth. Good clothes, a decent home, wholesome food, a bit of leisure for the newspaper, the park, the movie and the lodge are necessary for Americanism; these and one thing more—a steady job. Given these things, he sits on the moon; take any of these from him, and he loses his Americanism and develops a servile mind and heart.

The present scale of wages will let him hold his clothes, his home, his food and his leisure; but what about his steady job? That steady job is puzzling the world. It is the theme of bitter discussions in shops, colleges, banks—everywhere.

Fearless Loyalty

Scores, indeed hundreds, of great employers in industry—in the clothing trade, in the farm-machinery trade, in the railway business, in a thousand small industries—have worked out profitable plans to give the workman the American feeling of self-respect. And given that feeling, which is purely social, the economic phase of the problem will be stimulated. For the man with a steady job, the man who has the American self-respect in his heart, likes to function as a man, not as an automaton. The self-respecting man may be depended upon to increase production and thus to an extent lower the price of his article while maintaining his own wage standard. That is to say, simply and in the American language, loyalty pays better than fear as a motive for speeding up production. The fear motive has ruled industry since steam came in and began to frighten the wits out of the workmen, who expected to see one big machine taking away ten, twenty, fifty, one hundred men's jobs! Fear never made an American. Remove fear, and loyalty will come. Loyalty as an industrial motive will help; it may solve the problem. It is worth trying.

And to bring a new spirit into industrial life while helping the farmer out of the morass which disorganized marketing and distributing conditions have brought him—to give the farmer a better price and the consumer a lower price—which is entirely possible with some real attention to the subject—these are the big problems which make life for the progressive worth while. To-day, if the task leads him into politics, he knows the game and can play to win—not offices, not control of the organization, but the end desired, the results demanded. If the task of the progressive takes him out of politics, he is well rid of low company if he can function in the other organs of public opinion that are growing so rapidly in American business and social life.

Platforms, programs, caucuses, primaries, conventions, elections—are means, not ends. What the progressive wants are results. Ten years ago he went gunning for the Republican temple pharisees; he got them, and so the Democratic temple pharisees passed the legislation which the progressive demanded. It made no difference then. It will make no difference in this struggle.

These are the problems as progressives see them; not political progressives. That cult passed when it achieved its aim. The test of a progressive is his interest in getting a broader life for the average man. Conversely, the test of the standpatter—not politically but spiritually—is his feeling that the average man is getting enough or too much as it is. The standpatter's attitude toward industry is that the workman is wearing too many silk shirts, spending too much money for twenty-five-dollar shoes, and slacking on the job, which are more or less facts. The laboring man who has grown up under a two-dollar-a-day scale of living, finding himself getting eight or ten, makes exactly the kind of fool of himself that the seventy-five-dollar-a-month clerk makes when he strikes oil, holds up a jewelry store or makes a fortune in war profits.

The Standpatter

Human nature is the same, but the spirit of joyous abandon soon simmers down in the rich magnate and the poor laborer. Their sons and daughters merge into middle-class thrift and respectability under American public opinion. But the standpatter, seeing the newcomer in the middle class, begrudges him his entrance, begrudges the newcomer his aspirations—everything new. Loyalty to society is a governing motive. It has moved the world forward ever since the fall of feudalism. It is the essence of Christianity, the mainspring of democracy. It controls those who know that they have something worth their loyalty. But fear makes good servants. And good servants, and not good brothers, are what the standpat ideal demands. The fact that his servants may become brothers with a larger share in the gross income of industry, and a voice in the conduct not of business but of the shop, through legalized arbitration, state adjudication, collective bargaining, shop committees or what not, gives him the cold chills. That fact obscures the big truth. Facts always obscure truths in the standpatter's eyes, and the truth obscured by this fact is that a brother will work harder than a servant and is a better man to have around. We fraternize with clerks, bookkeepers, assistants, foremen and superintendents, and take their advice and profit by it. The overall marks the dead line of fraternity. There whatever good will comes is expressed paternally. The progressive would give fellowship; the standpatter would keep the feudal relation; the one fostering self-respect, the other fear!

The fight of the political progressive ten years ago was for what he called social and industrial justice! But, of course, Justice is evanescent; come to where she stood yesterday, and she is on ahead to-morrow; but the pursuit of the hussy is the passion of mankind. It's worth while. And the chase—ah! If the chase is so exciting, so exalting, so stimulating to the heart and mind of man, imagine what joy will be ours in the remote millennium, when we get the dear girl!

Every war brings its terrible reaction. Men cannot devote themselves to murder in wholesale for any purpose, however high, without a moral slump. The slump is the price one pays for the end desired. But the slump comes before the end can be reached. After the American Civil War, American politics touched its low ebb for three decades. The end for which the soldiers died was not manifest for nearly a generation. The slump came in the scandals of reconstruction, in the debauchery of the civil service, in the riot of political and commercial crookedness that demeaned the seventies, eighties, and early nineties. Yet when the nation shook off its swaddling clothes in 1898, the indissoluble union stood revealed, a great and desirable thing. It was worth the cost. To forge a political instrument that dominates a continent, capable of holding in union politically, socially, commercially, spiritually, one hundred million people, and to let their common aspirations be free to grow in other centuries, was God's work. But many old soldiers of the sixties died long years after their work was done, "not having received the promises." To many the nation that stumbled through the seventies and eighties may have seemed unworthy of their sacrifice; but it was only a seeming.

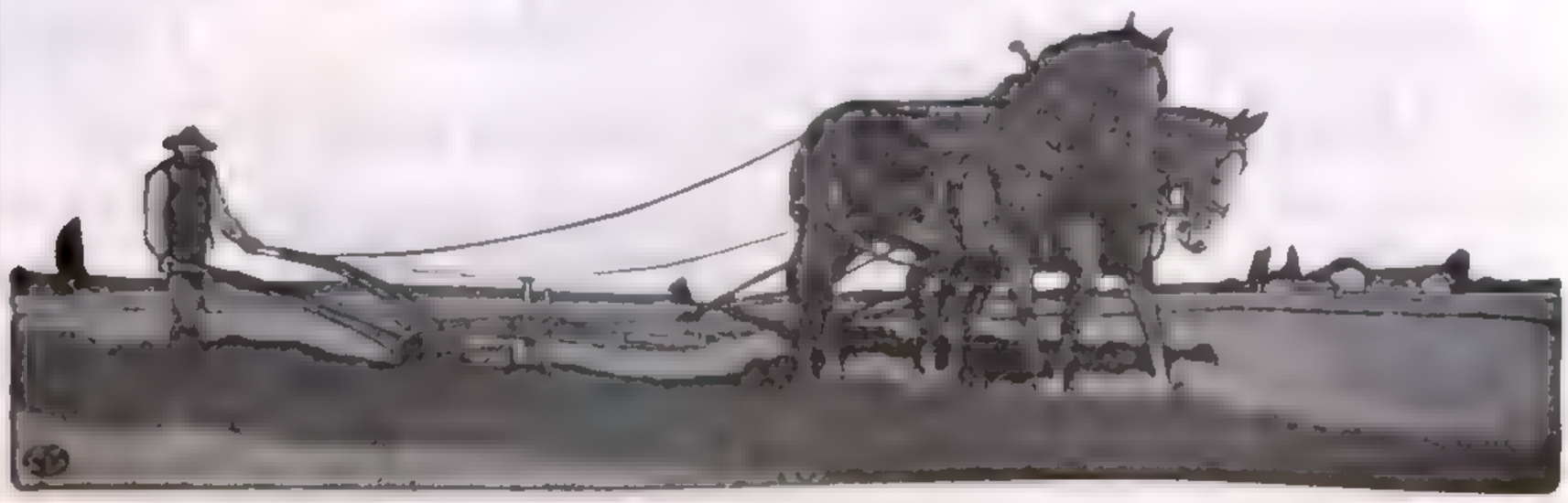
So to-day, after this great World War, in which we promised humanity a new heaven and a new earth, the prospect is low and gloomy. One hundred million people are starving in Europe and Asia, and no one cares much. We are groaning under unthinkable burdens of debt, and no one is talking of removing them. A dozen wars are waging, any one of which may ignite the world, and no one tries to stop them. Hatred and violence are outraging Russia and the Near East. Fear is chattering the teeth of middle-class constituencies all over Christendom, and they are gibbering all sorts of grotesque follies. The world seems damned; Christian civilization seems to be tottering because a human organism erected upon the idea of altruism can no longer function in so cumbrous, far-reaching and complicated a social body. We seem to be facing the decay of Occidental civilization.

Economic Self-Respect

But it's only the mulligrubs! It's the reaction from war. It was a world war and it is a world reaction. But the world will right itself. And if the new era produces nothing more important than self-respect in the hearts of those who do the world's rough work, the new heaven and the new earth will be here; for self-respect was the dynamite that blew the kings out of America in '76. It established political and social equality in the earth. The establishment of industrial and economic self-respect—that also is revolutionary. That was in the big guns that boomed in Flanders! To jiggle down easily, evenly, firmly, the self-respect which the big guns blew into the world, and make the world run smoothly, normally, under the existing political institutions, and to keep civilization a going concern, paying its regular dividends in health, education, probity and eight per cent on the investment, is the job of the progressive.

Wade in, ladies and gentlemen, the water's fine!

Editor's Note—This is the second of two articles. The first, Why I Am a Standpatter, by Jay E. House, appeared in the issue of The Saturday Evening Post of January 22, 1921.



Result of the Valspar Contest for Unusual Uses

THE contest was a great success. A flood of suggestions was received. The members of the Prize Award Committee were kept busy for many days, and after careful deliberation made the awards listed below.

Everyone knows that Valspar is the *absolutely waterproof varnish*—that it is durable, elastic and quick drying. As a sure protective finish for floors, furniture, woodwork, indoors and out—for linoleum, Congoleum and oilcloth—Valspar stands alone. And because it is not affected by hot or cold water, salt spray, greases, oils, gasoline and many acids, Valspar is almost universally accepted as the standard varnish for boats, railroads and airplanes.

And now we want to introduce a few of the interesting new uses brought forth by the contest. Lack of space only prevents our listing them all.

Some of the newly discovered uses

Tents, Awnings and Automobile Tops—Several letters told of experiences to prove that Valspar not only prolongs the life of these articles but makes and keeps them *absolutely* waterproof that rolling or folding will not cause Valspar to crack, check or stick.

Straw Matting and Fibre Rugs—Waterproofs, protects from unraveling, brightens and prolongs their usefulness indefinitely.

For Trunks and Hand Baggage—"Valspar makes them waterproof, weather-proof and wear-resistant."

For Lamp Shades—"Valspar on Parchment, Linen or Voile shades gives the same transparency as glass—heat does not harm it," writes a craftsman from New York City.

For Rubber Boots—"My old rubber boots were made absolutely water-tight with Valspar," reports another Valspar enthusiast.

Valspar for Tree Surgery—One contestant has long used Valspar as a dressing in giving "first-aid" to trees, with absolute success. He also uses Valspar in place of "grafting wax," and states that it makes a perfect "pruning paint."

For Snow Shoes and Skis—A forest ranger from Colorado tells us that Valspar is the only thing he has found that will keep his snow shoes and skis in good condition.

For Insulation—Valsparring *telephone wires* solved the difficulties of a logging company which had a private telephone system. No more trouble from grounded wires in wet weather, was the enthusiastic report.

For Safes—A Valspar enthusiast from Spokane, Washington, has found this waterproof varnish invaluable in making iron safes rust-proof.

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Many Other Uses—The contest brought out the successful use of Valspar on Boots and Shoes, Crutches, Clay Models, Fire Hats, Theatrical Posters, Billboard Signs, Gold Leaf Signs, Baskets, Radio Equipment, Brass Beds, Broom and Brush Handles, Washing Machines, Book Covers, Flower Pots, Mirrors, Watermelons, Pumpkins, Squash, Oil Paintings, Bicycles, Sleds, Electric Motors, Automobile Ignition Wires, Dental Plaster Impressions, Windmills, Bait Casters, Fishing Lines, Snow Plows, Storage Batteries, Store Fronts, Saddlery and Harness, Surveyor's Instruments, Ice Cream Freezers, Musical Instruments, Table Mats, Bowling Pins, Wooden Patterns or Moulds, Surfboards, Cameras, Incubators, Cream Separators, Portable Tent Cots, Camping Equipment, Steel Boats, Horses' Hoofs, Recording Instruments, Toilet Seats, Gasoline Motors, Farming Implements and Machinery, Steam Boilers, Motor Coils and hundreds of other articles.

For all concerned, the Valspar contest was a great success—and we heartily thank all our interested friends.

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Mr Walter Hesse, Ocean Shore Ry Co — San Francisco, Cal

5—TWENTY DOLLAR PRIZES

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Mr. W. S. Naylor, N-411 Helena Street — Spokane, Wash
Mr. Eugene Pearl, 23 Union Square — New York City, N. Y
Mr G. D. Thomas, 452[illegible] — Washington D C
Mr Stuart Graham, Mgr. Aviation Dept., Laurentide Co., Ltd., Grand Mere, P. Q., Can

11—TEN DOLLAR PRIZES

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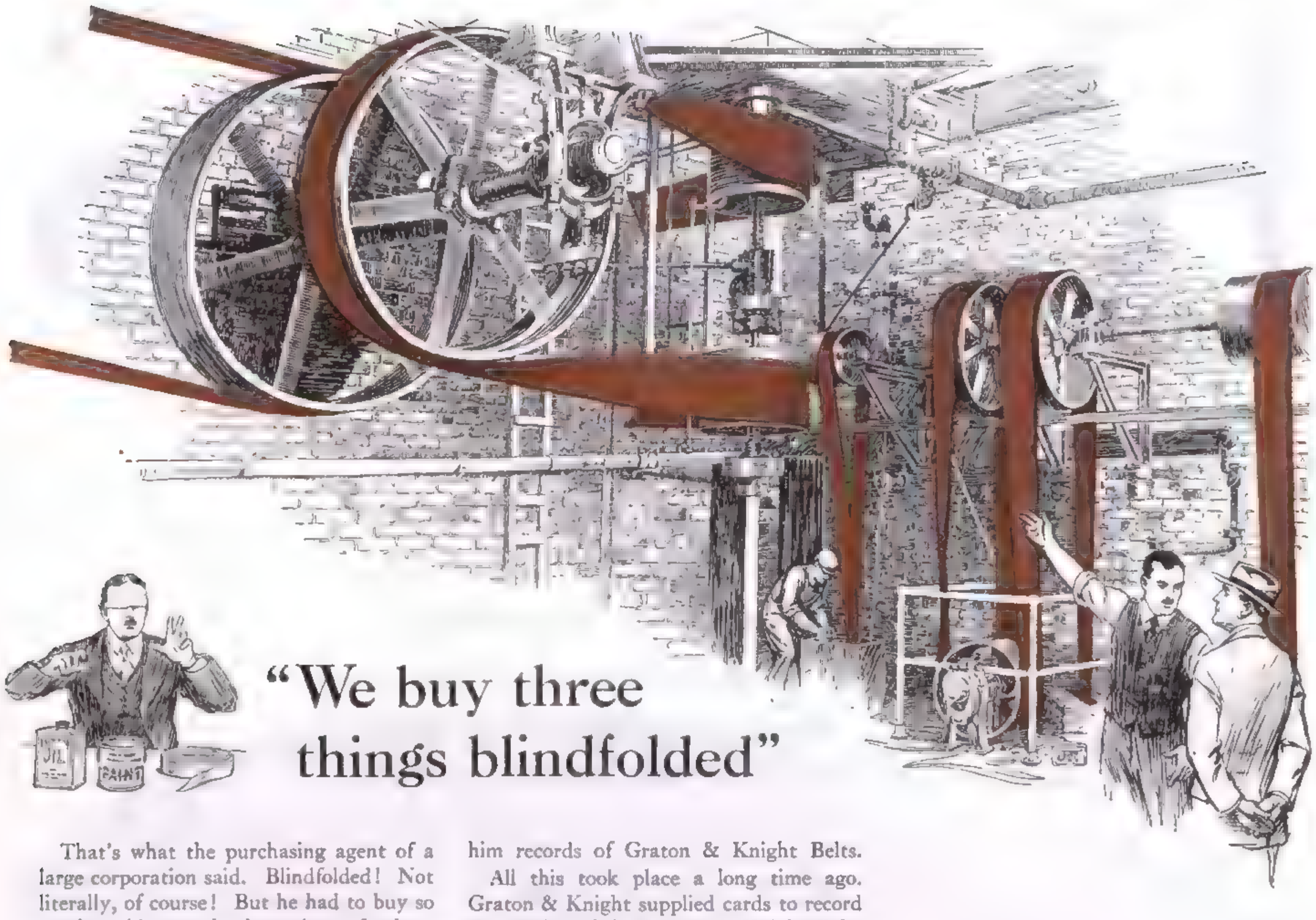

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MICHING MALLECHO

(Continued from Page 19)

conviction of Bert's guilt, which lent a crushing weight to the irony of the events that were beginning.

But if the rush of the next score or so of hours had in store for Judd a strange confounding, the little man had no premonition in this moment. Limping and stumbling through the growing darkness of the night—for that cloud from the southwest had covered the stars and there was promise of rain in the air—he pushed on up the road toward the home of the Saladines; and his lips moved in half-uttered words as he whispered to himself of what he meant to do. The man had a strong sense of the dramatic; he had an instinct for nursing from each situation every possible moment of pleasure for himself. So, though his case against Bert was sufficiently complete, he had no notion of bringing it forth bodily, of blasting the murderer with a single stroke. He meant to prolong Bert's uncertainty and doubt to the uttermost; meant to taste the sweetness of his enemy's misery.

He came to the door of the Saladines' kitchen as the two brothers were finishing their supper. Jim, who had gone to the village that afternoon on a necessary errand, had waited for the mail, which brought him home late for supper but made a second trip to the store unnecessary. Bert had supper ready when he arrived. While they ate—fish cakes, boiled potatoes, doughnuts, cheese, tea—Jim marked a certain remoteness and abstraction in his brother's eyes, and asked Bert how he had spent the afternoon.

"Went down into them Pendleton woods," Bert replied. "There's tracks aplenty. One big buck, and maybe two. And I see where they been lying under them old apple trees—last night, by the sign."

Jim nodded, asked a question or two as to details, and Bert elaborated his report. He did not tell Jim that he had stopped at the Castle on his way home. When they had finished eating they filled pipes and tilted back their chairs for a few moments of rest before clearing away the dishes and attending to the chores that still remained. It was while they were sitting thus that someone knocked at the kitchen door, and Jim called an invitation. The door opened and Judd came in.

Judd came in—and the two brothers rose in an involuntary movement of surprise. The little man had been in their thoughts more than once since the night before; they were uncertainly ready for any extravagance on his part.

Jim said, "Why, Judd ——"

The lame man nodded. He had walked swiftly and his breath was short. He asked pantingly, "Mind if I use your—telephone?"

He watched Bert, and Bert was frowning. Jim hesitated, slowly assented, with a gesture toward the instrument on the wall.

"What's wrong?" he asked. But Judd did not answer him. Instead he went to the telephone, turned the crank on the old-fashioned instrument, and when the operator answered told her where he was and asked that she get for him Sheriff Sohier at his home in the city on the bay, ten or twelve miles eastward.

"Sheriff?" Bert ejaculated in astonishment; and Jim moved closer to Judd's side, touching his arm.

But Judd still ignored him. He rang the operator again.

"Git me Doc Crapo while you're waiting," he directed her.

There was a delay, a rasping in his ear from the receiver, and then the doctor's wife answered. The doctor, she said, was not at home—would shortly return.

"Tell him," Judd directed, "to come down t' the Castle on the Ridge quick as he can."

"Someone sick?" she asked. But Judd was not yet ready to present his sensation. With a sidelong glance at Bert Saladine he said to the woman, "You tell him to come hurrying."

The sheriff, the operator told him, was not yet located. Jim, at his elbow, face white and grave, asked quietly, "What's happened, Judd?"

Judd shook his head, held the receiver to his ear.

"Then git me Gorfinkle," he told the operator, and he felt Jim stiffen at his side. Bert had moved back into the dining room, out of sight. The undertaker answered promptly enough; and this time Judd told half the truth. "Down the Ridge to the Castle," he directed. "One of them women there's been killed."

This message given, he was forced to leave the instrument, to wait while the sheriff was located; forced to yield to Jim's slow questions.

"Who's killed?" Jim asked steadily.

Judd looked toward the door of the other room where Bert was.

"Not—his wife," he said. "The other—the strange woman—her that used to set in the window all the time."

"How?" Jim demanded.

"Stuck! Knife in her throat like she'd been a pig! Bled her!"

"Murdered?"

Judd grinned.

"Sure!"

"Who did it?"

"He got away. Least, he wa'n't there when I got there."

Jim's thoughts settled on Judd himself. "Where were you? How'd you happen to be there?"

"I heard the other one yell."

"Where were you?"

"On the road," Judd said.

"What doing?"

The lame man grinned.

"Tending to my business," he told Jim Saladine.

Then the telephone rang, and Judd took down the instrument and found Sheriff Sohier at the other end of the wire. The sheriff had heard of the two women in the Castle, needed no explanation of their identity.

He listened to Judd's swift report, said soberly, "I'll come out right away."

When the lame man left the instrument Jim would have asked other questions, but Judd shook his head.

"Can't stop," he explained importantly. "The other one's alone down there. Got to get back to her."

He started for the door, and Jim reached for his own hat on a hook in the corner, and called to his brother in the dining room, "Come along, Bert, we'll go down."

Bert, after a moment, obeyed the summons, but with uncertain feet. He came slowly into the kitchen, looked toward his hat, hesitated.

Judd, who had already stepped out through the open door, laughed under his breath and with a significance which Bert could not ignore.

The younger Saladine asked Judd, "She tell you to fetch me?"

Judd shook his head.

"I asked her did she want me to bring anyone, and she said she didn't," he replied.

Bert, who had taken his hat, hung it up again.

"I'll not go then," he said.

Jim looked at him for a moment as though half minded to try argument; then changed his mind and stepped out after Judd, shutting the door behind him.

"All right," he told the lame man, "we'll go along."

He strode through the dooryard, turned along the Ridge Road toward the Castle, and the little man stumped breathlessly at his heels. Judd was well satisfied with events thus far. He had watched Bert acutely, had marked the sullen light that shone in the man's eyes. If he had needed convincing, Bert's demeanor would have convinced him. Hurrying after Jim, he chuckled to himself, licking his thin, dry lips with a hungry relish. All went so handily.

Jim did not pause in his swift progress to question the little man. He seemed to have forgotten Judd's existence; but when they reached the Castle it was the lame man who opened the door, who went first up the stairs, calling ahead to warn Margaret Dale of their coming; and he said to her, as he reached the door of the room where the dead woman lay, "I fetched Jim Saladine."

Except that her eyes were dry and that she sat erect and still in the chair, she was as he had left her. She looked up and nodded faintly at Jim's entrance. Saladine took off his hat at the door of the room, a formality which Judd had forgotten both at his first coming and now. Judd imitated the other this time; then Saladine crossed to look down at the dead woman on the floor, and Judd watched him from his place by the table.

After a moment Saladine turned back and asked Margaret, "Is there something we can put over her?" She tried to speak, could not find words; and he, looking about the room, saw a dark tapestry cover upon a couch at one side, and walked toward it and asked "This?" She nodded, and he spread the thing across the body.

There seemed no more for any of them to say—they said nothing. Margaret sat by the table; Judd stood near the door, leaning there. Jim raised the blind which Judd had lowered, and remained by the window, striving to look out along the road. But he could see nothing, and they had no warning that anyone was near till footsteps sounded on the veranda below. Judd slipped downstairs then, expecting someone of those he had summoned. But the newcomer was Will Belter, eyes shining whitely in the darkness, face gleaming.

He said huskily, "H'lo, Judd! Whur is she?" And as Judd stood to one side Belter came hurriedly into the lower hall as though afraid of something that lurked in the darkness behind him.

To one not accustomed to the ways of Fraternity it might have seemed mysterious that Belter had so soon heard of the tragedy; to understand this mystery it is only necessary to comprehend the function in rural news-mongering of that institution called a party line. Belter's telephone and Saladine's were on the same wire.

When these two went upstairs they met Margaret Dale in the hallway. She passed them without speaking, moved down the hall, entered a distant room. She did not again reappear. She was not seen again until they sought her out.

Saladine received the coming of Belter without comment. He knew his neighbors. The three men settled themselves in awkward silence to await the arrival of authority. Only between Judd and Belter were whispers now and then exchanged. Saladine held himself remote by the window. The body, covered and hidden, lay limp and small upon the floor.

XI

THE whole course of the swift, stern drama with which I have to deal occupied a space of eight and forty hours. But into that brief interval so many matters were crowded that each incident stepped close on the heels of the one that had gone before. Judd's meeting with the long-haired man on the bridge; his overthrow by Joe Suter at the store; the kindling of his hatred against Saladine. These constituted the first movement of the tragedy. Then the long night, the day of espionage, and toward sunset that quickening of the tempo of events which led, less than an hour after the sun was gone, to the discovery of the murdered woman. The sun had set, the night before, as Judd talked with the foreigner on the bridge below Will's store. The sun had set, this night, as Judd watched Bert Saladine move up the hill toward the huge structure where dwelt the wife from whom he was estranged. And this same sun in its eternal and never-ending round, and upon the final incident, would set again, at the end of the day that was to come.

Judd had slept but little the night before; he slept not at all this night; and there were others who slept no more than he—Margaret Dale, in her room; Jim Saladine and Will Belter and the others who presently appeared; Bert Saladine at home, half a mile away. There was no mood for slumber in any one of these. It was the edge of night when Judd joined Margaret Dale in the room where the body lay; it was close to an hour afterward that he reached the Saladine farmhouse to telephone. It may have been half after nine when Will Belter arrived at the Castle to find Judd and Jim Saladine on watch there. Not till toward eleven did the undertaker, Gorfinkle, appear.

This Gorfinkle was a soft, whispering man with the marks of his trade upon him.

Entering that quiet room, he gave to each of the others a funereal bow, said solemnly that it was a sad affair, a very sad affair, and then moved toward where the dead woman lay beneath the covering which Saladine had drawn across her. Saladine stopped him with a word of suggestion.

"Better wait," he advised. "She was killed, you'll mind. Doctor Crapo and

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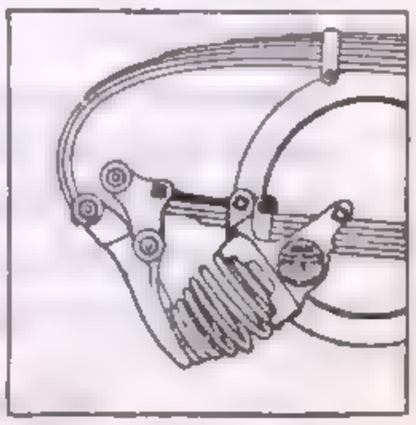

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Sheriff Sohier had ought to see her before she's moved."

The undertaker rubbed his hands, backing away a little.

He said: "Yes, so—quite so. I had forgotten. We must wait for them."

Belter whispered, with a gesture toward the body, "I ain't seen her either."

He seemed to feel that this established a certain comradeship between him and the undertaker; he kept by that soft man's side. Saladine stood apart, sober and still. Judd, throughout, remained by the door, his quick eyes shifting from man to man. Now and then the little man grinned, licking his lips, tasting his imminent and dramatic triumph. It was obvious that he derived a certain satisfaction from the whole situation; and Saladine, whose eyes missed few things, marked this, and attributed it to the man's native malice, and was conscious of a keen distaste, not unmixed with pity. Any man who is vice-ridden—and Judd's mischief-making was a vice—deserves pity as much as he deserves contempt; and Saladine perceived this fact and was faintly sorry for Judd. If Judd had apprehended this pity he would have been maliciously amused.

These four men, Saladine and Judd, Belter and the undertaker, had hours of waiting before the sheriff and Doctor Crapo came. Sohier had been unable to start from the city immediately. His own car was in the garage for repairs. He was forced to secure another for the trip, and with that frugality native to the New Englander, he took pains to get the cheapest, in spite of the fact that not his own pocket but the county's was in question. There was a threat of rain in the sky, and he stopped to put on his tire chains in anticipation of a muddy drive. It was after midnight when he reached Fraternity; and in the village he saw a light in Doctor Crapo's window and stopped there, to find the physician himself preparing to start down to the Castle on the Ridge.

Thus these two came on the scene together about one o'clock in the morning. By that time other neighbors had gathered, the news of the murder having spread throughout the town; and the sheriff found these men grouped in the lower hall, talking stiffly, waiting for him to come. Belter was with them. Gorfinkle and Judd and Jim Saladine were still upstairs. None of her sex had come to bear Margaret company, for she and the strange woman had kept much to themselves, and they had no friends along the countryside.

It was the physician who at first took command of the situation; his functions came before those of the sheriff. That official contented himself with bidding the curious ones to remain in the hall outside the room where the body lay. He did not expel Saladine or Judd or Gorfinkle; and because Belter had slipped upstairs ahead of him and was in the room when he and Doctor Crapo reached the doorway he let the talebearer stay. These men gathered silently to watch as the doctor lifted away that covering which Saladine had put across the body and began his examination of the dead woman.

It has been said that this is a day of specialists. But this statement is not altogether true; it does not apply to such small communities as Fraternity, where one man may and often does play many parts. Doctor Crapo, for example, was what is slangily called a G. P.—he was a general practitioner. He was a survival of the days of the family doctor. This is no derogation of his skill; it is rather a compliment to it. This man—not extraordinary, because the little towns are full of such as he—was rather better at obstetrics than most specialists; he could at necessity perform a routine operation almost as well as those who made that operation their whole profession; he was able to cope with more than fair success with the ills of the countryside; he could, in short, venture into any of the myriad fields of surgery and medicine with some reason for confidence in his own abilities. In the surroundings and against the competition of the city he would have been an insignificant figure; in his own field this man played a part that seemed to those he tended to have something in it of the divine.

When he removed the covering from the dead woman the doctor studied for an instant that narrow wound in the throat, and said abstractedly, half to the sheriff, half to himself, "Jugular. See if there is anything else." Then without stripping away the silken garments in which the dead woman was clothed, he made a rapid but nevertheless a thorough examination. "Apparently that's all," he said. "Well, it's plenty."

The sheriff asked huskily, "Would that kill her—right off?"

The doctor nodded.

"Couldn't move; probably couldn't speak. Might have lived three minutes."

He had taken a bit of cotton from his black case. He moistened this and began to sponge the wound, wiping away the dark stains which hid it, bending low to examine the tiny slit in the dead woman's olive skin. They heard him murmur something unintelligible; and he leaned back on his heels and pointed to the gash, and said to the sheriff, "Curious. See?"

Gorfinkle and Saladine were at one side, but Judd and Will Belter bent with the sheriff to see more closely.

The sheriff said, "Why—I don't know. What?"

"A narrow blade," said the doctor. "And—it seems to have had three edges. See where the skin is torn at each end of the wound, and also it is slit at the side."

Judd gripped the elbow of Will Belter, whispered to the man; and Belter exclaimed, "Why, by ——"

He caught himself. But the sheriff had heard him, looked at Will steadily and asked, "What's the matter?"

Belter was confused. His eyes turned sidewise toward Jim Saladine. He did not at once reply, and the sheriff insisted, "Ever see a knife like that? That what you're thinking?"

Will tried to laugh. He looked to Judd for support, but Judd had moved back, was watching Jim Saladine. So was Will. Not unnaturally, the sheriff's eyes swung that way. "What's the idea anyway?" he demanded.

They could see that Saladine's face was stiff and pale. Yet his voice was steady enough.

"Why, sheriff," he replied, "I guess they're thinking of a knife my brother's got."

"Bert?" the sheriff exclaimed, and Saladine nodded.

"Yeah."

Sohier hesitated, brow clouded.

"Didn't he marry this other woman 't lives here?"

"Yes."

"Quarreled? Separated?"

Jim nodded. Sohier coughed, swung back toward the physician. Judd's little eyes were shining in the dimly lighted room. Doctor Crapo was continuing his examination.

But he found nothing more. There was nothing more to discover; nothing but that tiny aperture in the slender throat through which a life had spilled away. When the doctor was done he helped Gorfinkle lift the body to the couch against the wall. It was Judd who pointed out that the silken cord which had served the woman as sash was missing.

"Gone when I came," he explained. "He must have dragged it off of her. It ain't around. He took it away with him."

They wondered why the murderer had taken this worthless and incriminating bit of silk, but no one could suggest an explanation.

It was Judd also who called their attention to those dark stains on the floor that showed where the killer had departed, his shoes smeared with the blood that was about. They were able to follow these traces halfway down the stairs. There they disappeared, too faint to be seen in the dirt from scuffling feet that had since passed that way.

The sheriff's attention was attracted by the little lame man's activity, and he asked Judd, "How's it come you see so much?"

"I was the first one here," Judd told him. "I heard the other one yell, and come in right away."

"You live near here? Thought your place was down 't Jordan Pond?"

"'Tis," Judd agreed. "I was coming along the road."

"What about? What were you doing up here?"

Judd grinned.

"A little private business," he said. "I'll tell you when we're alone. No matter, but I don't want it getting round."

The sheriff hesitated—he knew Judd by reputation. But his talk with the little man could wait; there was no hurry.

"Guess we best try to get at this from the beginning," he decided. "Where is the other woman? Somewhere around? I'd like to talk to her."

No one but Judd had marked her going, had seen the door through which she disappeared. He offered to fetch her, and while he went to do so the sheriff came out in the hall and said to the curious folk below, "I wish't you'd all stay outside or go away. You're kind of in the way here."

They obeyed him, moving slowly, talking among themselves. He bade Doctor Crapo remain behind. Gorfinkle was busy at his task inside the closed room.

Jim Saladine touched the sheriff's arm and asked, "Mind if I stay? Other one's my brother's wife, you know; and—Bert's been mentioned here."

The sheriff knew Jim and valued him for his wise counsel. He agreed heartily, dropping his hand on the other's shoulder; and while they waited for Judd to return with Margaret Dale, Sohier asked Saladine, "Happen to know where Bert was long about sunset last night, Jim?"

Jim shook his head.

"I was to the village. He was at home when I got there, maybe half past seven." He added with slow honesty, "He told me he'd been down in the Pendleton woods looking after deer."

Sohier eyed Jim keenly.

"Them woods lie right down below here, don't they?" And Jim assented. Then Judd and the woman came along the hall toward them, and the sheriff asked: "Can't we light up downstairs, miss? I'd like to talk to you."

She nodded. There were lamps, she said; and a moment later the sheriff and Jim and the woman and Judd were in the big front room downstairs, two lamps lighted on the table between them. Doctor Crapo had remained with Gorfinkle. Judd, somewhat ostentatiously, offered to withdraw. He expected that he would be told to remain, but the sheriff gravely assented to his suggestion, said, "Uh-huh. I'll call you when I need you, Judd."

Judd, with a faint sense that his luck had turned, that chance had thwarted him, went obediently out to the front porch. But after a moment's thought he was sufficiently satisfied with the passage of events. The sheriff's attention had already been directed toward Bert by the character of the wound, by the fact that Bert had a three-cornered knife. Men had been hung, Judd assured himself, for less than that; but there was more—infinitely more. His testimony as to Bert's movements—the little man hugged himself with satisfaction, and sat down on the steps beside a group of two or three men who were talking there in low tones in that darkness which heralds the approach of dawn.

Their suspicions, too, had been turned on Bert. He had been heard, they reminded themselves, to say he'd like to choke this woman who was now dead; he had been heard to threaten her. It is easy to start such talk a-going; it is hard to stop it. One man now reminded them that Bert was hot-tempered; that his bark was worse than his bite; that he said much more than he meant; but this objector was cried down. No one, they agreed, would go round threatening to kill people unless he meant it. They wagged their heads solemnly in this discussion, and the weight of evidence against Bert grew with every telling. Judd listened, eyes gleaming in the darkness. He said no word. He was always content with the hidden part in what went forward; was well enough pleased that no one should be able to say he had spurred the sheriff on Bert Saladine.

The other men were so intent on their own talk that they did not hear the quiet opening of the door behind them; but Judd heard, and looked up and saw the sheriff standing there. Judd stumbled to his feet. Will Belter stopped in midsentence. He had been saying, "I heard him, not two days ago, swearing he'd like to ——"

He became conscious that there was someone behind him, and he stopped, swinging round.

But the sheriff asked sternly, "Heard who say what, Will Belter?"

Judd grinned in the darkness as Will, stumbling, and under the compulsion of the sheriff's questions, told his tale, and stuck to it, the others standing silently about. Sohier made no comment, only beckoned to Judd; and the little lame man followed him into the big room. Margaret was gone, but Jim Saladine was still there. Judd's eyes flitted from one to the other, trying to read their faces, wondering whether the woman had told them more than she had told him. He did not believe so. There had seemed no reservation in her in that earlier hour.

The sheriff had, Judd saw, some loose pages of notes before him. He arranged them, folded them, stuffed them into his pocket as he faced Judd, and asked the little man, "Well, what's your end of this, Judd? What happened?"

Judd said placatingly: "Mighty little I know, sheriff. I was going along the road like I said; and I heard her yell, and came in. She told me she'd just found the woman when she yelled; said the blood was still running when she found her. I looked round the room—noticed that rope was gone that the woman wore round her waist. Miss Dale said she had it on last time she see her. Looked to me like the woman had been setting in her chair and someone come in that she knew, so she wasn't scared; and he come clost to her, and then jerked that knife into her. That's all they was to it."

"Didn't meet anybody on the road, did you?"

Judd shook his head.

"What was you doing up here anyhow? You haven't said that."

The lame man grinned.

"Not thinking I stuck the woman, are you, sheriff?"

The sheriff said seriously, "Why, no—not special. What did you say you was doing up this way?"

Judd hesitated, and he looked toward Jim Saladine.

"I'll tell you, sheriff," he said. "It's business, and private. I don't mind telling you, confidential; and I don't mind testifying to it—if I have to. But I'd just as soon nobody but you heard it right now."

Jim Saladine got up quietly.

"That's fair," he agreed. "Excuse me, sheriff. I'll be outside if you want me."

Sohier nodded.

"Thanks," he said, and watched Jim till the door had closed behind him, then turned and met Judd's eyes. "Well?" he asked.

The little man leaned across the table. His face was suddenly more deeply lined, but there was a hot light in his eyes.

"Sheriff," he said in a rush of words, "here's the whole business: I had a run-in at Will Bissell's store night before last with them Saladines. I'm little—I'm no fighter; but I don't let any man trompie me and git away with it. I set out to get even with them. See?"

The sheriff's eyes were blank, hiding his dislike for this gray man so like a small and wizened spider, sitting before him. But some of his distaste was in his tone as he replied, "I've heard it ain't safe to meddle with you."

Judd said with mock humility: "I got to look out for myself somehow. But I didn't know what I'd do to them Saladines. I aimed to find some way; and so I hid out behind their house yest'day afternoon to watch and see, thinking maybe something would come along."

Sohier nodded.

"Yeah," he said.

"Something did come along," the lame man told him, and he paused and waited till the sheriff bade him continue. Then he spoke swiftly, precisely, giving times and places and events; and when he had done, answering the other's acute questions, he amplified his tale and made of it a rounded and a perfect whole. Yet, when they marked a certain growing light outside the window, and saw that dawn was coming, the sheriff was still not fully satisfied, so that Judd leaned to ask insistently, "Well then, where is Bert, anyhow? Funny he wouldn't come down when his wife is needing him—mad or no, quarrel or no."

"He know about it?" Sohier asked.

And Judd said vigorously: "Sure! I told him! Jim asked him to come down. He acted right funny. And—he didn't come, you notice."

The sheriff was silent for a little; then he said thoughtfully, "Well, that ain't natural, I will say."

His head turned, as though without his own volition. His eyes sought the window. Day was coming more swiftly now; and he could see, along the Ridge, the silhouette of the Saladine farm against the sky. His eyes fastened on this silhouette; he seemed unable to drag them away.

XII

WITH the coming of dawn, those who had spent the latter part of the night about the Castle where the murdered woman lay began to leave, moving slowly

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homeward, talking as they went. Jim Saladine knocked at the door to ask the sheriff if he was needed. He said he would like to go home and get some breakfast; that he would come back if it were necessary. The sheriff bade him go.

"I'll see you again," he promised. "Call on you if I need anything." And through the window Judd saw Saladine go off up the road toward his home. Will Belter, talking volubly, went with him.

Those curious spectators who formed a loose fringe about the outskirts of events came and went by ones and twos all that morning. Sometimes there were a score about the place; sometimes only two or three. Doctor Crapo and Gorfinkle departed at sunrise, the undertaker to return as soon as might be. The sheriff asked Margaret Dale if she could give him a bite to eat—he said he wished to look round a bit—and she did so.

Judd bethought himself of his mare and of the other creatures at his farm that had now been twenty-four hours without his ministrations. They would be in need of him. The man's conscience discomforted him; he regretted that he had given these animals pain. He had no regrets for his part in turning suspicion on Bert Saladine. In that matter he had acted as any good citizen might be expected to act. He had told nothing but the truth and the whole truth as he saw it; and by that very telling had dealt the man he hated a bitter blow. It was not often that what conscience remained in Judd was able heartily to applaud the things he did. It was not often that the paths of virtue so matched his inclination. The mischief-maker derived an added satisfaction from knowing that he had acted rightly; but in the matter of his animals he did not excuse himself. He had neglected them; he must hurry to give them food and water. When he had done so he might return and watch the progress of events here upon the Ridge.

Before he left, however, and under the eyes of those few folk who lingered thereabout, he came out into the road with the sheriff and indicated, without seeming to do so, a deeply bedded footprint in the soft earth on the edge of the ditch opposite the Castle.

"Right there's where I see him cross the wall," he told Sohier; and the sheriff nodded gravely, and said "All right. Much obliged. I'll take a look around."

When Judd had gone, stumbling hurriedly along the Ridge Road and then swinging across the open land and down toward his farm, the sheriff did take a look around. He seemed to stroll aimlessly, his eyes on the ground; he answered no questions, asked none. But his eyes saw certain things.

He located, for instance, half a dozen footprints in a wet spot in the meadow below the barn; and marked their location on a line between the woodland diagonally below, and the door of the barn itself. By that route, Judd had told him, Bert had come. These might be marks of Bert's feet. In the soft turf the sheriff could not distinguish outline, but footprints they surely were.

He wandered farther, found the bedded grass where Judd had hidden under the apple tree to keep his vigil. He was able to trace Judd's passage through the tall stuff in the old orchard, to see where the man had crouched again on the side of the orchard nearest the house. It was, he saw, a vantage point from which the lame man might have seen all that he claimed he had seen. This proof that Judd's story might be true began to convince the sheriff, almost against his will, that it was true. He circled the big house again, and this time crossed the road and the wall into that thicket of birch and alder, of half-grown spruce and pine where Judd said he had seen Bert disappear. The footprint in the bank of the ditch, not so clear as it might have been because of the weeds and brambles, was repeated here and there inside the wall. It was the footprint of a small man, and Bert was a small man. So much at least the sheriff could see. He was no expert in such matters. He could trail a deer in three inches of snow, but could hardly do better than that. He wished now for Jim Saladine's assistance; but he had promised that for the present the fact that Judd had seen the killer should be a secret between the lame man and him. Nevertheless, with what skill in such matters he possessed, the sheriff traced the footprints until they seemed to swing to the right and toward the farm of the Saladines, lost them there at last; cast about helplessly, gave up and returned to the Castle.

Toward noon, reluctance in his eyes, he submitted to the inevitable. His hired car stood out by the road. He cranked it laboriously—for there was a chill in the air this day, and the sky was still overcast—and drove jerkily along the Ridge and turned into the Saladine dooryard. Jim and Bert came out together to meet him. He alighted somewhat clumsily; and Jim, whose eyes missed few things of importance, saw that this clumsiness was caused by the fact that the sheriff kept his right hand in his coat pocket. And Saladine understood. Nevertheless, he urged courteously, "Come in, sheriff, and have a bite with us."

Sohier shook his head, his eyes on the younger brother.

"Bert," he said, "you are a durned fool. What did you go and do it for?"

There was no surprise in Bert's eyes; there was only sullen acceptance of the situation. Jim had told him enough of what had passed so that he was warned what he might expect. He shook his head, said nothing. But Jim spoke good-naturedly.

"Now, sheriff," he said, "I reckon you think you're on the right track. I don't blame you—nor Bert, he don't either. Come in and eat just the same. Then he'll go along if you say so."

The sheriff shook his head.

"We'll eat in the village," he decided. "I guess he'd better come now."

There was a moment when, watching the swift interchange of glances between the brothers, the sheriff thought he was going to need that pistol which his right hand gripped. Then the tension slackened.

Bert said slowly, "I'll fetch my hat," and turned toward the house. The sheriff followed two steps behind him.

Two minutes later, Jim, alone in the dooryard, watched the rattling car turn and bump away. There was infinite trouble in his eyes—a trouble questioning. But if he felt any doubt of Bert he put this doubt aside.

"Lord, no!" he said to himself. "Lord, no, he never would!"

When the car was out of sight he went into the house to eat his dinner alone.

Judd reached that lonely house which served him as home a little after eight o'clock in the morning; and though he was himself bitterly hungry, he fed first the mare, fed his cow, milked the suffering creature and set saucers of milk for the cats and the kittens. Only then did he brew coffee for himself, and fetch down those tough and enduring cakes and make a meager breakfast. When he had done and had cleaned away the traces of his meal in the ineffective fashion that was habitual with him, he went into the barn and brought Sue from her stall and hitched her to his disreputable buggy. The little man was tired; his lame leg irked him. He was in no mind for more walking. Also, he was terribly sleepy, but there was no sleep for him. His thoughts were racing, his nerves were afire. This was his day, and he meant to taste it to the full.

His tasks took time; his coffee was long in boiling. When at last he started for the village that broken thill on his buggy gave way at a jolt in the old wood road, and he had to make an emergency repair as best he could. It was after twelve o'clock when he reached the village; but what he heard there made him swing Sue up the Ridge Road and urge her on to greater speed. The sheriff, they told him at the store, had just driven through with Bert Saladine. Bert, they said, had been arrested.

This was Judd's great hour—the hour of his triumph—and the little man swelled with it.

He did not stop at Will Belter's; he passed the Saladine farm without a sign. Jim was doubtless there, but Jim could wait. Judd had business first at the Castle.

What prompted Judd in that which he now proceeded to do is not hard to guess. The lame man was not a fool. He knew something of human nature. He knew, for example, that underneath a bitter quarrel between man and woman there must almost always be a deep and passionate affection. Only lovers can quarrel adequately. He was sure that Bert loved Margaret Dale; he thought it probable that she loved him.

But he had measured Margaret in his thoughts the night before; had been sure that if she loved Bert she loved the strange woman infinitely more. There had been a bond between these two women at which Judd could only guess. He was sure of its existence, without understanding its nature. He believed, as all Fraternity came to believe, that the strange woman had been responsible for that break between Bert and his wife; he believed that now he might make that division absolute.

His purpose was to go to Margaret Dale, to tell her—unless she already knew—that Bert had killed the woman whom Margaret loved. Judd's calculation was reasonable if not accurate. He was assured that when Margaret Dale knew this she would cast Bert Saladine out of her thoughts and out of her life forever. Because Bert loved Margaret, her abhorrence would strike at the man's deepest wells of courage, and this was to Judd a consummation devoutly to be wished.

When he reached the Castle he tied his mare to a tree beside the road and spoke a word or two with those who still lingered curiously near. He saw Gorfinkle's automobile near the door, and when the undertaker presently appeared Judd asked him where Margaret was. Gorfinkle said she was in the kitchen washing dishes.

Judd went to her there, knocked at the outer door. She opened to him, and he saw that she had been weeping. Her eyes were red and swollen. The lame man wasted no word. He said to her, "You heard the news?"

She looked at him a little blankly, shook her head.

"They've got him," Judd told her.

"Got—him?"

"Man that killed her."

She seemed to shrink a little away from him.

"Where? Who ——"

"Bert!" he exclaimed, his voice suddenly shrill. "It was Bert Saladine!"

His own hatred was at that moment plain in his eyes for all to see. He watched till this hatred of his enemy should be mirrored in hers. But while he watched there came a strange and a beautiful change in her countenance. It seemed to Judd that the woman's grief disappeared—was wiped away. Her eyes grew soft and tender, her cheeks were burning; and about her lips there twisted a wistful, affectionate little smile.

She shook her head at Judd, said slowly, "No, no! He never would!"

"Sheriff's arrested him," Judd doggedly insisted.

And not triumph, not hatred, but fright sprang into her eyes at that. She cried, "Arrested! Where is he?"

"They've took him in to town."

She backed away. It was apparent she had forgotten he was there.

"I must go!" she whispered; and under her breath, "Oh, Bert, Bert, dear!"

She fled. Judd could see the dishes, not yet washed, in the sink. She had gone through toward the front of the house—left Judd, shaken and disturbed, at the kitchen door. He could read her—had read her. She loved Bert; there was no shaking that. She had forgotten this love, perhaps; but Bert's peril had awakened her affection. She would go to him now, would hurry to his side, would seek to comfort him. And Judd knew that this reconciliation would be for Bert full recompense for the immediate shame of his arrest.

The lame man had a curious and alarming sense that things were not well with him. This matter had not gone as it should have gone. The orderly and natural course of events had been distorted, as though by intervention of something he could not understand. He had meant to shatter the reciprocal affection of these two irrevocably. Instead, through his action, the rent in their love had been mended. He had meant to part them forever. Instead he had brought them together. He had for an instant a tremulous feeling that his intentions had been put to naught by some high and silent power beyond his comprehending.

But the little man shook off the fancy, grinned himself back to confidence. After all, Bert was in jail, had killed, would suffer for the killing. So long as that was true, matters could not be seriously wrong. He would have given a good deal to be able to watch Bert, to scrutinize the other's agony. But Bert was out of reach.

Jim, however, remained. And Jim, the lame man knew, would be suffering perhaps more acutely than his brother.

He decided to go up the Ridge and rub salt in Jim's wounds.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

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THE NAVY THAT FLIES

(Continued from Page 17)

been sent and received by aircraft radio up to 1000 miles, and by radio telephones up to more than 100 miles.

An important factor in aviation development as well as manufacture is the naval aircraft factory at Philadelphia. In the early days of the war it became apparent that the Navy, to insure rapid construction and prompt delivery, must conduct its own building program and construct and operate its own aircraft factory. On July 27, 1917, the Secretary of the Navy authorized its construction at the League Island Navy Yard, Philadelphia. Work was begun early in August, and on October sixteenth the first power-driven machine was started, just sixty-seven days after ground was broken; within the next month the keel of the first flying boat was laid, and on March 27, 1918, the first completed machine was being tested in flight. From that time on machines were rapidly completed and shipped to Europe.

Since the war the aircraft factory has proved to be of the greatest value. It is the central manufacturing, repair, emergency storage and center for naval aircraft. The overhaul, repair and upkeep of all types are handled at this great plant. In addition, $55,000,000 worth of aviation material, equipment and parts are stored there. It is the issuing depot for the whole naval aëronautical service. There are on hand about 400 complete planes, with important parts of probably 300 more; and 1500 engines—1000 Liberty motors and 500 others of various types.

The factory is building giant air boats, more than twice the weight of the NC's. These latest machines are triplanes, having three wings, with a wing spread of 160 feet. Though in general appearance this new type follows the lines of the NC, it has nine 400-horse-power Liberty motors in groups of three, each driving one propeller, a total of 3600 horse power, which will drive the enormous plane, weighing 60,000 pounds in full flying condition, with full fuel tanks, 2300 miles without stop.

The ZR Monsters

The first huge rigid airship ever built in America, the ZR-1, considerably larger than the British R-34, which made the transatlantic voyage, is now under construction in the naval aircraft factory. Eighty feet in diameter, 710 feet long, the ZR-1 has a gas capacity of 2,700,000 cubic feet. It is provided with six cars—four carrying engines and supplies, and two larger cars for the operating crews. The living quarters are within the rigid itself. There are cabins for officers, and on each side of a long center corridor are spaces for swinging the hammocks of the crew. The framework is of duralumin, an alloy of aluminum and copper, which has the lightness of aluminum and tensile strength almost equal to that of steel.

The value of the airship having been abundantly proved during the war and its vast cruising radius demonstrated by the Atlantic voyage of the R-34, the Navy Department took steps to provide ships of this class for our own Navy. As there were no builders in this country who could produce such craft the Navy arranged to have built in England its first rigid airship, embracing the known advantages of German construction with improvements by British designers and our own aëronautical engineers. Steps were taken at the same time to utilize this experience in building airships in this country, so that all future craft of the kind could be made in America.

The ship built in England, larger than any now in use, is nearing completion, and will sail for the United States early in the coming summer. Popularly known as the R-38, a refinement and enlargement of the R-34, this ship is designated by the Navy as the ZR-2. American naval aviators and mechanics, now in training at Howden, England, will bring the giant airship to this country.

To house these huge ships it was necessary to design hangars of unprecedented size. At Lakehurst, New Jersey, there is being pushed to completion a double hangar 350 feet wide, 943 feet long and 172 feet high, it being 200 feet from the ground to the monitor on the roof. The inside dimensions are 252 by 803 feet, giving the largest clear roof area of any structure in this country. The entire United States Capitol, with the exception of the dome, could be placed inside the hangar. The inside volume is six times that of the union railway station in Washington, seven times the volume of New York's tallest skyscraper, the Woolworth Building. Two battleships could sail through the hangar side by side.

The building is so designed that an additional 200 feet may be added to its length to accommodate any increase in size of airships in the future. The double entrance door has two leaves, each 177 feet high and 136 feet wide. When fully opened their upper contour forms an unbroken arch outline with the roof of the building, the whole providing a windbreak nearly 600 feet wide, increasing the safety of landing and releasing the airships. A twelve-story building with a frontage of 135 feet could be placed within the hangar through the space covered by either of these doors.

The Lakehurst station includes barracks for 600 enlisted men, a power plant, a hydrogen plant with capacity of 60,000 cubic feet a day, and a gas holder of 1,000,000 cubic feet capacity. The entire landing field comprises 1400 acres.

An additional hangar to house one rigid of the ZR type is being provided at the naval air station at Cape May, New Jersey. Congress has made appropriations for the erection of another hangar, of the same size and design as that at Lakehurst, on the Pacific Coast, the site for which has not yet been determined. It is the intention to assign one of these airships to the Pacific and the other to the Atlantic Fleet.

Fire has always been the enemy of lighter-than-air craft, and the Zeppelins destroyed during the war were almost invariably shot down in flames. Hydrogen, the only filler then available, is very inflammable, and its ignition meant destruction. But another gas has been employed, helium, which is nearly as buoyant as hydrogen and less combustible than asbestos; in fact, cannot be burned. Had the Germans possessed it their Zeppelins would have been far more terrible, able to keep sailing over cities and raining bombs in spite of antiaircraft guns. This gas, which a few years ago was so rare and costly that it could not be considered for use in balloons, was found in workable quantities in the natural gases of Northern Texas, Oklahoma and other localities. Small quantities have been found in Alberta, Canada; in Rumania and South Russia; but the United States, experts estimate, has perhaps 95 per cent of the available helium so far discovered.

The Army and Navy, in coöperation, have erected a plant at Fort Worth, Texas, for the production of helium in usable quantities and it is being produced at a cost of about fifty dollars a thousand cubic feet, whereas the previous cost was more than $1500 a thousand. This plant takes the natural gas, extracts the helium, and returns the natural gas to the pipe lines, increasing its heating and illuminating value by removing the noninflammable helium ingredient. The Fort Worth plant is connected with the gas wells by a pipe line ninety-six miles long. The plant, according to the estimates, will be able to produce 30,000 cubic feet a day.

The Importance of Helium

Helium, as will be realized, is of tremendous importance, reducing the vulnerability of lighter-than-air craft, enabling them to withstand heavy fire and still keep afloat. Projectiles, even incendiary shells, passing through the balloonets will not set the ship afire, but only reduce its buoyancy, and with the improvement in envelopes and interior construction the airship must be riddled by numerous hits before it is brought down.

Though naval aviation has of course devoted its particular attention to military activities, to its job as a part of our fighting forces, it has contributed more than its share to the development of general aëronautics. To the layman the voyage of the NC-4 across the Atlantic was a spectacular feat, exciting the wonder and admiration of the world. But to the aviator, to all interested in aëronautics, it was much more than that. It was the most notable example of navigation of the air, the most convincing demonstration of the ability of aircraft to fly over vast areas of sea, to cross oceans and fly from continent to continent. It proved that diatance and changing conditions of land and water were no limitations to flight, that aircraft could circumnavigate the globe. Further, the flights of Read and Alcock, the voyage of the R-34 across the Atlantic and return, added greatly to our knowledge of air currents, clouds, temperature, and all the conditions met with in over-ocean flight. Problems which had puzzled aviators were solved, methods which had been worked out in theory were tested in practice, and others which could not well be anticipated were presented for solution.

Every school child knows of the transatlantic flight and the NC planes, but few people know how they were originated and for what purpose they were built. They were designed in the midst of the war as war machines. Aircraft was doing splendid work in antisubmarine patrol, in scouting over the North Sea and the waters around England and the shores of France, and in bombing. But larger and more powerful craft were needed, capable of flying long distances and carrying tons of bombs. Soon after our entrance into the war we began to plan for larger types, superior to any in existence.

Transportation of aircraft to Europe was difficult, as the U-boats were sinking shipping by the million tons, and every ounce of tonnage was in demand for troops, munitions and supplies. With the scheme of building the largest and most powerful of seaplanes came the thought, "Why not build a flying boat big and powerful enough to fly across the Atlantic?"

Developing the NC Type

Born in the brain of Rear Admiral David W. Taylor, chief constructor of the Navy, early in September, 1917, this idea was promptly adopted. I approved the project, and the experts of the Bureau of Construction and Repair, in coöperation with civilian scientists and contractors, began to develop the plans. The Liberty engine gave us the motive power, but many difficulties not met with in smaller planes had to be overcome in designing this huge type. But one by one these problems were solved, and early in 1918 the parts were manufactured, and in May were ready for assembly.

As this was a new design numerous tests and experiments were required, and the building could not proceed with the same rapidity as in the case of familiar types. But the first NC was completed before the end of September, and the first flight, on October 4, 1918, proved its success. There were numerous other tests, and starting on November seventh from Rockaway, the NC-1 flew to Washington, where we inspected her, and she then proceeded to Hampton Roads and back to Long Island. On November twenty-fifth, two weeks after the armistice, the NC-1 carried up fifty-one men, a world's record. It had been intended to carry fifty, but on the return to Rockaway it was found that Harry D. Moulton, machinist's mate, second class, was so anxious to make the flight on this historic occasion that he had hidden in a narrow space beside the gas tanks an hour and a half before the crew got aboard, and remained in this cramped condition until the plane descended. It was a trying and uncomfortable experience, but Moulton had the satisfaction of knowing that he was the first stowaway in the records of aviation.

Four of these planes were constructed and tested. They were fitted with four high-compression Liberty motors, and their weight, fully equipped, with all instruments and accessories, was 15,874 pounds each; and when ready for the overseas flight, with crew, radio apparatus, ice and water, spare parts, oil and fuel for a flight of 1400 sea miles, the weight reached the total of 28,000 pounds, and the full-load speed was eighty-five miles an hour.

New and untried features in connection with aviation were developed for this flight. Each seaplane was equipped with three novel instruments the aerial sextant, a course and distance indicator and a drift and speed indicator. The aerial sextant is so arranged that the sea horizon is replaced by a bubble in a tube. The bubble, when reflected on a mirror, which is sighted through a specially constructed lens, reflects the sun in another mirror. The observer brings the sun tangent to a line

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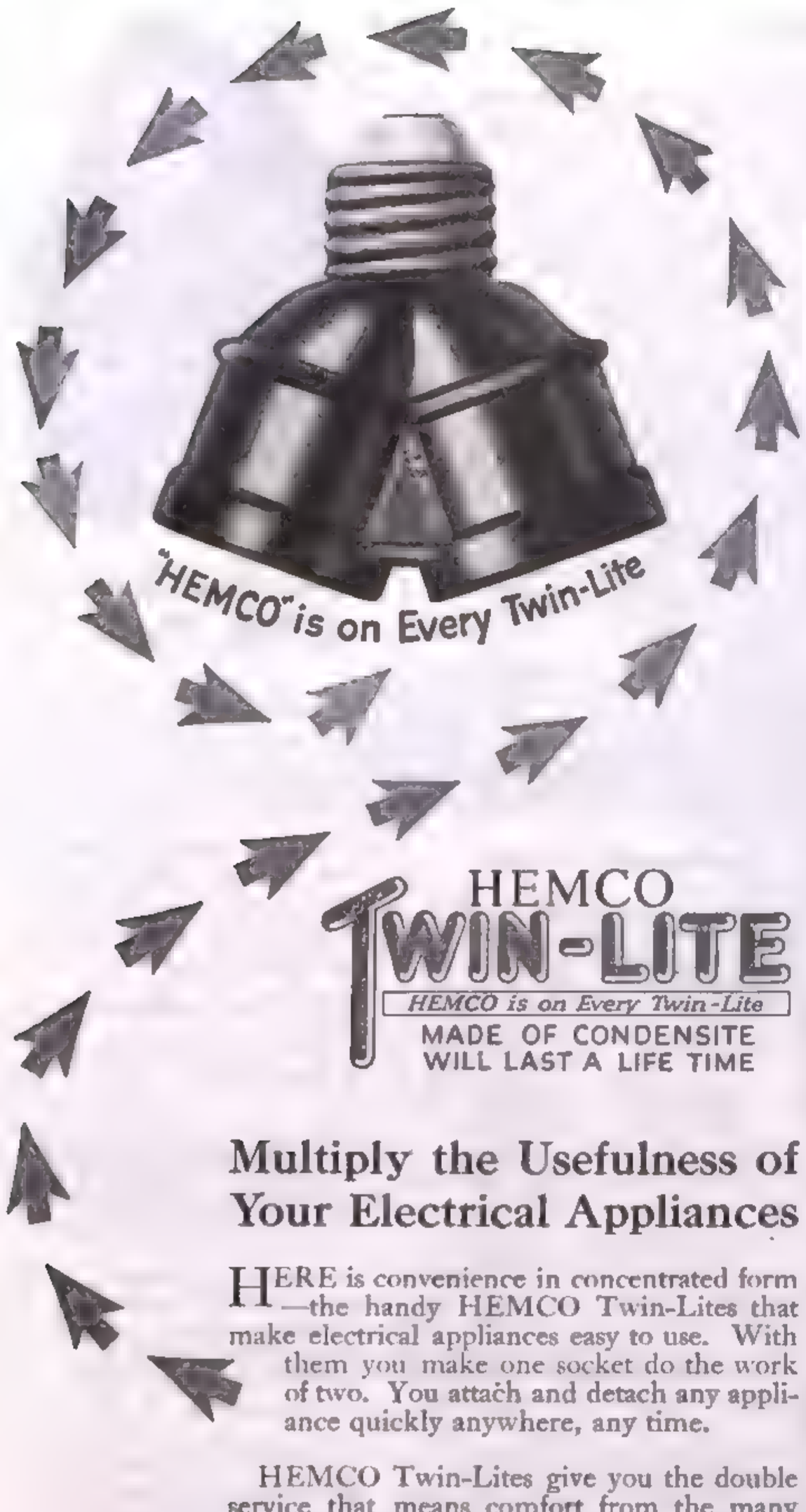

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simultaneous with the bubble. This gives the altitude of the sun. The bubble being lighted, night observations may be taken.

The speed and drift indicator was used in connection with bombs which ignited upon striking the water, giving off a cloud of smoke and a bright light. By sighting the smoke in the daytime or the lights at night the navigator using this indicator can determine the velocity and direction of the wind and quickly determine his speed and drift from his course. A projection chart of the Atlantic was constructed, enabling the navigator to make calculations in less than one-sixth of the time formerly required.

Another special development on the NC's was the radio apparatus, power being generated by small propellers. Again a world's record was made with this apparatus, the NC-4 maintaining radio contact with the Halifax radio station for more than 1000 miles, and with the Bar Harbor radio station for 1400 miles. A message sent from Washington by way of the radio station at Bar Harbor was received and answered by Commander Read on the NC-4 while flying across the Bay of Fundy en route from Chatham to Halifax, and the answer was received within three minutes after the message was started from the Navy Department.

Smashing Precedents

In addition to the practical value of multi-engined seaplanes for transocean service demonstrated by the NC-4, the remarkable performance of the NC-3, which, when forced to land in rough water, was able to remain on the sea nearly three days and taxi through the waves 200 miles under her own power into Ponta Delgada, cleared up any doubts concerning the seaworthiness of the flying boats.

I never wished so much for the wisdom of Solomon as when the NC-4, commanded by Lieutenant Commander Read, made its successful flight across the ocean. Commander Towers, in command of the division, had bad luck, his plane, the NC-3, having been compelled, by a dense fog, to descend to the water. He and his crew exhibited courage and efficiency in the three days they were alone at sea before they reached Ponta Delgada. But his plane was so damaged that it could not go on to Portugal and England. Read's was in fine condition after the flight to the Azores, ready to make the last lap. Who should command it in receiving the greetings which awaited it in Portugal, France and Great Britain? That was a question almost as difficult to decide as to which mother should be awarded the child. The chief of operations presented a telegram from Vice Admiral Knapp, the Navy's representative in Europe, recommending that "as a reward for his remarkable energy and skill in bringing NC-3 safely into port Commander Towers be authorized to proceed to Lisbon in NC-4 as division commander." Admiral Knapp is a recognized authority in naval procedure and naval laws. Should I overrule his view that Towers should go in command of the ship? That argument had much to commend it. Admiral Jackson, in command at Ponta Delgada, joined with Vice Admiral Knapp in the recommendation. Most naval officers of experience on duty in Washington, following unbroken precedent as to command of ships afloat, advised that the senior officer ought to be authorized to transfer his flag to the ship that had weathered the storm and go in command to the end of its voyage. That would necessitate relieving Read from command of the plane he had carried across the ocean.

My personal feeling would have impelled me to approve Knapp's recommendation. I had made my first flight with Towers, had spent an afternoon at the hospital with him when he narrowly escaped death while on a flight when Billingsley lost his life as his machine dropped into the Severn. I had selected him to command the expedition. But it was not Towers' aëroplane which had reached the goal. Read had scored. I could not help feeling that Read and his crew, who after leaving Rockaway had to overcome engine troubles and were last to reach Trepassey but first to arrive at the Azores, had earned the right to the recognition to which success entitled them. And so without a moment's hesitation I said to the officer who brought me the telegram: "No, Knapp and Jackson are wrong for once. There is a difference between an air squadron and a fleet. Towers directed the operations and gave instructions, but the moment the planes were off, Towers was then in command of his NC and Read was in command of his. Read and his crew would have been responsible for any untoward circumstance, and they are justly entitled to the honors which come to achievement."

I then directed that a cable be sent stating that, though I fully recognized the merit of Commander Towers' service, for which he should be rewarded, in justice to all I could not approve his sailing in the NC-4.

A naval precedent had been smashed, just as naval aircraft had been smashing many precedents. A short time later, on my appearing before the House Naval Affairs Committee, the chairman inquired into the matter, and when I had explained the reasons why the crew which flew the NC-4 was given the honor, and Commander Read was not displaced by his superior, the committee expressed its approval of the precedent-breaking decision. Not once but many times I have felt that naval tradition often becomes a ball and chain instead of an inspiration, and that naval precedents, like adherence to legal precedents, often defeat justice.

While the NC squadrons were at Trepassey, Newfoundland, refueling for the long hop to the Azores, the navy dirigible C-5 made a world's record for nonstop flight of nonrigid dirigibles, flying from Montauk, Long Island, to St. John's, Newfoundland, 1050 nautical miles, in twenty-five hours and fifty minutes. Had she not been torn from her moorings in a gale and swept out to sea the C-5 would in all probability have been the first lighter-than-air craft to negotiate the transatlantic voyage, an honor that a few weeks later was won by the British airship R-34.

On April 25, 1919, a few days before the start of the NC boats from Rockaway, a twin-motored flying boat of the F-5 type, fitted with two direct-drive, high-compression Liberty engines, established a world's record for seaplanes of its type and class by making a nonstop flight of twenty hours and ten minutes, covering a distance of 1250 nautical miles, and carrying a crew of four men, the total weight being approximately 16,200 pounds.

These achievements in the spring of 1919, within six months after the armistice, opened the eyes of the country to the fact that, far from resting after hostilities, naval aviation was swiftly speeding ahead.

Prewar Aviation

The entire development of naval aviation has taken place within a decade. The first flight from a ship was made November 11, 1910, when Eugene Ely in a land-type biplane flew from the deck of the cruiser Birmingham. Three months later he reversed this performance by landing in an aeroplane on the deck of the then Pennsylvania, now the Pittsburgh, and the next day flew the same plane from the deck on which he had landed. A month later Glenn Curtiss flew from the water in San Diego harbor, alighted alongside the Pennsylvania, his plane was hoisted aboard ship, later hoisted out, and he flew back to his starting point. In the summer Mr. Curtiss made a flight at Hammondsport, New York, in a flying boat of his own invention, a type which, like the land plane, owes its origin to American genius.

In that year of 1911, officers volunteered and were detailed for observation, training and experimentation in aëronautics, and thus our first naval aviation section came into being. Four qualified as aviators and in the next two years twelve others were added to the list. Annapolis was the headquarters, with a winter camp at San Diego.

When the fleet went south for the winter maneuvers in 1912-13 the aviation camp was transported to Guantánamo, Cuba, where began practical tests and coöperation with the ships, scouting flights for detecting the approach of a distant fleet, the detection of mine fields and submerged submarines. Returning to Annapolis for the summer, flying was conducted from point to point in the Chesapeake Bay, while certain officers were sent to Hammondsport to test a new flying boat. A board of aëronautics was appointed to report on a suitable organization and a complete aviation establishment. As a result, work was soon begun on the first naval air station in the United States, at Pensacola, Florida, where an aviation ship was stationed, first the Mississippi and later the North Carolina. Though the corps was small, excellent aviators were developed and world's records made for distance, altitude and endurance.

But it was the war which brought, in this country, as it did in Europe, the rapid growth of naval aviation to a force with a personnel, in service and training, almost as large as was the entire Navy previous to the war. Before hostilities ended there had been enrolled and trained more than 1500 naval aviators, 1300 ground officers and 35,000 enlisted men; and 4000 flight officers and 10,000 men were in training. There were in commission 1400 seaplanes and airplanes and 300 lighter-than-air craft. More than 1200 officers and 19,000 enlisted men were in European service, with 388 seaplanes, 140 airplanes and 42 kite balloons. At the close of hostilities there was, either in Europe or en route, a sufficient number of seaplanes to supply all our stations abroad and to replace losses and crashes which might occur during 1919. It is a fact worth recalling that the naval aviation detachment of seven officers and 124 enlisted men which left the United States in May, 1917, was the first organized unit of the American armed forces to set foot in France.

In Europe there were established twenty-eight operating stations, two training stations, six bases, five headquarters, and five lesser establishments, located in England, Ireland, France and Italy, and a marine aviation station in the Azores. In America were seven training and ten patrol stations, nine for rest and refueling, two experimental establishments; and a number of others were under construction. These stations extended from North Sydney, Nova Scotia, to Coco Solo, Panama, with a large Pacific station at San Diego.

Patrols covered all important harbors and most of the coast from the north of Nova Scotia to the waters at the mouth of the Rio Grande, and in the autumn of 1918 the total distance covered by coastal patrols in American waters in a single month reached 480,000 miles, while training seaplanes flew as much as 2,000,000 miles a month.

Forcing Out the U-Boats

In Europe joint patrols were carried out in coöperation with the British, French and Italian air forces. The German submarine and aircraft bases at Ostend, Zeebrugge, Bruges, Helgoland, Pola, Trieste and various lesser stations were successfully bombed. Planes, submarines, materials, buildings, hangars, supply stations, ammunition dumps and other munitions were destroyed or damaged.

The seaplane patrols and aërial convoys were an immediate success. After they were installed, during thousands of miles of convoy, no ship escorted by American aircraft was sunk by submarines. Prior to our activities on the French coast the sinkings averaged one Allied ship each day, but in the ten months our patrols were active only three ships were lost on the area between Penmarch and Ile d'Yeu. Many mines were sighted and destroyed, this being an important part of the work in the war zone.

The numerous air stations along the European coasts prevented enemy submarines from finding shelter in small harbors and isolated coves where, before the extensive air patrol was established, they conserved their fuel and supplies and darted out at will to sink shipping passing near by. The U-boats were forced to keep to open waters, which caused rapid consumption of fuel and supplies, requiring them to return more frequently to their home bases. As soon as sufficient aircraft was available to coöperate with surface craft convoys the U-boats were driven from the ship lanes to the open ocean. This further restricted their activities and reduced the morale of their crews.

The records of the Navy glow with the daring deeds of aviators overseas, some of whom lost their lives in the new and perilous service of escorting ships through the danger zone, in antisubmarine patrol, in bombing in the North Sea and the English Channel, along the coast of France and in the Adriatic.

Special training of flying personnel and mechanics is of vital importance to naval aviation. The complex duties involved in work with the fleet require a knowledge of navigation and fleet tactics, of ships and their operation, as well as flying ability. Pilots and observers are trained at the big naval air station at Pensacola Bay, Florida. Airplane pilots receive supplementary instruction at the army stations at Arcadia, Florida, and Mitchel Field, Long Island. There is a post-graduate course at the naval academy at Annapolis in balloon gas, aircraft engines and technical aviation, and a number of line officers are studying aerodynamics at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. The ground personnel, assembly and repair mechanics are trained at the naval training station at Great Lakes, Illinois, which has facilities for training 2500 men at a time—the most complete aviation-mechanic school in existence.

The main naval air station on the Atlantic Coast is at Hampton Roads, Virginia; the main station on the Pacific at San Diego, California. Minor stations are maintained at several points along the Atlantic, in the Panama Canal Zone, Hawaii, the Philippines and Guam. The marines, in addition to their main base at Quantico, Virginia, operate a small station at Parris Island, South Carolina, and detachments in Haiti, Santo Domingo and Guam.

The peculiar problems coincident with the expansion of naval aviation and its work with the fleet lead naval officers to three logical and inescapable conclusions:

First, that there should be created by law, within the Navy Department, a bureau of aëronautics. As the Navy functions through its bureaus it is evident that such an important branch of the service as aviation should have its affairs administered by a separate bureau devoted to this alone.

Second, there must be made available by the Congress, based on a progressive program, adequate annual appropriations for continuing experiments in aëronautical engineering and for the operation of an ample and properly balanced air service with the fleets. Hit-or-miss appropriations which provide either a feast or a famine interfere with the formulation of definite and comprehensive plans. Uncertainty as to funds delays the program, which, if carried through to completion, would provide an adequate air force.

The third conclusion is that under no circumstances, through the establishment of a so-called united air service or otherwise, should naval aviation be taken from the Navy Department and attached to any other service whatsoever.

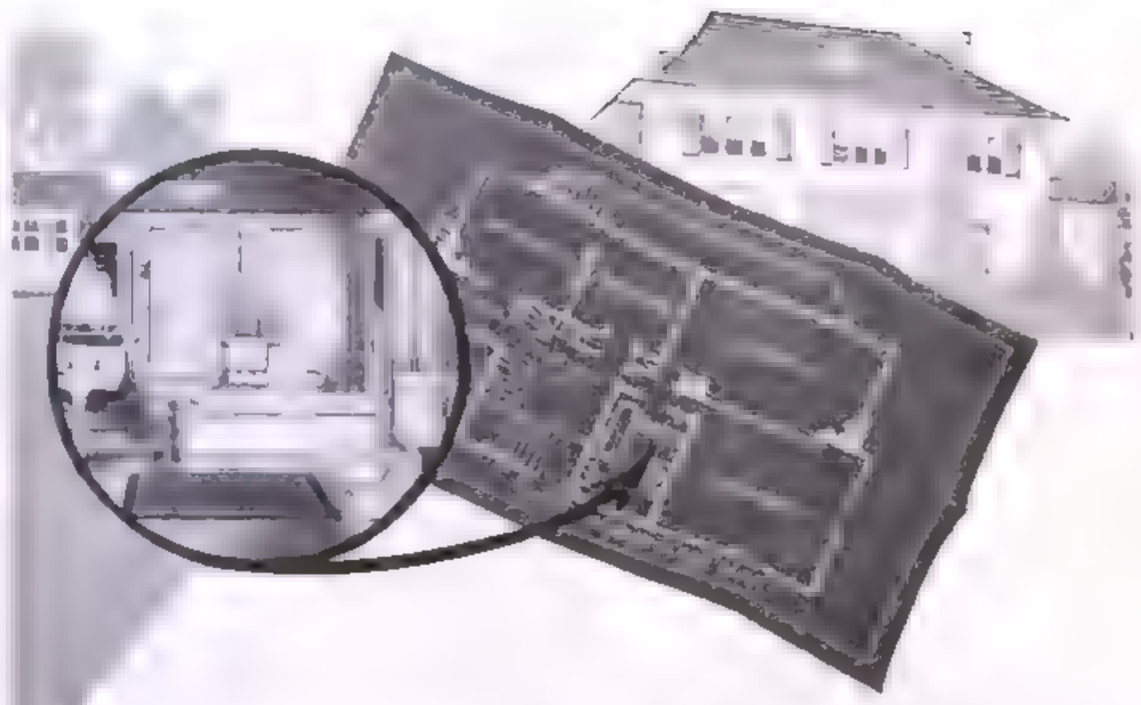
There has been for months—in fact ever since the end of the war—a systematic and well-oiled propaganda for the creation of a united air service, taking from the Navy and the Army the power to make aviation an integral part of the fighting force. It would be just as wise to make a separate ordnance service; and this policy might in time split up the component parts of a military organization until it became so subdivided it could not meet an enemy employing all the agencies of modern warfare. There are, of course, men advocating this unifying of all air activities under one department who believe it will effect economies and prevent duplication. But much of the propaganda seems to have been inspired by the desire to further commercial aviation by help from the public treasury. Others espouse it for personal reasons, seeking to elevate aviation to the dignity of a government department, a cabinet portfolio, with themselves and their friends in control.

A United Air Service?

If aviation is not to be a part of the fighting force of the Army and Navy, but is to be merely an experimental laboratory to try out new engines and new ideas, to concern itself only with machines for carrying passengers, mails and express, there is good argument for one air service. Certainly these things are of great importance, and until aviation becomes profitable commercially the Government should aid in developing new types. But that is no argument for taking this newest arm of the military service from the direction of men charged with utilizing all kinds of war weapons. Some people believe aircraft will supplant battleships and great army guns in the warfare of the future and render obsolete all land and sea weapons. They may be right. It may come in the course of time. But even then the direction, control and operation of fighting craft in the air must be in the hands of trained military men just as they must direct fighting on land or on sea. You cannot have efficient weapons unless you have experts who understand how to use those weapons.

The formation of a united air service, to embrace army aëronautics, naval aviation,

(Continued on Page 70)



TEPECO Water Closets for every Place and Purse

TEPECO
Water Closets
for Every Purse

SIWELCLO

People are glad to visit homes where their finer sensibilities are considered and where they are not embarrassed by noise escaping from the bathroom when the closet is flushed. Point for point, the Silent Si-wel-clo surpasses the best louder-flushing toilets made.

Prices
White Seat - $168.35
Mahogany Seat 99.60
F. O. B. Trenton

WELLING The Welling is a syphon jet the same as the Si-wel-clo, but does not include its noiseless feature. For many years the Welling has been considered by sanitary experts as the outstanding example of fine syphon-jet construction.

Price - - $64.65
F. O. B. Trenton

MERIT A large bowl large water surface and strong action demonstrate the superiority of Tepeco construction. The Merit is our Reverse Syphon Action type and is, we think, the best in its class.

Price - - $57.50
F. O. B. Trenton

SAXON A measuring tape will demonstrate the superiorities of the Saxon over other closets of syphon-action construction. The Tepeco tank fittings mean a freedom from the petty annoyances householders encounter at all-too-frequent intervals.

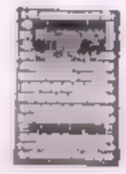
Price - - $53.15
F. O. B. Trenton

WE ASSUME that everyone's natural inclination would be to install the Silent Si-wel-clo in their house. Unfortunately, we cannot manufacture this toilet at a price within the means of everybody. But we always have made other closets. "Why not," thought we a couple of years ago, "perfect one closet of each type as it has never been perfected before, so that people who cannot afford a Si-wel-clo can be assured of getting the best value for their money?"

We have done it. You can either take our word for it or get out a measuring tape and make your own comparisons. Each in its class and at its price—Si-wel-clo, Welling, Merit and Saxon—satisfies us. In design, sanitary qualities, china tank and fittings—we are proud of them.

So we have named each one of them, priced them F. O. B. Trenton, and have placed them in the hands of the plumbing contractors awaiting your call. We lay no claim to attempting to turn out cheap water closet combinations, but we do say that they are the nearest thing to permanency you can buy, and you will find a reputable manufacturer in back of them.

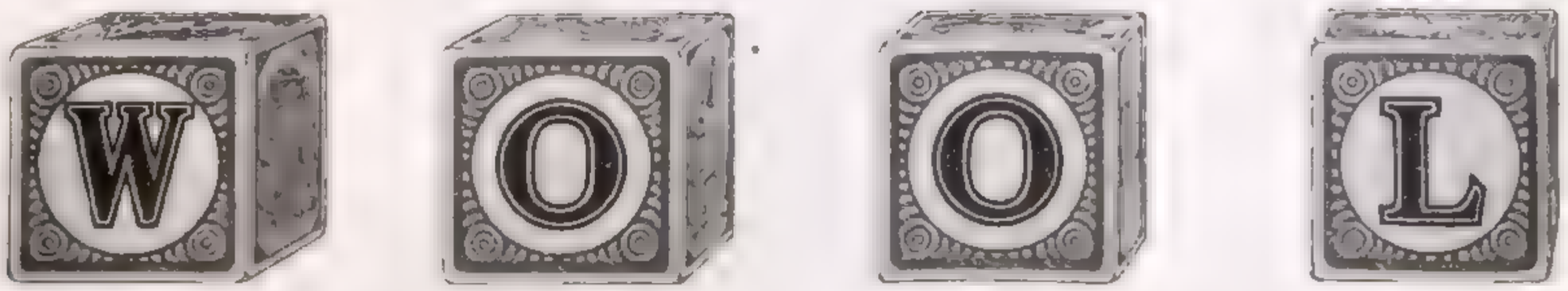
BOOKLETS—So that you may learn why some closets cost more than others we have prepared booklets showing the difference between the types. We want you to send for them, also for our bathroom plan book—"Bathrooms of Character," Edition D.



THE TRENTON POTTERIES COMPANY
Trenton, New Jersey, U. S. A.
BOSTON NEW YORK SAN FRANCISCO
World's largest makers of All-Clay Plumbing Fixtures

Supplying children with their own personal washing equipment will be found a helpful means of interesting them in cleanliness

A floating white soap



Send for a set of our Wool Soap Toy Blocks—20 to the set, round-cornered, 1¾ inches square, attractively embossed. The children will love them as a plaything of delightful and instructive amusement. Send 5 Wool Soap wrappers, together with 40c in stamps or cash

A Fleecy Lather

Another Children's Crusade! –this time for Cleanliness

How the modern Health Crusades Movement is attracting children's interest in the subject

700,000 American children enlisted in another crusade!—this time in quest of health through habits of personal cleanliness.

And it is colored by all the medieval romance, the same ideals of chivalry that attended that first Crusade of children, seven centuries ago.

The Modern Health Crusade is a movement now being carried on in schools, clubs and other organizations all over the country. Its purpose is to attract the child's interest to cleanliness and the forming of health habits.

The principle on which the Modern Health Crusades are based is "Learn by doing." A child may memorize facts of hygiene and rules of health, but unless his interest can be stimulated to the point where he will *practise* them there are no results.

The crusade idea puts the play element into the study and practise of hygiene. It sets up health as a delightful ideal and makes the acquiring of health habits an exhilarating game.

The Modern Health Crusades in actual practise

Every child between 6 and 16 years of age may be a health crusader.

There are 11 official health chores to be done every day. The child must do a total of 54 chores each week for an increasing number of weeks to gain the successive titles of Page, Squire, Knight and Knight-Banneret. Upon acquiring each title, the child is given a pin or the insignia of his rank.

The first two chores to be done are: 1. I washed my hands before each meal today. 2. I washed not only my face but my ears and neck and I cleaned my finger nails today. Another important chore is: I took a full bath on each day of the week that is checked.

Every effort is made to interest and encourage the child in performing these daily chores. Supplying him with his own personal washing equipment is found to be a successful means. This should consist of towel, wash cloth, nail brush and his own cake of soap.

The soap that children wash with of great importance

The soap that a child is given to wash with is very important. Some soaps are very hard on their tender young skin, making it feel drawn and "stingy" and irritated. This frequently accounts for a child's dislike of washing.

Soap suitable for children's skin should be very mild; should leave the skin soft and smooth and clean.

Wool Soap is exactly suited for children's requirements. It is so pure and so mild that it cannot possibly irritate. Every ingredient is the purest obtainable.

Children love its fleecy lather which cleanses so quickly and yet leaves such a delightful "feel" to the skin.

Give them Wool Soap to use; add to their progress of Health Knighthood still another element of interest.

Mothers have been using Wool Soap for more than a quarter of a century. Its purity, its dependable quality, have made it the preferred soap for children in thousands of homes.

A cake of Wool Soap for every Modern Health Crusader

We want every Modern Health Crusader to try Wool Soap. We have a special 3 oz. sample cake which we will send for 2c in stamps. Fill out the coupon below today. Swift & Company, U. S. A.

4261
SWIFT & COMPANY
Chicago:

Enclosed find 2c in stamps for which send me a trial cake of Wool Soap.

Name

Address

Get this family package of Wool Soap

The Wool Soap family package contains twenty-four six-ounce cakes. It is the economical way to buy and assures you an adequate supply of well-conditioned soap

S O A P

For Children's Skins

It is no longer necessary

to wonder *how* the family manages to wear out so many shoes—

—or *how* such big and frequent shoe bills are to be paid.

The recent scientific discovery of Korite enables you to make every pair of shoes bought for your household ***wear at least twice as long.***

Korite, combined with certain waterproofing elements, is now put up for your convenient home use on *shoes.*

In this form it is called Wonder Wear.

In less than five minutes you can treat a pair of shoes with Wonder Wear. That *single treatment* is all that is required, for the results of Wonder Wear are permanent. The stiffest, heaviest pair of shoes will immediately become delightfully flexible and comfortable. They will *remain* so. After the first one or two shines, the shoes will take a more brilliant and durable polish than ever before. The necessity for rubbers is reduced, and—those shoes will wear *at least twice as long.* A 50c can of Wonder Wear will treat three pairs of men's shoes; more of women's and children's.

Wonder Wear is as good for the finest women's and children's shoes as the heaviest lumberman's boots. It is as invaluable to the banker as to the postman or office worker.

You will recognize Wonder Wear by the label in Blue and Orange.

Korite Products, Inc.
91 Bedford Street, Boston, Mass.

Laboratories: Wollaston, Mass.
New York Office: 130 W. 42 St.

To Shoe Wearers:
If your dealer cannot supply Wonder Wear we will mail you a full sized can for 50c.

To Retailers:
We will supply you direct until your jobber can do so.

To Jobbers:
We will co-operate with you fully; write us.

(Continued from Page 67)

the aerial mail service, and all other governmental aëronautic activities, and also to include civil aviation, would be productive of direct and irreparable harm to the individual services involved. It would immediately take from the Navy one of its most important arms. The peculiar problems of the Navy can best be solved by men with naval training. The naval aviator must be instructed by navy men, indoctrinated with navy traditions, conversant with naval tactics and with all classes and types of naval craft with which he has to work, and he must know the functions of the various units of the fleet.

The favorite resource of those who advocate a combined air service is to point to the British Royal Air Force and urge that the United States follow the British model. Has Great Britain found that plan a success? Mr. C. G. Grey, editor of The Aeroplane, published in London, recently declared that the united service had proved a failure.

"In the late European War," says Mr. Grey, "Great Britain was the only country which was foolish enough to form a separate Air Force and the immediate result of the formation of that Air Force was a marked decline in the efficiency of the personnel and in the quality of its equipment."

Views of a London Editor

When they were independent, he states, the two services vied with each other in efforts to be progressive and efficient, but when they were amalgamated "the personnel lost all pride in their work, the soldiers wished they were back with the Army, the sailors wished they were back with the Navy; sailors were put on to do soldiers' work, soldiers were put on to do sailors' work; the work was done thoroughly badly," so that the "whole morale of the Air Force fell to pieces.

"The result of this state of affairs," says the London editor, "was that at the end of the war the Royal Air Force had not in use one solitary type of aëroplane or engine which was less than a year old in design, and, with one exception, all the types in use at the signing of the armistice had been actually in the field by the middle of the year 1917. Furthermore, so badly was the technical and supply side of the Royal Air Force run that it was well known among the supply people of the Army in the field that if the war had gone on for another six months the Royal Air Force would practically have been without any reliable engines above 130 horse power with the exception of a small supply of Rolls-Royces." He asserts that anyone who will investigate the matter will find that "the single-air-force idea is utterly wrong from the point of view of the fighting services, and, therefore, of the nation as a whole."

Does America want to repeat the British experience? Does it want to create another huge war machine to rival its Army and Navy? I cannot believe it does.

The chief problems of military aviators are: To learn the currents and pockets and strange freaks of the upper air as the sailors learn the eddies and tides of the sea, and fogs, which are as much dreaded by sailors as heavy clouds are by aviators; to learn how to aim, and to make such calculations as to hit the object aimed at.

If it were customary to seek this great need as we advertise for stenographers, aviators would make the newspapers rich by inserting an advertisement something like this:

WANTED—A Maury to chart the air, to map the gulf streams above the clouds, to chart air pockets, and place lighthouses and buoys all over the heavens to aid navigators of the sky as they are provided for navigators of the sea.

Who is to be our Maury of the upper regions? Much has been learned by aviators at terrible cost, but men who fly feel as Newton did when he felt that he knew so small a portion of the vast unexplored continents of learning. Winds and tides in the sky are as terrifying as winds and tides of the sea, and the men of science are joining with practical flyers to study their currents. Will they succeed? Just as truly as they have succeeded in charting the ocean, but it may be too much to hope the ether element will ever be more fully mastered than men have ruled the mighty deep. However, man's conquering spirit will make transportation above steeples as safe as on the sea. I had almost said "on the land," for, though automobiles are supposed to be thoroughly domesticated, the daily accidents warn us that there is no method of transportation not attended with danger to limb and life.

The duty now uppermost with fighting flyers is how to hit the mark. Coast-defense guns have little difficulty in scoring a large proportion of hits, but they are stationary. Dreadnoughts have improved so rapidly in gunnery in the past few years that their big guns are pretty sure to do the execution intended. But their guns are fired from great moving forts which, except in very rough seas, can take aim and by mathematical precision hit the target. The flying machine is of necessity moving at a rapid rate, it has no stationary emplacement, and it therefore has every disadvantage in steadiness or ability to strike the object it wishes to annihilate. But it hits! If it is trying to destroy a city it is not so much concerned whether it starts the conflagration on the river front or in a residence district. Given enough planes, it will destroy the biggest city, provided—and there's the old story.

There never was an offensive that sooner or later did not find a defensive. As there is an antidote for every poison so there comes an agency capable of repelling every assailant. The genius of ordnance experts has been exerted, first, to produce an armor plate that can resist all projectiles, and then to produce a projectile to pierce the most heavily armored ship. And the contest goes on forever in land and sea fighting. There is no difference in the duels of the air. When the operator of the air machine is so skilled in dropping bombs that they will fall on the steeple or ship whose destruction is desired, by that time the defenders of the city will perfect guns and counter air machines to make all his terrible weapons of the air ineffective or to make it an equal contest.

Sperry is going to stop the rolling of a ship in the roughest sea. Some ordnance expert will make bombs for aëroplanes moving a hundred miles an hour that will be just as certain to hit the object aimed at as is a gun on a solid foundation.

Will it surprise you when it is done? It will not surprise me. Never since wireless became a practical servant of communication and men flew across the ocean, outdistancing a bird, will any invention or performance of man astonish me. I know man will solve the unsolvable, and all elements will do his bidding. My faith in new things deemed impossible is like that of the philosophic farmer who lived on the banks of Tar River, where I first opened my eyes. One day a neighbor, who had heard of some marvelous thing, dropped in to see the wise old man, and with eyes showing excitement told Mr. Boddie of the miraculous discovery.

Airships or Battleships?

When the startling announcement did not move his auditor, who sat and smoked as calmly as if he had been told that it would probably rain that afternoon, the relator asked: "Doesn't that surprise you?"

"No," said the imperturbable Nicholas Boddie, who had lived to see the telegraph and the Great Eastern and the ocean cable, "that does not surprise me. Nothing would surprise me. Why," he added as a clincher as his eyes fell on the placid stream flowing toward Pamlico Sound, "it would not surprise me to see Tar River run upstream."

And so I believe those of us who are yet young will live to see scientific and accurate charts of the air which will enable aviators to avoid collisions between the trains of airships going from continent to continent on their regular schedules, and that aëroplanes will constitute as integral and important a part of the Navy as any ships of the line. I even dare to believe it may be in the stars that in the years that are to come the aëroplane will be more feared than the dreadnought.

Is the navy that flies to supersede the dreadnought as the backbone of the fighting navy or make it obsolete? That question has been much debated in Congress during the last session. Indeed for weeks it was the chief question at the hearings before the Naval Affairs Committee of the House. While the House Committee was hearing experts and others advising that no new capital ships be constructed and predicting that all big ships now afloat would soon be sent into innocuous desuetude the Senate Committee was declaring, with but one dissenting vote, that the

battleship was the backbone of the fleet and that the eighteen great ships under construction must all be completed.

While this debate was at its height I met Mr. Frank J. Sprague, an eminent member of the Naval Consulting Board, who has given much thought and time to experimenting with high explosives. A graduate of the naval academy, he has never lost his interest in the Navy. During the war, with other members of the Naval Consulting Board, he made many tests of high explosives against armor plate, with important results. Tests of dropping bombs from the air convinced these men of science that aërial warfare was rapidly becoming so terrible as to make possible destruction on a scale never before dreamed of.

"What do you think," I asked Mr. Sprague on the morning after the Senate Committee had voted against any holiday in dreadnought construction, "about the discussion concerning the relative efficiency in war of the capital ship and the bombing aircraft?"

"Whatever the future developments may prove to be," he replied—"and that they will be of the utmost importance may be freely acknowledged—the first line of fighting ships is likely to remain for a long time a vital force in offensive operations, and the nation that does not possess it will in the end find itself hopelessly defenseless and at the mercy of its opponent."

Mr. Sprague's Opinion

"Then you do not agree that aircraft are to put them out of business?" I inquired.

"No," he replied, "but sound as is the decision of the General Board, as approved by the Secretary of the Navy and the Senate Committee, that there shall be no present hiatus in the battleship program, I am, however, impressed with the seemingly unnecessary overstatement as to the immunity of ships from serious damage by air attack, and the implied limitation in the equipment and operation of airplanes—a zeal outrivaled by the claims made in behalf of the latter. No ship whatever will always prove so immune as present optimism may lead one to believe.

"I have, as you know, while a member of the consulting board, been somewhat active in the development and testing of new forms of fuses, depth charges and air bombs, and with some of these—as well as the work of others—in mind, I have no hesitation in saying that we are only at the beginning of the possibilities of air attack. I hope, therefore, that the coming bombing tests will not be confined to simply a registration of hits, even with bombs filled with high explosives, for if so they will be inconclusive.

"In the testimony submitted to Congress it was reported that in one series of tests against a stationary ship there were 11 per cent of direct hits and 41 per cent of water hits within sixty feet of the target; and this, mind you, when air-bombing practice is in much the same relatively inefficient state as was our great-gun practice a few years ago, facts which seem to me of the utmost significance.

"It is claimed that with a moving ship, and especially under battle conditions, no such record is possible, which is quite likely true if these conditions are established by one only of the combatants. But it is a trite saying that anything which can happen will happen, and hence it is reasonable to assume that sometimes an air attack will not be successfully met by a counter one of like character. Under such conditions a like favorable record of hits is possible, for it is largely a matter of relative speeds and directions of movements of attacker and attacked.

"If, for example, a plane, with its vastly superior speed and power of maneuvering, lays itself on a like course with a ship, whose speed reduces the differential between them, its chance of hits will be increased. It can surely estimate the speed of a battleship and note its direction of movement more accurately than gun spotters can determine the like elements of an enemy battleship 19,000 yards away, on which elements gun fire absolutely depends.

"Of course, according to our present lights, most of the crew, and the vitals of a battleship, except in a rare possibility of smokestack entrance, are fairly proof against direct air attack, even with high explosives, but I am not sure and, in fact, doubt if they will always remain so.

"As against such sometime serious damage, it has been argued that the results can be discounted because ships after like wounds from torpedoes have managed to limp home. As well argue against the turret gun, whose destructive power lies in its power to put a small explosive charge inside a ship's protection. In either case the ship, as a then fighting unit, may be placed practically *hors de combat*, whatever its future chance of repair; as witness the results of the Jutland battle."

Mr. Sprague is clear in his view that it needs no special power of visualizing or prophetic instinct to see that in future battles, when under-water, surface and air craft are all engaged, the ships of a fleet may be attacked from above not only by bombs carrying enormous charges of high explosives which burst on impact or below water near a ship's skin, but by others filled with inflammable oils and chemicals, and still others that burst on water impact before immersion, filled with shrapnel or with smoke-producing materials which will interfere with observation and gun sighting; or bombs filled with crying, mustard, phosgene or other deadly gases, to be sucked into a ship through its ventilators.

Here you have it: The navy that flies can not only drop projectiles and bombs but inflammable oil and poison gas, which may burn up the battleship or fill it with poison gases that will suffocate the crews! More than that: Smoke-producing material may be showered from above, making effective smoke screens to prevent those on the battleship from seeing the enemy. If a destroyer can make a perfect smoke screen by sending up the smoke, why may not a plane drop a curtain of smoke?

The Sane Course

More than that: Mr. Sprague thinks nobody will deny the possibility of the do-all, dare-all fighter, who, ready to make the supreme sacrifice for his country, will not hesitate to drive his bomb-loaded plane direct down on the ship's deck with enormous velocity, in spite of all its air defenses. "To fear the air developments would be cowardice; to ignore them, madness," he declared to me. He is no faddist, no man looking for cheap and easy ways to win wars, and he believes we should keep our feet on the ground and our battleships in the ocean while our brains work in the clear air of science and research and faith in making the hitherto impossible an actual reality.

The outspoken belief of able men in this country and abroad of the coming destructive power of the navy that flies over the navy that floats, added to the universal opinion of conservative military leaders that every effort must be made to construct a big air navy, more than justifies the order given by the Secretary of the Navy in February for the fullest and most practical test of simulated battles between aircraft and capital ships. Plans are perfecting now for thorough experiments.

Who may venture to prophesy the future of the engines of war or the element in which war may be waged?

When we recall that at the very time Simon Newcomb, the famous astronomer and mathematician, announced that flight in heavier-than-air machines was impossible the Wrights were flying in them at Kitty Hawk; and that Langley's experiments, which excited general ridicule, were soon followed by the development of a new science, who can dare set metes and bounds to aviation miracles?

Editor's Note—This is the fourth of a series of articles by ex-Secretary Daniels. The fifth and final article will appear in an early issue.

Unretouched photo of the second prize winning battery in the Gould Endurance Contest. Service record 4 years, 11 months. Owned by Mr. W. G. Jenkins, Springfield, Ohio.

"Alive and Kicking" and over 4 Years Old!

THINK of it! A battery that stood the punishment of four full motoring seasons with no outward or inward indication of wear or tear.

This second prize winner in the recent Gould Endurance Contest won its high honors by establishing, under standard tests, a capacity rating of *35 percent over that required of new batteries.*

Such service records are not uncommon among Gould owners. This was conclusively proven by the average service record of all the hundreds of entries in the Gould Contest—an average record of 4 years and 1 month.

Now Comes a New Gould!

A *super*-service battery, even more tenacious of life, even more economical in service, than its predecessor.

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THOMAS ROBINSON—MAN OF THE WORLD

(Continued from Page 15)

The air was charged with electricity and heavy with coming thunder—that is, the air of the rehearsal was. Eva Knowlton and the young gentleman from the Comedy Club were quite asinine. Mrs. Roger Hartman had that afternoon lost her cook and was in the vilest of tempers. The Comtesse de Chavagniaque had wrenched her back in the surf that morning, and so on. Young Mr. Robinson's tension of mind has already been indicated.

But it was from the beginning plain—if anything about little Mrs. Martin could ever be described as plain—that Peggy was the center of the storm. Her eyes looked as if she had been crying. It is only to be regretted that this seemed not to make them red, but only lovelier and more moving. She sat at first almost balefully regarding across the room the infatuated Eva and the director, and when the young man's attention became the least bit disengaged she called out his name and announced that she must speak to him. She was, just as it chanced, sitting by Mr. Robinson at the time, and she caught his hand almost hysterically before she rose, and gripped it an instant, tragically, so it seemed to him.

"I shall be no good in this play," announced Peggy passionately, "and I am not going to act in it."

The storm had burst, thunder and lightning and the wailing of the wind. An imaginative bystander might almost have heard the protests of the devastated orphans coming all the way from Uro-Russakia. The arguments used were mostly loud assurances that little Mrs. Martin was going to be too lovely as Peggy, though Mrs. Hartman, still exasperated by her cook's treachery, said that perhaps no one had ever expected Mrs. Martin to be very good, but that for all that she had got to go through with it. The little comtesse said innocently that perhaps the producer from the Comedy Club could train Eva Knowlton for the part of Peggy in time. He protested that he couldn't possibly, and then Eva suddenly became angry and said that perhaps she had better leave the cast too.

Miss Knowlton then had to be flattered, in addition to Mrs. Martin, and the company—or troupe, if we are to consider them as *artistes*—felt almost exhausted by these honeyed efforts. And then, perhaps in order that the scene might build up, as they say in the theater, to a proper climax, and possibly that Eva Knowlton might be forced into the decent obscurity where she properly belonged, little Mrs. Martin had a small but rather pretty attack of hysterics, said she was ill anyway and that she might have to leave on Friday for Wyoming with her husband, but that she'd see what she could do, and that she was very unhappy over the whole thing anyway, and that if she could she'd come to the rehearsal. And with that she fled into the night, accompanied—no one need be surprised at this—by Thomas Robinson.

They flung themselves into a low-hooded car, one of those whose privacy is so exaggerated that its occupants seem rather like animals sitting cautiously at the mouth of their burrow.

"Tell him to go a way along the Shore Drive. I can't go home yet," the lady cried, and into the still, starlit night the motor almost silently slid, and in its dark recesses she and young Mr. Robinson seemed alone in the world.

For a distance they were silent, though almost at once she had caught the boy's hand and held it as they drove on. Then suddenly she broke into some sort of an explanation. She and her husband had quarreled after dinner. He said that she was drifting away from him; that she no longer cared for him or to be with him; that Southampton was stealing her from him; that she must come with him to Wyoming on Friday or—ah, well, she didn't know; perhaps never again ——

Just once did reason try to raise its head in this discussion on the Shore Drive.

"But," began young Mr. Robinson haltingly, "couldn't one go to Wyoming any other day except Friday?"

Almost immediately he himself felt that this was an absurd question; that everything in such debates was a question of emotion. And emotion was, indeed, all that was to guide that starlit talk by the Atlantic's edge. Emotion swept him along by its mere propinquity. For what, indeed, has any Thomas Robinson of eighteen had to do with emotion, especially with emotion of this sinister, dubious kind, with lovely ladies and harsh, aged husbands?

"Oh, it's all my fault, I know," she said, and she pulled her cloak up as if the night air were cold. "I can't help myself. I wasn't ever meant to be the wife of a sober old thing like Arthur. Oh, why weren't you old enough so I could have married you? We'd have been happy and young together. I'm not good enough for Arthur."

"I'm sure you're good enough for anybody," stammered the boy.

"Oh, no one believes in me, no one really likes me here!"

And then she was suddenly crying, and Thomas Robinson felt helpless and oh, sorry for her!

"Don't cry," he murmured.

"Oh, let me!"

But for all that, she stopped for an instant and her eyes shone in the dark through tears. There was no need of light. He knew already that these eyes were the true color of the violet. He knew already that the dusky perfumed cloud of her hair hung above them as above stars. And quite suddenly he knew that he had kissed her—solemn, lovely, frightening event!

"You darling!" she cried, and her face was pressed tight against the shoulder of his dinner jacket, just where her tears would do the coat the most harm, for she was crying again, only more softly.

"Oh, I love you, dear Thomas Robinson!" she said softly.

"I'm sure I love you, dear," he answered.

What else, we ask you, would or could a gentleman say?

Then quite suddenly the car swerved almost violently, and they realized that the chauffeur had made the turn by the Shore Drive and Harbord Lane and was bringing them through the gate and to the Martin house. The lady dabbed at her eyes, and actually in a quarter minute—such is the incredible facility of women—she was springing out with a light laugh. The chauffeur drove home a boy who had somehow suddenly grown to be a man. Such fateful magic is there in a kiss!

The elder Robinson, whose volatility and lack of seriousness or of instinctive appreciation of anyone else's moods struck his son afresh, yelled at the boy from the library that he was willing to share with him a bottle of home brew, but Thomas Robinson stalked to his room. He did not switch on the light, but neither did he undress. He flung himself into a great wicker chair by his wide open window and gazed upon the hard, glittering stars which had just shone upon the tragedy of his life.

He had seen clearly almost from the beginning, since it was all very obvious. He had known perfectly the only thing he had to do. Wouldn't anyone know? He'd had dreams, of course. Even the happiness of his father and mother had a simple sort of charm for him. Hadn't they just chosen each other, boy and girl, and been in love ever since? Wasn't that the happiest thing, perhaps?

Thomas Robinson, of course, realized that life when they were young must have been a much more uncomplicated, unsophisticated affair than the thing which confronted him. But he saw that he was doubtless better equipped than his father would have been to deal with anything like the present situation.

Is something of all this not true? In this confused and not so very well-behaved modern world, do not all the problems face and confuse a boy as they would never have done in serener, remoter days? Yet is a boy's heart much changed through the decades?

All the plans he had made would come back—pleasant years of college and wandering afterward, and at the end the girl. Now things were settled—not that life was ruined or over, of course. Yet life had caught him. For a little while longer he sat looking at the sand dunes shimmering under the starlight, and hearing the sea roar beyond them. Then he turned on the light at his little desk, half unconsciously pulled down his coat and smoothed his hair. He wrote a note on his best paper. And then softly he crept downstairs along the lonely road and to the Martin house and dropped it into the letter slot at the door. As it fell inside it seemed to him fairly to thunder, as if all the world should know to-night all that it would know to-morrow, when the note would be brought—with her breakfast coffee—to little Mrs. Martin. Let those who will laugh at what he wrote. A woman was unhappy and trusted in him. He had kissed her, and with that kiss he had pledged reparations and his man's honor. He began:

Dearest Lady: You must never be unhappy. I am ready to do everything a man can do. I want you to understand that. I would marry you to-morrow if you were free. I know I am only eighteen—not quite, really, because I've lied about it a little. But by the time you can get a divorce I will be a little older. I only speak of my age on this account. If you were thirty or thirty-one you would never seem old to me.

And if life is absolutely unendurable to you we will not wait. We will fly to-morrow together and let him divorce you as he will. We will go somewhere very far away—Monte Carlo, perhaps. That's where they go in stories, and it is lovely. I've got some money in the bank, almost seven hundred dollars, and I've several very good scarf pins and a new set of studs and waistcoat buttons, which we can pawn in New York. And I've this month's allowance that I got only this morning. Anyhow, I know a boy in Paris who has a system by which I can make a lot of money at Monte Carlo. Anyhow, I'd work for you like anything. I only tell you all this to show you that I'm practical and that you can trust yourself to me. I'll take care of you somehow.

I want to be just like your knight would have been in old days. That's what I believe men must be for women, especially unhappy ones. So, if you love me, I am

Yours very truly,
THOMAS ROBINSON.

He read it over, and then he saw that it was not quite right yet. There are lots of things to remember when you are being a gentleman. So he added this:

P. S. Of course, I love you—I forgot to mention that.

It is a great thing to have come to a great decision and done a moderately great thing. You sleep—that is, if you are eighteen, or near eighteen, assuming that you have lied a little about it. Shortly after breakfast a note came, causing frivolous and lighthearted and almost offensive comment upon itself by the elder Robinson. It didn't begin at all. It merely ran:

We must talk it over. Come at four. You are really the very nicest boy in the whole world.
A. M.

The matter was obviously settled. And it is always a comfort to have anything settled in almost any way, though perhaps if she had said "man" instead of "boy" it would have been more dignified.

The day passed uneasily, and even a dip in the surf seemed to give Thomas Robinson no great appetite for lunch. His parent twitted him with being off his feed through nervousness at the approaching performance, when in reality he merely looked pale and noble.

There was an hour after lunch when he retired and locked himself in his room. From his little desk came forth a few letters and picture post cards and—yes, a photograph or two of girls, which he burned in the grate. After all it is as well to cut loose from the past before pushing your bark into the dark, swirling, uncertain waters of the future. One final glance around the room—it had been the home of so many boyhood dreams, and then a man left it. Yes, indeed, a man!

She was radiant as she came into the room and straight to him. In an instant her arms were about his neck.

"Oh, Thomas Robinson," she cried, "was there ever anyone like you in all the world?"

And you could scarcely have told whether she was laughing or crying. Then she stood a little distance away and looked at him. There was laughter in her eyes, and happiness, too, and affection for him such as he could never have dreamed.

"Listen, dearest, very dearest boy," she said softly. "You've made a woman of me. And all the happiness I shall ever have in the whole world I shall owe to you."

Our hero did not move, but as he looked at her his shoulders straightened and he glowed within. There is, indeed, a reward in life for doing the right thing. If this seems an odd description of having offered

(Concluded on Page 74)

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to run away with another man's wife we must let it go at that. But we should like to record another fact, that perhaps never in all his life had Thomas Robinson looked so handsome as at this moment. Was it not indeed the climax of a life?

But the unexpected sometimes makes a climax. Suddenly little Mrs. Martin stepped to the door and called, "Arthur, come here!"

Old Martin was evidently waiting, for he came straight in. Thomas Robinson turned very white, but he stood even straighter than before.

"This is Thomas Robinson," said little Mrs. Martin, "who, as I told you, is willing to run away with me now or to marry me if I wait to divorce you."

All that old Martin said was "Good Lord! That child?"

He sank into a chair, staring at Thomas Robinson.

It was the most tense moment there had ever been in young Mr. Robinson's life; perhaps the tensest there will ever be. Let us hope so, for very calmly the boy made up his mind that if Mr. Martin laughed he would kill him.

But old Martin only sat staring, with no look of laughter. Finally he asked very solemnly, "Why were you going to do that, sir?"

"Because she was unhappy."

"And why was that?" Mr. Martin pursued the inquiry.

"Because you were a brute to her," answered the boy, with his head flung proudly back.

"So that is what I seem, is it? Listen, young man: I love my wife!"

"Haven't you an odd way of showing it?" retorted Thomas Robinson.

"I don't know," went on Martin meditatively, gloomily and half as if to himself. "Women are the devil, young man. You'll find out." He had now turned to the boy. "She changes so often that I don't really know yet which of us she has settled on, you or me."

And now at last he smiled in an odd, bitter way.

There was a low chair near where Thomas Robinson stood, and little Aline came and knelt upon it, taking one of the boy's hands and holding it in both of hers.

"Listen, dearest boy. I'm afraid I made him out worse than he was."

She seemed to hesitate to go on with the grave, disconcerting gaze of near-eighteen upon her.

"You see, I'm not much good really. I was nervous—for reasons I didn't altogether understand."

Thomas Robinson looked at Martin—he was smiling at his wife.

"And besides," went on little Mrs. Martin, "I'm afraid I just a little liked making you sorry for me."

Thomas Robinson grew a little paler. Something rose in his throat that he gulped down. Tears stood for an instant in his eyes. Then he felt something on his hand, first tears from her eyes and then her lips as she kissed it.

"I'll never do that kind of thing again—that's what I meant when I said you had made a woman of me. But you can forgive me, I know, because you are so nice and so young that you never for an instant fell in love with me. He didn't, you know, Arthur."

The boy's face flushed.

"I don't think you've a right to say that, either of you. I stand by what I wrote. And I wrote that I loved you—didn't you see it in the postscript?"

It was, oddly enough, old Martin who answered.

"A gentleman couldn't do less. I think I understand, old man." And from where he sat he reached out and took Thomas Robinson's right hand and shook it. "You've taught me something, Robinson," he went on. "I do love her, and yet I was neither as understanding nor as forbearing as you, just a kid."

He got up, and again he took Thomas Robinson's right hand. He held it affectionately, paternally.

"She's coming back to me and I to her—a little changed, both of us, and we owe it to you. And I want to say, furthermore, that if I ever have a son"—and again old Martin smiled affectionately at his wife—"I hope he will be just like you. Only, of course, I'll try to keep him away from desperate bad women like Aline."

She had gone to him by now, and stood for a moment leaning against him, apparently not minding such mocking words.

"We are not going to Wyoming till next week," she said with a casual air, "so I can be Peggy."

"Let me see how you kiss her in the play."

Thomas Robinson could again have simulated this agreeable action as he had at rehearsals, but this time, with a gay glance at old Martin, a glance it would be pleasant to call debonair if that were a modern enough word, he caught her firmly in his arms and kissed her for the second and for the last time.

"Oh, my goodness," cried little Mrs. Martin after it was over, "I don't know! Arthur, do you suppose I really am in love with him?"

"I'll take the risks," said old Martin, and then he kissed her in a way somehow different from Thomas Robinson's.

"I guess I love him after all," said the girl. "You don't mind, do you?" She spoke to the younger man.

"Why, no," said our hero simply. "You'll be happy then, won't you?"

And then old Martin said the thing which is perhaps the last that need be recorded in this story. He bowed and said with some dignity, "I hope, Mr. Robinson, you'll allow me formally to thank you for having offered to run away with my wife."

"I'm sure you are very welcome, sir," said Thomas Robinson. It was the politest speech he could think of on the spur of the moment.

Oldest House in Walpi—Hopi Indian

THE GIRL WHO PAID DIVIDENDS

(Continued from Page 13)

"No—no!" she cried, and stopped. Something in that voice ——

"Violets, lady, from the hand of one who loves you!"

She looked again. Jimmy Parsons, in the coat and hat of the flower man, was proffering the purple blossoms. How like him!

"Jimmy!" she cried. Her voice broke.

"Thirty-two bunches of violets—all for you," he said gayly. "With my undying love."

"Jimmy, you silly old thing! The show's busted."

"Sure it has! I knew that last night. Good idea too. Gives us plenty of time to get married. I dare you!"

She was not one to take a dare. Besides, she loved him then. Jimmy and the flower man once more traded costumes, and there was a quick wedding, with violets for all the girls, though many of them would have preferred roast beef.

"What do we care if the show's a bloomer?" Jimmy had cried. "Our love is a big success."

So it had been—for a time. But Jimmy Parsons' career as the most popular man's man on Broadway left him little leisure for a wife. Wherever he went his pals were waiting. They would drag him in somewhere for a drink. Each night at the club they surrounded him, urging him on to that flow of brilliant talk for which he was famous up and down the big street. He would grow more witty as the day approached, which was probably why they seldom let him off till dawn. Very soon the love that had seemed so wonderful in Atlantic City was dead and forgotten, like the show that ran two nights. Peggy went back to the chorus.

Now, as her car turned off the Boulevard into a side street, Peggy smiled softly to herself.

"Violets, lady, violets! From the hand of one who loves you!" He had been a dear in those days. But when she had seen him last—two years ago!

She shuddered. Broadway had got him—too many high balls, too many four-o'clock breakfasts. When she met him at the Los Angeles hotel he was coughing with a cold that somehow he could not shake off, and there were red splotches high on his thin cheeks.

"The doctors say I'm all in, Peg," he told her

She shrank from him.

"You can't believe all you hear, Jimmy," she said. There was something in his eyes she did not like, a beaten look, a terrible fear of death. "Listen! There's a place down on the edge of the desert—it's called Palm Springs. They say the air is fine for—for sick people. You go down there and get a house ——"

"I'm broke, Peg."

"I'll stake you. You can pay it back when you get well."

He shook his head.

"You'd be throwing your money away," he told her.

He was very sure he would not go, but there was little fight left in him. She persuaded him, she made all arrangements, rented the house, instituted the custom of the monthly check. It was characteristic of her that she set the figure at two hundred and fifty dollars, twice the sum that he needed.

Jimmy went off to Palm Springs, and not once since then had she seen him or heard from him, save through her canceled checks that came back from the bank.

"Crawling off to the desert to die," he had told a friend on leaving. But he still lived; he lived this beautiful April morning, the only obstacle between Peggy and Martin Fox, who loved her and wanted to take care of her.

Peggy alighted from her car before the studio and went quickly to her dressing room

As she seated herself to make up there came a knock on her door and one of her sister actresses entered, carrying a weekly theatrical newspaper.

"Something in here about you, Peg," she said, and held it out. Peggy took it and read:

Jimmy Parsons, who went out to California two years ago to recover from an illness, writes to a friend that he's a riot with the cactus plants. It is understood that Jimmy has been approached by the lawyer of a certain Wall Street man and offered a cool fifty thousand to allow his wife to divorce him. The rumor goes on to say that Jimmy is holding out for a bigger split on the gross.

Peggy Malone flushed and handed back the paper.

"That's all news to me," she said.

"Oh, sure it is, dearie!" remarked the actress with open sarcasm.

"You heard me!"

Peggy's eyes flashed.

"Well, don't get sore," said the girl, and went out.

Peggy sat for a moment staring at her glass.

So Jimmy was holding out for more money! How he had changed since Atlantic City seven years ago! And Martin Fox was on his way—would arrive this very afternoon.

"I'm coming to settle things once for all," he had wired.

She was conscious of the imminence of a crisis in her affairs.

Another knock at her door, and Kenyon, the new director, looked in.

"Whenever you're ready, Miss Malone," he smiled.

"Just a second," she smiled back, and with flying fingers she prepared herself for a day's hard labor.

II

WHEN Martin Fox met her at the Los Angeles hotel for dinner that evening he had another man with him whom he introduced as Mr. Greenwood. The stranger was a mild, genial little chap, with eyes that beamed behind thick spectacles.

Peggy was surprised. It was not Fox's custom to welcome a third party to their meetings.

Fox himself was looking more efficient, more prosperous than ever. He was a big, silky-smooth man, blond and handsome; the sort who, in a play, remarks at intervals: "Remember, I always get what I go after."

In real life he was not so crude as to say it—he just looked it. At the moment two devastating passions engrossed him—Peg and money. The former was recent, the latter of long standing.

They went in to their table in a quiet, partially hidden corner.

"Don't order for me, please," Greenwood said. "My wife is expecting me at the apartment. I'll just report and then I'll run along."

Peggy looked at him wonderingly.

"Greenwood is my lawyer," Fox explained.

"Oh!" she said. She understood now. "Martin, I heard what you've done, and I can't say I like it."

"Why not?" He seemed surprised. "I'd do anything to get you, Peg. It means my very happiness—and yours too. Isn't that so?"

"Yes, of course. But money never counted with Jimmy."

"It didn't, eh?" sneered Fox. "Well, I never met the man yet who hadn't his price. Dear old Jimmy's seems to be a bit higher than we expected, but let Mr. Greenwood tell it."

"Well, I went down to Palm Springs," began Greenwood. "There are a few sanitariums, some simple little houses—and the air was wonderful."

"You didn't go down to take the air," Fox suggested.

"No, of course not." The lawyer's tone was sharp and held no apology. "I had Mr. Parsons' house pointed out to me—a neat little bungalow set amid orange trees. When I came along he was lying in a hammock in the dooryard. He got up and met me."

Peggy Malone leaned eagerly across the table.

"How was he looking?" she asked.

"He was looking mighty well," said Greenwood. "In fact, I was greatly surprised.

"'You don't look much like a sick man to me,' I told him.

"He laughed. 'I can't imagine how that rumor started,' he said. 'I'm as strong as a horse.'"

"You see?" Martin Fox's tone was triumphant. "He doesn't deserve any sympathy. He's all right; just lazy—lying up there in a hammock waiting for your two fifty a month—grafting off you like all the rest." (Continued on Page 78)

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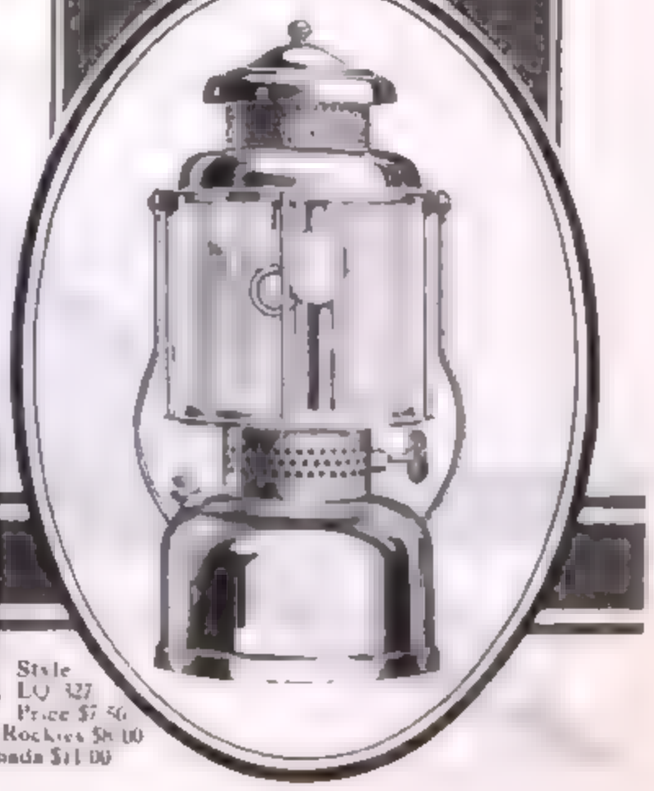

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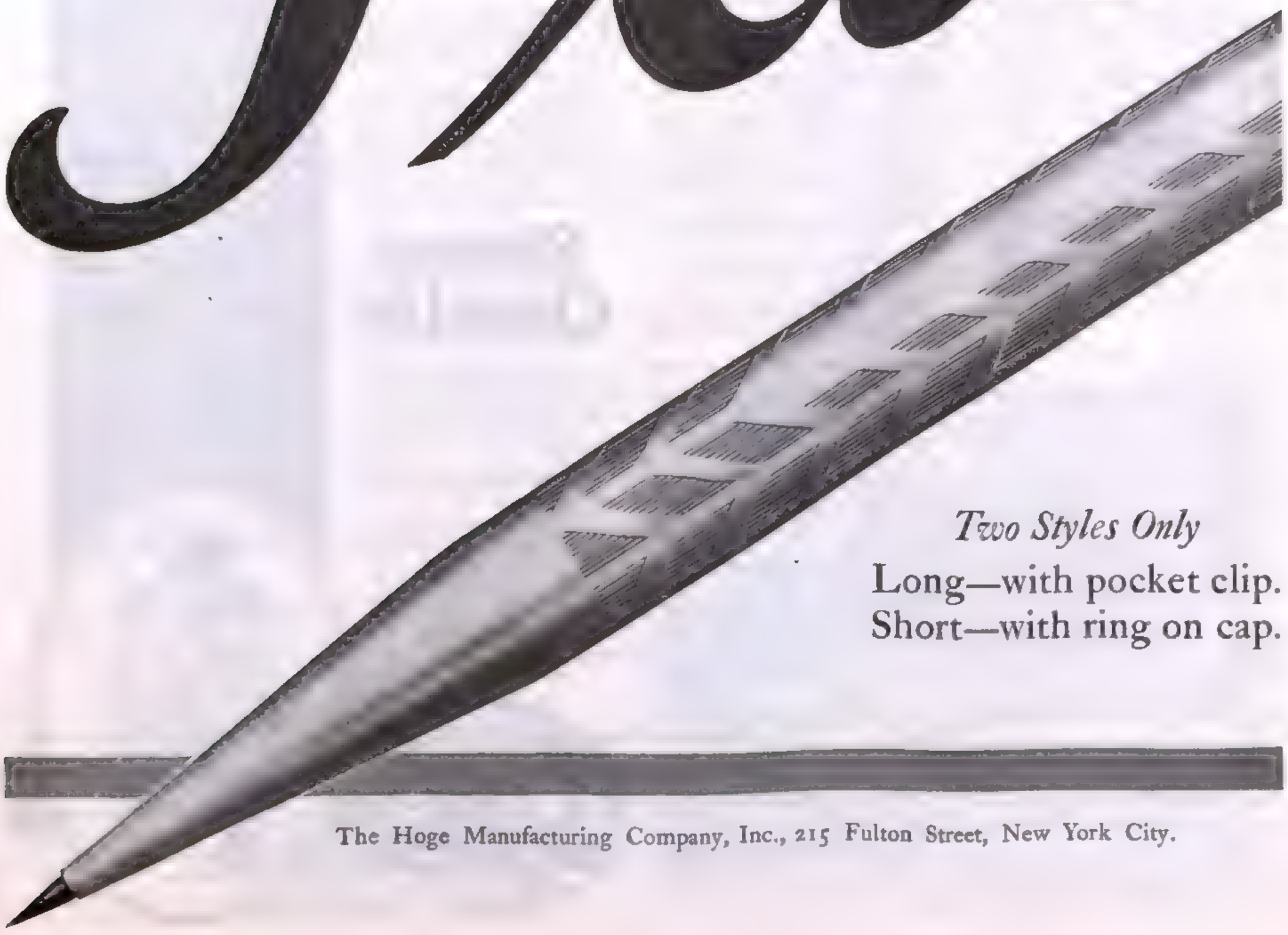

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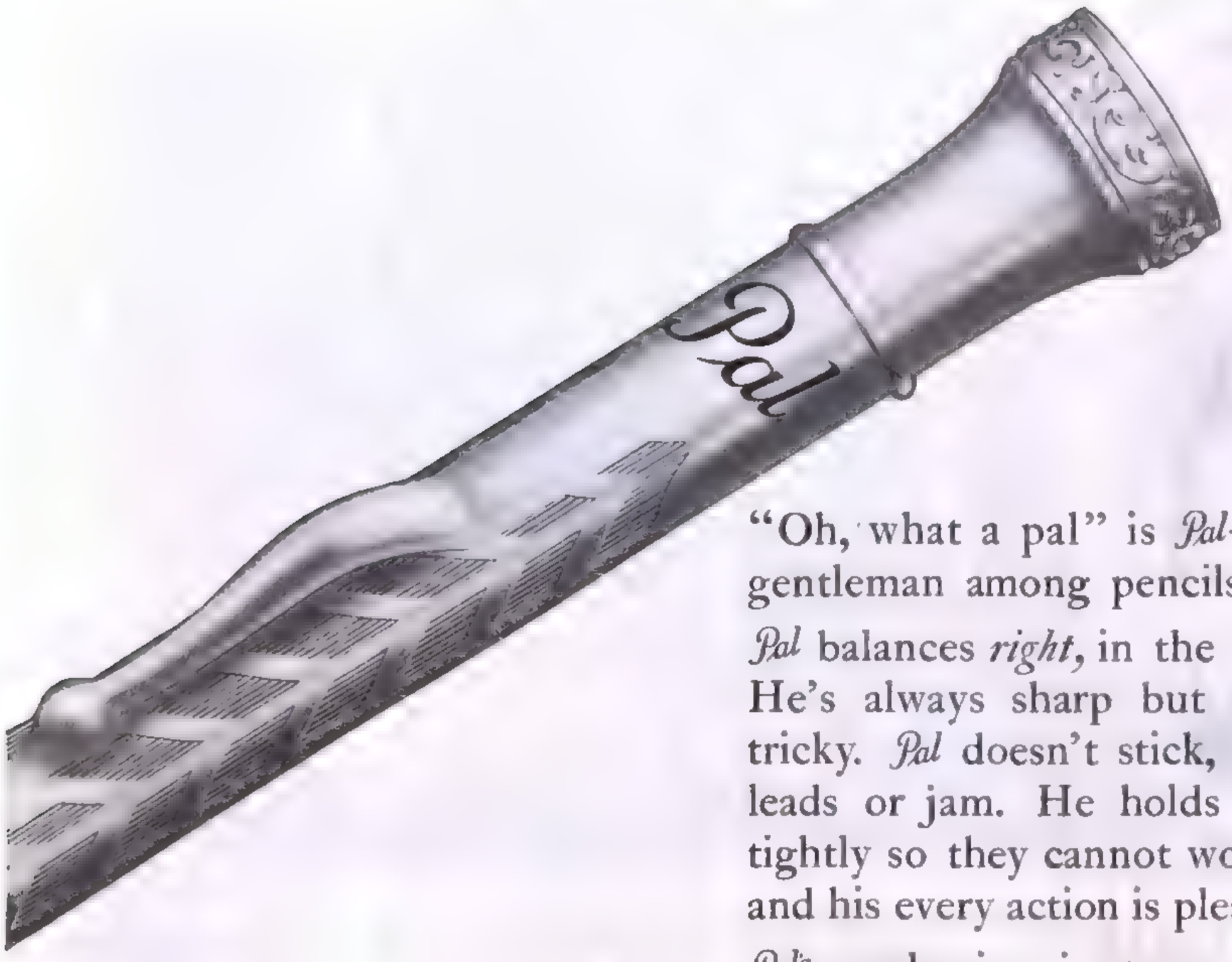

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LESHER MOHAIRS

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(Continued from Page 75)

"Go on," Peggy said to the lawyer.

"Well, he made it difficult for me, I'll have to admit that," Greenwood continued. "He was so darn glad to see me. Said I was the first visitor he'd had in two years. He called his Chinese boy and ordered lunch, and he talked. It was pathetic, somehow, the way he talked. Just ran on and on—couldn't stop. And such talk! It was as good as a show."

"But you hadn't come there to hear him talk," Fox put in. "You made that clear?"

"Oh, yes—naturally—after lunch. I told him my mission was sort of delicate. I explained how things stood. I said his wife wanted to marry. 'Did she send you?' he asked sort of sharp. I said no, that I represented the gentleman in the case. 'Ah, yes,' he said, 'I know his sort. I've never seen him, never heard of him until to-day; but I can describe him.' And he went on to tell me all about you. It was—uncanny."

"Go ahead," growled Fox. "Repeat it."

"Oh, no—no matter," said the lawyer hastily. "I got to the point at once. I told him I was authorized to offer him twenty-five thousand to—to step aside."

"What did he say?" asked Peggy Malone.

"He said he was sorry I hadn't come a month earlier. 'The desert is at its best in March,' he told me. I went to thirty thousand. 'Though it's no slouch of a desert even now,' he says, 'what with the cactus blooms and the palo verde.' 'Thirty-five thousand,' I said. 'The Spaniards,' says he, never cracking a smile, 'called this spot where Palm Springs stands the Conchilla Deesert, which means the desert of the little shells.'"

"Kidded you, eh?" said Fox.

"Well, at that I stood up. 'I'm authorized to go to forty thousand, and not a cent higher,' I said. 'Oh, must you go?' says he. 'That's too bad, really it is. I was hoping you'd stay overnight. The desert air is wonderful at night. Man, I'm telling you, it's the very breath of heaven!'"

Peggy Malone was smiling gently to herself.

"He was kidding me, as you say," the lawyer went on. "But I didn't mind. I sort of liked it. When I was about to leave I told him I'd be absolutely frank with him—that I could pay fifty thousand, but no more. 'What shall I tell my client?' I asked. 'Tell him,' says this boy, 'that we've had a lovely season up here, but we sure need rain.' So I came away."

The three sat for a moment in silence. Then Martin Fox spoke with decision.

"He wants more money," said Fox. "I recognize the symptoms. The figures you named didn't happen to touch him. I've changed my mind—I'll pay a hundred thousand. Now you go up there to-morrow ——"

The lawyer got quickly to his feet.

"I'm sorry," he said, "but I'm through. You'll have to get somebody else."

"What?"

"I never liked this job, anyhow. However, we were under obligation to you, so I took it. But now—I've seen Jimmy Parsons. I've seen him just once, for a couple of hours—and he's a friend of mine. I—I like him. I withdraw completely. Good night, sir. Miss Malone, a great pleasure to meet you. I wish you all the happiness in the world. Good night."

"Sentimental old fool," said Fox peevishly. "I'll get someone else—someone who's not so easy."

"Let's drop it, Martin," Peggy said.

"Drop it? Not I! I came out here to settle this, and I will. I'm crazy about you, Peg. And you said last time you'd be willing to marry me if—see here, you aren't still in love with that husband of yours?"

"Oh, no! That was over and done with years ago!"

"That's all I want to know. Now you leave things to me. I won't annoy you with details. I'm out here to get you your freedom, and after that I'll win you if it's the last act of my life. I—I can't get along without you, Peg. You're such a good pal. You do like me a bit, eh?"

"I like you a lot. You—you'd take care of me, wouldn't you?"

"Give me the chance!"

"So that I wouldn't have to work. I'm—I'm tired. Somehow that's what I want most—somebody to take care of me, and of dad and Joey."

"The whole blame family. Marry me and all the burdens shift from those little shoulders over here." He tapped his own. "Nothing to do but look pretty and spend money. How does it sound?"

"Why, it sounds fine!" she smiled. But for some reason she was thinking of Palm Springs. "Let's go to a show, Martin."

It was close on midnight when he dropped her at her door and took the kiss he had been looking forward to all evening. She went softly up the stairs to her room. As she hastily prepared for bed she found herself thinking again of Jimmy, Atlantic City, violets. She sighed. Marrying Martin Fox would be so different. Well, she had been twenty in Atlantic City—twenty and breathlessly in love. The sort of thing that could happen but once in a lifetime. And Martin was a good fellow at heart. He would take care of her, protect her, pay the bills.

When she crept into bed her thoughts had swung round to Jimmy again. Jimmy better, cured by the air that was like a breath of heaven. But lazy, shiftless, content to wait for her checks. Was that true? Perhaps not. Perhaps he was not so well as he pretended to be. And he was lonesome—one visitor in two years. It was sort of pathetic, that lawyer said, the way he talked. Peggy closed her eyes, tired with a day's hard work. There was a harder one awaiting her to-morrow. Jimmy—in a hammock—she mustn't forget—the first of the month was close at hand—she'd write a check in the morning. "Tell him we've had a lovely season up here, but we sure need rain." She was smiling when she fell asleep.

She overslept the next morning, and rushed down to breakfast in an apologetic mood. Her father was alone at the table.

"Hello!" he said. "Martin Fox called up yesterday. Did he find you all right?"

"Yes; I had dinner with him."

"Any—anything new?" he ventured.

"Nothing new," she smiled.

"Joey didn't come home last night," he told her. "He took that money you gave him and went down to Tia Juana to play the races. Probably cleaned out and hungry by this time." She looked her distress. "He doesn't amount to a rap, Peg. Going to the dogs. You ought to do something ——"

"What can I do?" she asked wearily. "When he was a baby I remember I used to follow him about, saying 'No, no, Joey! Joey mustn't touch!' I can't do that out here in Hollywood. He's grown up—and I'm too busy, anyhow."

"Shut down on him. Don't give him any more money."

"That's easy to say, dad; but I haven't the heart."

"You've got too much heart. You're too good to Joey—and me, too, for that matter. I got to thinking about it last night."

"Why shouldn't I be good to you? My own father and brother. I'll have a talk with Joey when he gets home. Now I've got to rush along. Got a tough day ahead—out on location."

It proved a tough day indeed. In her newest picture Peggy Malone played, as usual, the beautiful daughter of a multi-millionaire. In this instance she must fall in love with a simple country boy, late of the A. E. F. The manner of their meeting was romantic. Driving her smart racing car up a mountain, she was to round a curve and meet, head-on, the cheap little car of the simple lad who—played by an ennuied Broadway actor—was growing less simple every minute. By doing it very slowly and carefully there was no real danger, and the film could be speeded up to reveal a rather thrilling collision.

It had been raining, but when they reached the hill just outside Hollywood, where this bit of script was to be filmed, the sun was out again. They found exactly what they wanted, a sharp curve with both approaches hidden. Pickets were sent a hundred yards in each direction to warn off the cars of outsiders, and Peg drove her little racer down the road and turned it carefully about on the wet asphalt.

She heard the sound of the director's whistle and started up the hill. Small things alter human destinies. The picket who was guarding the upper approach turned his back a moment to light a cigarette, and as he did so a heavy limousine filled with tourists shot silently by him.

Peg was thinking of Jimmy as she came on up the hill. The little bungalow amid the orange trees, the cactus blooms, the nights when the air was so wonderful. She bore down rather heavily on the gas—saw that the curve was surprisingly near.

"Put on your brakes!" shouted Kenyon, directing.

She seized the brake handle; the light car quivered a moment, then began to skid. She brought it to a stop just before the curve, but at right angles to the road. At that instant the big limousine shot round the corner and hit Peg's car amidships.

The little racer turned over with Peggy Malone underneath.

On their way to the office of a near-by doctor, Kenyon, sitting in the back seat of a car, white-faced and grim, with the unconscious Peggy in his arms, kept thinking. "Winkle will never forgive me for this. His best bit of property—practically ruined."

When she was conscious again, and all her injuries were dressed, Peggy pleaded so hard to be taken home rather than to a hospital that the doctor finally consented. At five o'clock that afternoon old Peter Malone returned from the vaudeville theater where he had been killing time. As he came up the front walk he was humming a new song that had taken his fancy. He opened the door of the house. At once to his nostrils came the odor of hospitals; at the top of the stairs he saw the fleeting figure of a trained nurse. He went up two steps at a time, and into his daughter's room.

"Peg!" he cried.

He saw her slim figure under the sheets in the darkened room, caught a glimpse of her bandaged face, a whiff of iodoform that sickened him.

"Don't be scared, dad," he heard her say faintly. "I got banged up a little doing a picture. I'll be all right to-morrow."

"Peg!" he cried again. The nurse came and led him out.

"You mustn't excite her."

"What—what happened?" he wanted to know.

"Someone else will tell you. I'm busy," snapped the woman, and he found himself in the hall.

He went downstairs, dazed. The front door opened, admitting Joey. Joey was dusty, sleepy, seedy and, to one who knew him, broke.

"Dad, what's up?" he cried.

"Peg," said Malone. "Hurt doing a picture."

"Hurt? Not bad?"

"I don't know. Her face—her face is all bandaged."

"Her face!"

For a long moment they stood staring at each other.

Neither spoke, but each knew what the other was thinking. Joey went over and with trembling fingers took a cigarette from a silver box and lighted it. He went back to the foot of the stairs and listened. He heard Peg's voice.

"Turn up the light and give me a mirror—please, please!"

Joey sat down weakly on the stairs.

III

PETER MALONE did not sleep well that night. A final spark of manhood had flared up in his breast to trouble him. He was ashamed of himself; he made brave resolutions in the dark. He would find some sort of employment, earn his own money. Something easy that would not encourage the pain in his back. And Joey—Joey, too, by heaven, must go to work!

In the bright sunshine of the morning after, his good resolutions, so far as they concerned himself, began to waver. Everything looked so much more cheerful. Joey and he waited in the drawing-room for the doctor's verdict. After what seemed a very long time the latter came downstairs and joined them.

"Well," he announced, "she's not hurt so seriously as I feared. No internal trouble. Just badly bruised and shocked. She mustn't think of working again for, say, six or eight weeks."

"Oh, then there's nothing to interfere with her working?" said Malone. He saw Joey's face lighting up like a Christmas tree.

"Of course not," the doctor answered.

"You see," Joey explained, "we was sort of afraid—her face ——"

"Ah, yes!" The doctor looked at them keenly.

"She seems to have had the same fear. But I have assured her there will be no permanent scars—at least not where they will matter. But it's my opinion she's been working too hard of late. She ought to have a long rest."

(Concluded on Page 80)

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(Concluded from Page 78)

"Sure!" cried Malone, beaming. "That's easy fixed."

When the doctor had gone he sat down in his favorite chair, sinking back with a great sigh of relief. He lighted a twenty-five-cent cigar. His quixotic plans, born in the dark of a restless night, vanished with the smoke. After all, he was along in years. He had worked hard once; he deserved a bit of comfort, a bit of his daughter's charity. But Joey! He looked Joey over coldly. Joey was young—nothing wrong with his back. He intended to tell Joey where he got off—a little later. Just at the moment it was pleasant merely to sit and enjoy his renewed sense of security.

Joey was walking the floor, elated.

"Her salary will go on whether she works or not," he was saying, "and I'm not sure she couldn't hold Winkle up for damages. Somebody must have been darned careless. Anyhow, she can use the accident to get a boost in pay."

"Perhaps," Malone agreed. "Here—what are you doing?" For Joey had gone over and was rummaging about in Peg's desk.

"I wonder what became of her pocketbook," said Joey. "I had a run of hard luck down at the border. Had to borrow ten to get home, and I need a shave. I don't suppose you got anything."

"No!"

"No, of course not."

They heard the doorbell ring; heard the Jap go to answer it, and then a strong voice in the hall, a voice they did not recognize.

"Tell Miss Malone I'd like to see her if she's well enough. What? Oh, nobody in particular—only her husband, that's all. Beat it, baron!" And Jimmy Parsons walked into the drawing-room.

"Hello, boys," he smiled. "Busy as usual, I observe. Before you do another stroke—may I see your union cards?"

"Came on the run, didn't you?" Joey sneered. "Sort of afraid the checks might stop."

"Must have been it," said Parsons. His face grew serious. "Is Peg badly hurt?"

"Don't worry," Joey answered. "She'll be back on the job in a few weeks."

A look of relief appeared in the eyes of Jimmy Parsons. The Japanese servant entered with the word that Peg would see him. He walked to the center table and picked up the morning newspaper.

"Have you boys read this?" he inquired innocently.

"What do you mean—about Peg's accident?" asked Malone.

"No, not exactly. Have you read it line for line—I mean, the way you should? No, something tells me you haven't."

"I don't get you," said Joey.

"Ought to go over it pretty carefully, both of you," went on Parsons. He put the sheet into Joey's hand. "Word for word—line for line. Just a suggestion on my part. Afterwards I'll have a little talk with you."

He went into the hall. Joey stared at the paper.

"What's he talking about?" he wanted to know.

"Don't ask me," Malone replied. "I never could follow him half the time. Give me that paper. I've been all over it once, but I'll look again."

In the hallway beside his hat and coat Jimmy Parsons found a small package wrapped in tissue paper. He picked it up, and as he entered Peg's room left it on a table just inside the door.

He went over to the bed.

"Well, Peg," he said.

"Hello, Jimmy." Her voice came faintly from out the bandages. "I'm sorry about your check—this is the first of the month—I never missed before ——"

"Good Lord, Peg," he cried, "is that all you have to say to me?" His voice broke.

"No, that isn't all. Put up the curtain, please. The doctor said I could have more light. I want to look at you. You're better, Jimmy?"

"I'm well," he said. He lifted the curtain and stood for inspection. "There wasn't anything wrong, Peg, except too much Broadway. I got rid of that cough the second month down there by the desert. I've been all right—for a long time. I'll sit down if you don't mind."

"Sure, Jimmy."

He drew up a chair.

"I was on my way here before I heard about your smash-up, Peg. I read about it this morning in Los Angeles. It—it sort of knocked me all in a heap."

"Nonsense, I'm all right!" she said. "And you—you're all right, too, Jimmy. It does me good to look at you. So different from that—that last time I saw you. What have you been doing these last two years?"

He smiled.

"Peg," he said, "you'd be surprised!"

"Surprised?"

"Yes, when I tell you what I've been doing. I've been thinking—down there by the desert, with only a Chink and the cactus plants for company. Great place to think. Otherwise not a darned thing stirring."

"What did you think, Jimmy?"

"Mostly I thought about you—what a corker you are. Up here working your pretty little head off, while we vultures hovered round, waiting for your pay day."

"Jimmy, please ——"

"Well, one thought sort of led on to another." He reached into his pocket and took out a little slip of pink paper. He put it into her hand. "This is a big moment in my life, Peg," he said softly.

"What—what is it, Jimmy?"

"It's a check. My check for six thousand five hundred dollars made out to you. It represents twenty-six checks from you for two-fifty each. Every cent you ever gave me, Peg—back in your hands—where it belongs."

She swallowed the lump that came into her throat.

"I—I can't take it."

"Yes, you can—for my sake. That's my self-respect you're holding there. Keep it, and thank heaven there's one man in your family who can take care of himself."

"But how did you manage it, Jimmy? In a place like Palm Springs!"

"Well, a lot of it is your money that I never touched. And the rest"—he drew his chair closer—"I wasted three months wondering how I could swing it. And nights, when I lay on my cot out under the stars, they kept marching by me—the people I used to know—trying to show me the way. And me too blind to see—at first. But one night it came to me, and the next day I sent down to Banning for a typewriter." He smiled reminiscently. "I could hardly wait till it arrived. I wrote that first story in two days. It was about Nell Morrison and Billy Archer. I changed everything, of course. No one could possibly have recognized them—except you, perhaps. You—you didn't happen to see it?"

"I'm sorry, Jimmy, I didn't."

"No time to read, of course. Well, I wrote some more stories. Great bunch of people I had to draw on, and that's what counts, Peg—real, live human beings. The first year I made seven hundred dollars—not much, but a start. And this year I cleaned up nearly eight thousand. I could have made more, but I've been fooling with a play I've had in my mind a long time. I sent the scheme of it to Georgie Cohan, and he wrote me a wonderful letter. Said he liked my idea. You know what that means."

"Oh, Jimmy! But I always knew you were clever."

"It's been a great satisfaction to me, Peg. And this big moment—this large third-act curtain—I've been looking forward to it so long. Of course, it's not so wonderful as I'd hoped it might be ——"

"What do you mean?"

"Well, down there in the shadow of old San Jacinto I'm afraid I got to thinking—pretty silly things."

"What?"

"I got to thinking that maybe when I brought you this check I could tell you that one man in your family was ready to take care of you at last; that maybe I could carry you away—look after you—that is, if you could be fond of me, as you were once. Wasn't I the fool, Peg? That fussy little lawyer dropped in the other day, and then I knew what a fool I'd been." His voice softened. "I want to tell you—it's all right, Peg. If it means your happiness you don't have to pay me to get out of the way. You must have known that. I'll do all I can to help—and I'll wish you luck."

The nurse entered suddenly.

"Mr. Martin Fox is calling," she announced.

"I'd like to see him," Peg said.

"He makes a good entrance," smiled Jimmy, and Fox came in.

Peg introduced them. Fox started at sound of Jimmy's name, gave him a cool nod and passed him by.

"I was here last night, Peg," said the millionaire. "They wouldn't let me see you. By gad, you are banged up! Poor little kid!"

"Only a few scratches," she told him.

Jimmy came over and tapped Fox on the shoulder.

"Just a moment," he said.

The big man turned and stared at him.

"Well?" he said sharply.

"Well," drawled Jimmy. He looked down at Peggy Malone. "It's no use, Peg," he said. "I can't stage the grand renunciation scene, after all."

"What are you talking about?" asked Martin Fox.

"It's like this," smiled Jimmy graciously. "I thought I'd come up from Palm Springs to hand you my wife—take her, old man, God bless you both, and all that stuff—but I'm damned if I do. A fellow doesn't draw a wife like Peg more than once in a lifetime. I've been looking you over. I cut out a dozen like you seven years ago—some of them wanted to marry her too—and what I did once I can do again."

He went to the table just inside the door and took up his package, unwrapping the tissue-paper covering. He carried the object over and laid it on the pillow close by his wife's face.

"Jimmy!" she cried.

"Violets, lady, violets! From the hand of one who loves you." He turned again to Fox.

"I suppose you do a lot of motoring out here in California," he said.

"What the devil ——"

"Maybe you can tell us about a house that's for sale—or for rent," Jimmy went on. "A little house—we won't have much money at first. We'll want something with snow-capped mountains at the back door, and if it's not asking too much, a glimpse of the sea down in front—yes, I rather want the sea—and it ought to face the west, so that the sun can pour in on us all day long. Have you run across anything like that in your travels?"

"I guess Peg will have something to say about this!" growled Fox.

They waited.

"I want you two boys to shake hands," she said. "You're regular fellows, both of you, and there's no reason why you shouldn't be friends. And after that—if you know any such house, Martin, you might tell us; but if not—just wish us luck—before you go."

Martin Fox stood for a long moment; then he held out his hand. Jimmy took it.

"All the luck in the world to both of you," said Fox. He walked unsteadily to the door and turned. "You—you want to hurry up and get well, Peg," he said, and went out.

Jimmy leaned over and dropped a kiss among the bandages. Then he followed Fox downstairs and politely helped him find his hat and stick.

"She's the greatest little girl in the world," Fox said. "You don't blame me if—if I tried ——"

"To grab her? Man, it does you credit!" Jimmy held open the door. "A pleasant journey East," he said.

He returned to the drawing-room. Joey and Peter Malone were sitting there, the latter with the morning paper still in his hand.

"Well, boys," said Jimmy genially, "I've got important news for you. Peg isn't going to work again."

"Wha—what's the trouble?" Joey cried.

"No trouble at all," Jimmy told him. "Everything's lovely. She's just picked up a husband she mislaid, and strangely enough he's able and willing to take care of her."

He paused for a moment to enjoy their faces, then stepped over and removed the newspaper from Malone's limp hand. "Now in regard to the morning paper ——"

"What did you mean about the paper?" asked Malone. "I been all through it and so has Joey ——"

"Ah, yes! But I'm afraid you sort of skimmed through the page that ought to interest you most. Just a minute—here we are! There's more than a page; there's a page and a half. What luck!" He folded the paper carefully, thrust it into Joey's reluctant hands and pointed. "Study it well, both of you," he said. "'Help Wanted—Male'—that is, if you think you still come under that classification."

He stood for a moment, smiling at them. Then he turned and went upstairs to his wife.

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TRAVELING OTTER

(Continued from Page 10)

the catch of a score of slide sets combined. The first animal to take the trail after each resetting of the trap was a certain victim.

One of Talagwa's sisters preceded him down the stream. He crowded down upon her, to be first to take the trail to the slide, but she beat him by a foot. The next instant she recoiled with a desperate wrench as a four-pound trap, bedded eight inches beneath the surface, clamped shut on her foot. For perhaps a minute she struggled and thrust her head down to grind her teeth against the thing that gripped her. Then she made her dive for the safety she had always found in deep water. Talagwa saw her slide smoothly from sight. He dived after her, but her flight seemed to stop short and she turned over and rolled helplessly in the wash of the current.

Stillson had wired a ten-pound weight to the trap. A smooth heavy wire led down to a rock anchor in the deep water off shore. The ring of the trap chain slid down over this cable with a trapped otter's dive, but the animal could not rise again. Talagwa's sister was anchored there to drown.

Within a week Talagwa learned of another menace—this, too, the work of man. His father had joined them and the dog otter led his family down the Rickaree. A stream had once meandered across a broad flat to join the river, but the work of the furred engineers had long since converted the flat into a beaver swamp. There was little drop to the flat and a dam backed the water up for two hundred yards. At points the banks were overflowed and these seeps broke into new channels, only to be dammed in turn and their waters stored.

Stillson knelt by a pond as he stripped the pelt from a beaver. Five dark specks left the Rickaree and moved across the white ice of the lower pond as Talagwa's family swung aside to prospect the swamp. The trapper carried a gun on the rounds of his trap line. Many times he was thus enabled to add a pelt to his catch by shooting a fox on the ridges or a coyote in the sage flats, and there were occasions every winter when he chanced across a family of otters. He moved to a point of vantage on the one slight mound that rose from the bottoms and dropped to his knees in the brush. The series of ponds split upcountry beyond the mound and came down on both sides of where he crouched, only to close in and merge and disappear in a patch of scrub timber below. He looked out across the tops of the trees and saw the five specks headed his way. The ponds on the north side of the mound were frozen solid, the ice white with old snow. The long pond that flanked it on the south was exposed to the sweep of the wind and the heat of the sun. The lower end of it, some fifty yards below his stand, was open. Thin rubber ice, formed the preceding night, covered the expanse nearest him, while at the upper end the ice was heavy and coated white with early morning frost.

Talagwa crawled over the dam at the lower end and swam leisurely up the pond, plunged beneath the surface and eyed the bottoms for stray fish. When he rose his head punctured the paper ice. Four other heads rose near him. A vicious thud sounded from behind him as a rifle ball split the skull of the brother nearest him, then the jar of the report. Every head disappeared from sight. Talagwa made for the fancied safety of the far end of the pond. From his height Stillson could see the dark streaks that were otters speeding just under the paper ice. Talagwa heard the hollow chug of a rifle ball in the water. His sister, swimming a few feet from him, doubled up and floundered, her back drilled through by the heavy slug that had found its mark through three inches of water.

Once under the heavier ice the three remaining otters were temporarily safe. But Stillson's rifle was trained on the stream of open water that flowed down the dam at the upper end of the pond. Beaver and rats, with the aid of the overflow, had kept open a small passage. It was a long shot, some two hundred yards. Stillson touched the trigger as a dark shape started up the dam. Talagwa's father doubled back as the ball struck an inch above his head. They turned once more down the pond.

Talagwa's lungs ached by the time he cleared the ice and he rose for air. Something seared the right side of his head and struck his foreleg with a sickening shock. He dipped down once more and when next he rose the hollow chug of a ball and an upflung spout of water an inch from his ear sent him under in a panic. The three survivors reached the dam at the lower end of the pond, but as the old dog otter essayed to slide over it he fell back on the far side with a broken back. The she otter made it safely, but Talagwa, his father killed before his very nose, hesitated and turned back. Twice Stillson shot at his head as he broke surface for air, and when his prey had disappeared under the heavy ice he waited patiently. His wait proved to be in vain. The ice had buckled at one point, forming a tiny air space between ice and water. Talagwa found it and here he lingered.

Not until nightfall did he venture forth. The world seemed vast and empty, fraught with a thousand dangers—and he was alone. Unerringly he turned toward the old home. Someway he knew that if there should ever be a meeting place it must naturally be in the vicinity of the den. The pain along his head had numbed, but the torn foreleg treated him to hot stabs of agony. He held grimly to his course, but as he moved over the ice and snow his jumps were shorter and the leg buckled under him. Toward morning he reached Cache Creek and found another otter trail before him. The she otter had chosen a different line of flight, but after finding herself alone she, too, had turned and headed straight for the old home.

Talagwa found her prowling round the empty den. He had reached the end of his strength and when he curled up in the underground nest he slept for a day and a night. The torn muscles of his jaw had stiffened and there were three shattered fragments of bone in the wound. The crippled foreleg had swelled to three times its normal size and he could not trust an ounce of his weight upon it without feeling a tortured wrench throughout his whole right side; and he was not built for traveling on three legs. A coyote or cat could have held the wounded member aloft till it healed, but in Talagwa's case it was impossible.

A heavy storm raged across the hills for three days without a break and the intense cold that followed it completed the work of freezing over lakes and streams. For a week Talagwa could not fish but ate a portion of the prey his mother brought to the den. Then he could do some little fishing for himself and occasionally he sat on the snow-covered ice of Cache Creek for an airing. By the end of the second week he found strength to travel by short stages, and left the spot with his mother.

An hour after their departure Stillson swung down Cache Creek on his webs and halted to view the telltale sign in the snow.

"So," he said. "It was the family of Talagwa, Traveling Otter, which I cleaned up in the Klootsin Swamp. Only two are left, the one I nicked and the old she. I'll have their pelts before spring."

Talagwa found a different world, a land of ice and snow without open water. For miles they traveled on the ice. Then his mother led him to an air hole and they dipped beneath the frozen blanket. The next two miles was exclusively under-ice travel. There were air bubbles in spots where the water had receded since the taking of the ice, others where the popping of frost had buckled the ice. The hills were white and silent, the season of famine for the wild things and of harvest for the fur seekers. The bears had long since denned for the long sleep. Squirrels and chipmunks were curled up in their shelters. There was never a beaver drag up the banks, for these wise providers had their food caches on the bottoms of the ponds. The white page of the hills showed only the trails of the killers—fox and coyote, marten, weasel and cat—as they prowled on the never-ending hunt for meat. They traveled the ice of the streams, gaunt and savage from the pinch of famine. And while they scoured the frozen surface Talagwa hunted beneath it and found fish in plenty, his hunting ground the icy water of the streams instead of the frozen hills. There was never a period of famine for the otter tribe.

During this first winter he learned every open hole throughout his range. There were spots where warm springs seeped

from the banks and kept open tiny apertures in the ice; others where some queer back lash or twist of current in swift water left a rent in the frozen surface. He learned, too, that these points were fraught with danger, for the trapper knew that these open doors through the ice, leading down to the dark watery hunting ground of the otters, were frequented by all members of that traveling tribe. Now the slides were deserted, snowed under and buried deep from sight, so Stillson set traps wherever these otter doors opened into shallow water.

But though Talagwa had not the cunning of fox or coyote, neither was he afflicted with the sheer stupidity that renders the marten or the cat an easy prey to the most clumsy trap set. He had learned of traps, and now he found one on the bottom beneath every air hole, waiting with gaping jaws for the unwary hunter. He learned to avoid these by sliding into the water with forelegs folded back and swimming a few strokes before touching bottom. This became fixed habit as the winter progressed, and Talagwa never dropped carelessly through an opening, even if the snow about it failed to show the web tracks of some trapper.

The young otter saw the spring, the summer and another winter without feeling the clutch of a steel trap, and it was during the course of this second winter that a new meaning of life came to him. For long he had traveled alone but now a vague restlessness assailed him and he journeyed more extensively than ever, covering territory that was new to him. He rose one day and peered from an air hole in the ice. Another otter had left it and the day-old trail was plain in the snow. Talagwa followed it two miles to where the tracks ended in a dark hole with swift-flowing water beneath. He dipped in and held on downstream, rising to investigate every opening in the ice. At last he came to the exit where the one he followed had left the water, and again the trail led away across the glaring white; again it disappeared in the watery depths under the ice; out again, and at last branched off up a tributary creek.

The tracks were left by a young she otter whose range barely overlapped the edge of his own. He held on and crossed a divide, down to a river that was strange to him, and up that stream. On the second day he rose in an opening kept free of ice by a warm spring. The she otter had just left it and she snarled at him as he appeared within a few feet of her.

For a week he trailed her persistently, following along behind her over the snow, sometimes within a few feet, again separated by the space of a hundred yards, plunging under the ice when she disappeared, leaving the stream once more at her point of departure. She grew accustomed to this persistent shadow and accepted his presence. At first he signified only companionship, a fellow wanderer over frozen wastes. Later he became the devoted mate. They covered her range as well as his own, thus increasing the range of both.

A chinook fanned the high country with a warm breath of spring The winds rotted and honeycombed the ice. Talagwa's mate seemed less inclined to travel long distances and spent much time investigating the tunnels of rank beavers or the beaver houses that showed above the ice of the ponds. At last she chose a huge house out in a shallow lake. It was deserted, the cache on the pond floor still untouched, for Stillson had caught out the colony to the last one before the food was consumed. An underwater door led up through the solid structure of logs and mud to a spacious chamber under the roof. She lingered near this refuge and Talagwa twice visited his mate in her new home, but she seemed to have lost interest in him. Then, too, the wanderlust claimed him and he grew restless. At last he departed alone, trusting that she would follow.

The first days of his wayfarings were trying and he covered little distance, doubling back on his course to see if she followed, but eventually he gave it up and proceeded alone.

Something called him back to the point of separation, as in the long ago he had felt the urge to revisit the den where he was born. His mate was there, but she had little time for him. Three baby otters crawled and squeaked in the beaver house and the she otter keenly felt the responsibility of motherhood.

At frequent intervals throughout the summer the dog otter returned to visit his family. A slide had been fashioned down the side of the beaver house, and here his offspring romped and played.

It was while upon one of these visits that Stillson saw him next. The trapper stood in the edge of the timber, his elbows resting on a down log as he steadied his glasses and trained them on the otter den. A dog otter climbed the house and sat on the crest of it. His head turned from time to time as he sampled the wind and peered about him. Stillson studied him for long. The right side of the otter's face was white. Stillson's mind slipped back to the young otter he had nicked with a rifle ball in the Klootsin Swamp, then to the telltale blood sign in the snow round the den on Cache Creek, where the victim had gone to recuperate. He recalled that first meeting when the baby otter had sat motionless on the far bank of the creek.

"It is Talagwa, Traveling Otter," he said, recalling the whimsical title he had that day bestowed on him. "We meet again. Talagwa has survived and bids well to justify the legend of the Bannocks. The hair has grown in white along his head where I creased him. When it comes winter I will pinch his toes."

And it so happened that this prediction came to pass.

The she otter led her family off to see the world with the first crisp days of fall. Talagwa joined them, and during the months he watched this second family group break up as had the first. When the hills were blanketed deep with white and the lakes and streams were crusted over with solid ice Talagwa once more found himself a lone traveler, every member of his family having fallen prey to Stillson's snares.

After three seasons of close trapping the fur was growing scarce in Stillson's territory and he could now afford to spend considerable time on a single set if it promised to make a catch. He chose a stretch on Cache Creek for the site of the first of a series of cunning trap sets. The stream struck a flat meadow which checked its rush and for a mile the water held a smooth easy flow. This was good fishing ground and Talagwa always traveled this stretch under the ice.

Stillson repaired to a point previously selected, where the stream narrowed slightly and the mud bottom lay some eighteen inches below the under edge of the ice. With his ax he cut an oblong hole one foot by three, then unlashed a bundle of half a hundred slender willow stakes. These he pushed down into the soft mud of the bottom, forming a pen the size of the hole, open at the upstream end. At the lower extremity the stakes were set but an inch apart and a cross-section formed a pen twelve inches square. Into this smaller compartment he dropped three large squawfish he had netted through a similar hole in the ice. A passage two feet long led to this queer live box and on the floor of it he anchored two heavy traps. Within an hour after he left the spot the hole was frozen over and the upper ends of the stakes were wedged securely in solid ice.

Talagwa had seen much of the evils of man and had grown very wary, but he had never encountered danger under the ice. He dipped one day down an air hole at the upper end of the Cache Creek meadows and hunted downstream, pausing to breathe at the air bubbles scattered along the under side of the ice. A movement caught his eye and he darted toward it. Here was meat! Three large squawfish floated lazily among some brush on the stream bed. They crowded to the far side of the inclosure as he reached it. There was live meat within a foot of him but the sturdy stakes were set in the mud below and in the ice above. He rounded the corner but still found no way of entering between the close-set stakes. As he followed upstream along the three-foot inclosure he drew away from the prey. But the upstream end was open and he darted down the narrow passage. Once more he drew within a few inches of the fish but he could not reach them. The cross-section which formed an end of the live box that contained the bait was a bar to his further progress.

Stillson had planned well. An otter would swim around these penned fish and take the opening at the upstream end of the narrow pen as a natural lane to his prey. But an otter swims with his short forelegs folded and would slide in without springing the traps. Once inside, he would be forced to back out of the passage against the current, and in executing this move he

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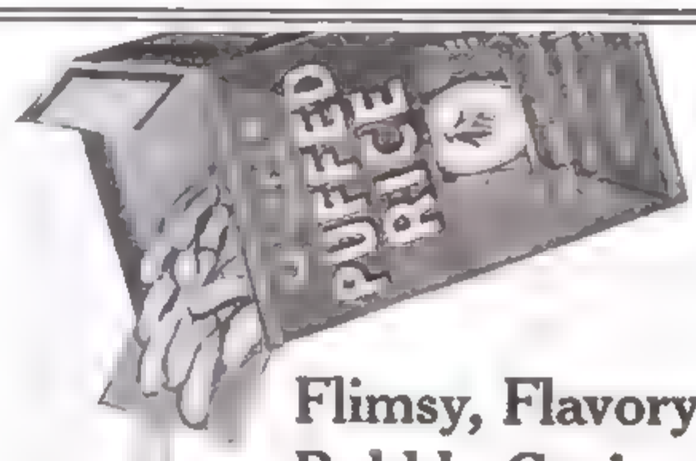

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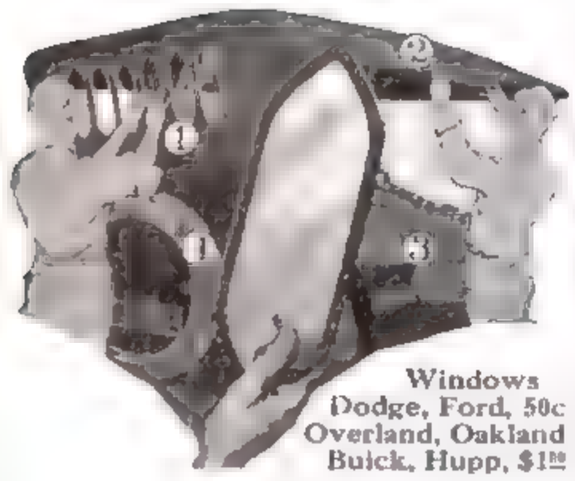

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(Concluded from Page 83)

would drop his forefeet to the bottom. There were few characteristics of the furred folk that Stillson had overlooked.

Talagwa could not reach his prey; neither could he turn round in the narrow lane between the stakes. He dropped his forefeet to the bottom to push himself backwards against the current. There was a grate of loosened springs, and his foot was clamped by crushing jaws of steel. He cleared the mouth of the pen with a savage wrench. The way of least resistance lay downstream and as he struggled desperately to free his foot of the trap and its heavy anchor he jerked the stone from its seat in the mud and dragged it ten feet below the fish pen. His breast ached from sustained exertion and inability to refill his lungs with air. Two more minutes and Talagwa would have been floating lifeless in the current.

He left off his fight with the trap and lifted his nose to the under edge of the ice to seek for air.

The flow of Cache Creek had receded under the intense cold, then had risen again with the added volume of water furnished by the warmth of a recent chinook. The ice had first sagged and cracked from lack of support, then lifted and buckled as the water rose again. A new recession of the flow had left an air space along this cleavage, and here, ten feet below the site of his capture, Talagwa refilled his lungs with blessed air. For hours he struggled and thrust his head down to bite the trap which held him. Lack of circulation and the chill of cold water numbed the wounded member and rendered it insensible to pain.

The foot had been lowered near the edge of the trap and the jaws had gripped but two toes. These toes, however, were short and tremendously thick. Talagwa's strength was unequal to the task of tearing them from the trap. His struggles had broken the bones and with the cessation of pain he commenced the work of amputation. Man is not the only surgeon. The beaver and the muskrat, fox, coyote and mink, even the lowly skunk—all will amputate a foot gripped in the steel jaws of a trap. The cat beasts seem not to have the hardihood to sink teeth in their own flesh; the bobcat, lynx and cougar, in spite of ferocity toward all other animals, prefer to wait tamely for the coming of their captor and meet death at his hands rather than to inflict pain upon themselves by fighting the trap. Not so, however, with Talagwa; down beneath the ice, under the water more than half the time, handicapped by lack of space and air, he worked incessantly at the imprisoned toes, and at last he moved off down the stream, one forefoot raw and bleeding from the recent amputation. The winter snows of the open reveal the trails of many fur bearers with peg legs.

The following morning Stillson covered his trap line on Cache Creek. He crossed the trail of a crippled otter and studied the sign.

"Footed him!" he decided. "I've pegged Talagwa. From now on he will be one hard otter to trap."

Talagwa, who would touch no bait of dead fish, would ever after be suspicious even of live fish that swam in brush inclosures under the ice. Already he knew the dangers of slides and the traps that waited for him there. Again Stillson recalled the fanciful legend of the ancient Bannock chief.

"He will live long years," the trapper said. "My traps will not take him. Not until his powers fail and he loses his way in the hills will Talagwa, Traveling Otter, come to the end of his trail."

It was after the lapse of another dozen years that Stillson hunted elk in the vast timbered flat between the confluence of the Klootsin and the Rickaree. A heavy storm had settled down and forced him to lie out all night. The sun rose bright and strong, only to be blotted out by a cold fog, one of the dense milk-white fogs that come only to the high country with extreme cold and in which seasoned hill men hesitate to travel. The flat was some twenty miles across, covered with a dense jungle of down timber without stream lines to guide the footsteps of the wanderer. The trunks of the trees disappeared in the white shroud, appearing only as stumps, and his view was restricted to a space of twenty feet.

The country was choppy, its surface marked by a thousand small irregularities; low mounds and shallow sags of surface that collected the melting snows of spring and formed landlocked bogs and murky pools. All looked the same.

He traveled the rough flat without a compass, endeavoring to hold the straight course, but in the cold fog of the winter hills all signs fail. The temperature dropped to twenty below and the fog still held. He rested that night before a fire, but the morning found him very weak as he headed on. An hour after the start he crossed a trail in the snow.

The tracks were left by a huge dog otter with a maimed forefoot. Stillson took up the trail and knew that if his strength held it would lead him to running water. He had known of otters crossing ten miles of country between streams, but here Talagwa had elected to cross the twenty miles of timbered, waterless flat rather than to move down one stream to the confluence, then up the other fork. Stillson reflected that a hundred small ranches marked the flats and the shores of the two rivers near the forks, a wilderness when first Talagwa traveled it, and the old dog otter had elected to take this barren cut-off rather than run the gantlet of that portion of his one-time route now infested with the homes of his enemies.

Even here in the snow Talagwa essayed his slide after every few jumps. The trail was very fresh and it led away through the fog in a line as straight and true as an engineer might run with his transit. An hour later Stillson heard a splash just before him. Twenty yards beyond he came to an air hole in the ice near the bank of the Klootsin. Talagwa had crossed twenty miles of rough country and struck the river exactly at the hole. A five-pound trout, partially eaten, reposed on the ice, left there by Talagwa as the sounds of Stillson's approach startled him; and the trapper, as he tore at the raw fish with his teeth, had reason to give thanks that Traveling Otter still retained his powers and could travel the straight course between streams.

Other men came to share Stillson's trapping grounds. Settlers filed their homestead rights on the flats and their water rights on the streams. The fur sign was scarce in the hills and for many a year Stillson put out no traps in the fall. Smoke rose from the chimneys of a thousand cabins in the valley which had known only his camp fires when first he came. The cows of the settlers grazed on meadows that had once been the floors of beaver ponds, the rank grass having covered the rich earth since the breaking of the dams had released the water.

In the fall the young men among the settlers threw out their traps. The coyote was still plentiful and there were muskrats in small numbers along the streams. An occasional cat or marten left his tracks along the timbered slope. The beaver was but a rumor of the past; but there was still left in the hills a valuable prize for the trapper. For ten years a lone dog otter had left his trail on the snow-covered ice of the streams for all to read. He was a giant of his kind and many a trap was set for him. Always this otter came back to Cache Creek at least a half dozen times each winter, and from October to April that little stream was studded with traps, but no man looked upon his set and found the Cache Creek otter anchored there.

In a country of little fur even the tracks of a mink on the banks of a stream called forth excited comment, and the fame of the dog otter of Cache Creek spread. Yet no man saw him. Year after year he left his trail in the snow along the Klootsin and the Rickaree and of summers his slides were sometimes found on the banks of the streams; but he fashioned these as he felt the need to romp, as he had done in the long ago, and after using them once he never returned.

There came a winter of big snows. The fall storms were early and left heavy white layers across the hills. Stillson had hired out to a young rancher to feed stock for the winter. The range had been combed to gather the cows at the home ranch, but a dozen head were missing, probably pocketed in rough country and snowed in. The young rancher and the first settler in the valley headed for the vast timbered flat between the two streams to ride for the missing stock; and just ahead of them an old dog otter attempted to cross from one stream to the next.

Talagwa was very tired and the snow was very deep. At times he squatted motionless for long periods. It came to him that it was far to water by the straight course. He turned aside and cast about him for some stream, turned again in eccentric loops, and at last headed upcountry, directly away from a water course. He traveled haltingly and with frequent detours.

The two men headed their horses into the tangle in search of the tracks of the missing cows. The tracks they found were those of an otter, ten miles from a water hole.

"The Cache Creek otter," the young man said. "Once the cows are all gathered I'll have another try for him. This year I will stretch his pelt."

The young man saw nothing unusual about the tracks, but Stillson, who had looked upon them a thousand times, leaned from his saddle to inspect them. The trail wavered far to either side of the straight course. There were melted spots where the otter had tarried long in the snow. Then the trail turned off upcountry away from a water course. Stillson's mind traveled ahead over the trail and he pictured the end of it—a dark spot in the snow, meat-eating birds of the hills hopping round it, the dead furnishing food for the living that life might go on through death. The first settler on the Klootsin felt a distinct sense of loss. The young man's voice penetrated his abstraction.

"This year I will pinch his toes," he said.

Then he turned and gazed, wondering if the old man beside him had reached his dotage, for the words he spoke were strange words.

"Traps will not take him; no man will stretch his pelt. Not until his powers wane and he loses the straight course will he reach the end of his trail." He pointed to the wavering tracks while the young man stared. "Look you!" he said. "For you'll never see them again. Talagwa, Traveling Otter, has lost his way in the hills."

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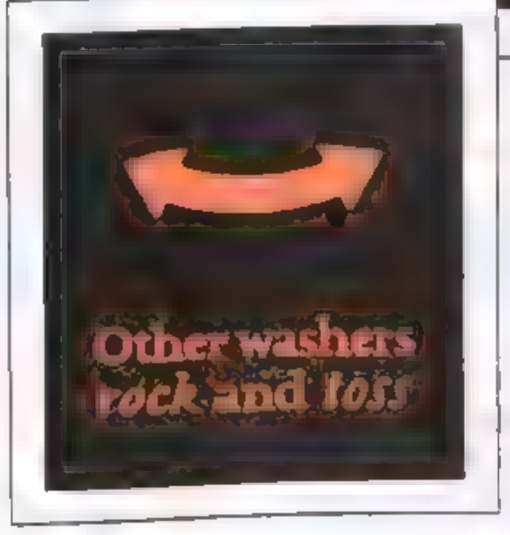

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MAIN STREET, MANHATTAN

(Continued from Page 11)

towns whose population drops below Manhattan's several numerals. Being of a statistical turn of mind, I figured it out from our Carrie's books that the average rainfall for seven months in the year in any town in Manhattan's provinces, particularly in the Middle West, is two-decimal-point-one inches a day. Counting merely thirty days to the month, we here have a total of thirty-six feet nine inches of rain in seven months. The other five months of the year it snows.

Enough rain water, one would say offhand, to wash the grime off any given main street in the land. Unfortunately, however, the rain outside of New York is also dirty. The snow, I was beginning to hope as I read on, might help some to hide the sordidness. After the first seven or eight chapters of uninterrupted snowfall I looked forward to reading in the next chapter that now every hideous small-town refuse heap, garage, grocery store, grain elevator, factory, coal pocket, freight station, ash pile, railroad siding, movie house, back fence and garbage pail outside of Manhattan would be mercifully obliterated under the dazzling white blanket, leaving nothing in sight between Portland and Portland except the picturesque refuse heaps, garages, grocery stores, grain elevators, factories, coal pockets, freight stations, ash piles, railroad sidings, movie houses, back fences and garbage pails that hint of romance and Old World mysticism as they bask quaintly in the perpetual winter sunlight of Manhattan.

I hadn't foreseen that the minute winter sets in outside of New York City the wind for five months or more blows so hard that the snow can't hit the ground. I inferred this, at least, basing my inference on the fact that, despite the unbroken five-month snowstorm which Greenwich Village realists have observed in all towns outside of Manhattan, everything outside of immaculate Manhattan by springtime has gone to pot and every main street everywhere is an eyesore—just enough snow on the ground to form filthy black hummocks of rotten ice and muck, the hummocks littered with a winter's accumulation of ashes and garbage, abandoned corsets, tin cans, punctured bedticks, stable refuse and cigars, cigarettes, chewing gum, oranges and all the daily papers—nothing sold on this train, gents, after the train leaves the sta——

I beg pardon. All this realism I've been reading lately has me mentally winging a bit, I fear. All this suffering of all inmates of all towns outside of New York—gosh, how they do suffer!—keeps me from concentrating on anything else. Let us try to overlook my lapse and resume.

Arguing With Carrie

My first reaction after being properly impregnated with the new realism was an impulse to drop on my knees and give thanks that our town, in spite of the fact that its population numbers only about enough thousands to make one of the three score and more assembly districts that comprise New York's millions, had by some miracle or other escaped much of the mental and physical degradation, sordidness, filth, disgusting provincialism, chronically rotten weather, universal suffering, sinful complacency, self-sufficiency and all-round unshaved ornery cussedness which, I grasped from the Greenwich Village viewpoint of the realists, messes up all America except Manhattan and us.

The thought came to me to suggest to our Carrie that perhaps if one attempts to gaze at and observe intently things to the west as seen through Greenwich Village windows one should first bear in mind that Greenwich Village living quarters are studio apartments, wherefore the windows all open on the north. I expressed the thought, but it got me nothing.

In the discussion that followed with my daughter I was forced to fall back upon the obvious in my arguments. The discussion took place as we strolled together the length of the attractive residential street—we had had the audacity to name it Riverside Drive just eight years before Manhattan invented the name—which skirts the green banks of our winding river front. I almost dared to argue with Carrie that in the self-sufficiency phase of mind that is the fundamental of provincialism we almost compared favorably with Manhattan. We looked up with respect to the things which the wealth that goes with big business or with the fortunes of geographical position had showered upon others; the mural decorations in the public library at New Yor—I mean Boston; the architectural beauties to be found—not frequently enough, perhaps, nevertheless frequently—stretching cross-country from beneath the elms of old New England to boulevards streaming gloriously away through new California; public buildings and residences designed by the late H. H. Richardson, Bruce Price, Stanford White in a generation just gone, or modern homes from the hands of the Harrie Lindebergs and Charles Platts and their like to-day, which now dot the country from ocean to ocean; the breath-taking wonders of the national parks of our West—some of them bigger than Central Park itself!

"We at least admit these things exist, Carrie, despite our provincialism," I said. "We look up to them, go to see them, then come home and in our poor hick way we at least try remotely to approach them. New York looks up to nothing, with the probable—no, possible—exception of God."

The Misplaced Writers

"New York doesn't have to look up to anything," cried Carrie. "All culture is centered there. It has everything the rest of the country has, and thousands of worthwhile things besides. Can we or any other provincial community outside of New York point to anything like New York's Metropolitan Opera House, its New Theater movement, its Little Theater movement, its Washington Square Players, all the books and plays written there, its monuments, its wonderful—oh, everything! It's our one city where, above all, there is real conversation, exchange of real thought, not petty small-town personalities, gossip, one's motor car, things to eat, making beer at home and the rest of the soul-smothering chatter one hears from morning till night in a place like this. Our books and plays, all art worth anything that we have, come out of New York simply because it is the one place in America where one's soul can expand, where one can live one's life in one's own way."

Carrie went on to make me see that wherever two or more Manhattanites gathered together they did so always in art's name. Let the eavesdropper cup his ear any place in Manhattan, I began to realize, and immediately he couldn't help but think that he was listening to an international debating match between an All-American team composed of Nicholas Murray Butler, Doc Frank Crane, Percy Mackaye and Miss Amy Lowell versus an Anglo-Irish foursome made up of H. G. Wells, Lloyd George, Lord Dunsany and George Bernard Shaw, the subject being always: But What of the Future?

My musings as we strolled ranged from wonderment as to who kept an eye out to see that New York wasn't short-changed while its mind was on the higher things in the clouds to new thoughts of pity for many Americans, many of them dead and gone—I hope—to the Manhattan of the hereafter, who might have done things worth while if they hadn't frittered away their days amid small-town trivialities. Old Longfellow, poor devil, standing on a little one-span bridge at midnight and fatuously trying to grow lyrical about it when, if he had only lived in the right times and place, he could have stood on the Brooklyn Bridge itself at midnight and ripped loose in free verse; Walt Whitman dubbing away many drab days in Camden when he might have been living in Macdougal Alley and expanding; Bret Harte and Mark Twain in their best days stultifying themselves in places like Carson City and all points west instead of renting the upper floor of an abandoned stable down under the Ninth Avenue Elevated tracks, painting the exterior an Italian blue trimmed with an orange hue, hanging a Japanese obi between two empty Chianti bottles indoors—really living; all Concord snoring away its life in Concord when, if it had lived in more cultured times, it might have moved bodily into the very shadows of the pile of pretty pink stone topped with gilt rocking horses which Manhattan recently erected to bring perpetually to the mind of the passer-by the sinking of the battleship Maine; old George Inness puttering round the countryside back of Montclair when he could have commuted just as easily into the metropolis every morning on the Erie.

And then the writing men of to-day. The more I thought the whole thing over, the more puzzled I grew when I found that I couldn't remember one of them who had brains enough to live and work in New York City. I suppose Manhattan has its share of writing residents, but with the exception of perhaps our greatest, certainly our most successful living lyricist, I couldn't name one to myself as we strolled. The brilliant exception, it scarcely need be said, is the justly celebrated author of not only the words but the music of Alexander's Ragtime Band. So fussed up over the whole thing was I by this time that, had I only known Thompson Seton better, I would have pleaded with him by wire to pack up and get into the big city before a common old tree fell on him or something.

I came out of my thoughts to a realization that Carrie was exclaiming about something with all her new intensity.

"And Riverside Drive—this!" she was concluding. "Calling this small-town street along the bank of a country river Riverside Drive is the epitome of all that I mean, father—if you know what I mean!"

I knew what she meant. Being a small-town man, I of course began immediately to think and talk, as no Manhattanite would think and talk, in terms of money. Painfully, boresomely, I suppose, I began to point out to Carrie the impossible cost of attempting to change our humble Riverside Drive into something approaching its Manhattan namesake. All our quiet old residences—if so gigantic and impossible an art movement were to come to our town—would have to be torn down and the old elms uprooted to give way to a towering and unbroken wall of red and yellow brick trimmed with Perth Amboy terra cotta and decorated along the sky line with red water tanks perched on iron stilts. The flowers, shrubs, trees and mossy rocks at our river's edge next would have to be removed to make way for a railroad track so that cattle cars, freight cars, oil-tank cars and loads of foodstuffs, coal and building materials could be shunted up and down the length of the water edge all day and all night, supposing our poor little community actually aspired to a Riverside Drive like New York City's.

Manhattanizing Our City

And even then we would be only beginning, I showed our Carrie. The space between the railroad tracks and the water would have to be filled in with cinders, brickbats and ashes, and leveled off artistically to hold flagmen's shanties, sheds, an occasional warehouse, nondescript little brick buildings. From the brickbats long piers would have to be stretched out into our river—and the output of ashes and garbage in our town not enough in a whole year to fill the dump carts which imperial Manhattan sends out, say, upon the uncovered pier at Ninety-sixth Street and Riverside Drive in a single day!

Then the canoes and pleasure boats in our river would have to give way to the brick scows, tugs, graceful ferryboats and barges filled with freight cars that constantly delight the eye in the waters off New York's Riverside Drive. And the improvements on the far side of our river would be staggering in their cost. All the lawns, meadowlands and groves across our river would have to be covered with freight sheds, slaughter houses, abandoned breweries, factory stacks, more railroads and at least one glue factory as far-reaching in its ostentatiousness as the glue factory which for years has played so large a part in the home life of the Manhattanites sandwiched into the steel, stone and brick to the windward of beautiful Weehawken.

Finally, our far hills rising just back of all this contemplated improvement across our now leafy river, I further reminded Carrie, would have to be denuded of virtually all their verdure, and their ridges changed to a jagged sky line of little frame houses and rear views of brick tenements prettily draped with the Monday wash. As a last and absolutely necessary æsthetic touch we should have to import at least three or four Tammany contracting firms to blast away the lower faces of our over-the-river hills and, after the contractors

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had removed everything but the scars, divide our days between banding together to stop the blasting by court injunction and writing long letters of complaint to our newspapers about it.

"You see, we simply can't afford these wonderful things that distinguish Manhattan's Riverside Drive, Carrie," I concluded helplessly. "Your realists with the Greenwich Village viewpoint are right. It's going to take at least twenty centuries to jazz up our Riverside Drive to anything approaching Manhattan's—maybe twenty-one."

Despite our feverish efforts to detain her, we couldn't persuade our Carrie to wait that long. We had to give in to her at last to the extent of letting her go to New York to take at least one good crack at trying to disentangle her strangling soul. She would take up art in a serious way in one of the art schools of Greenwich Village, so she told us while packing. And we didn't worry about her particularly until one day a month or so later when we noticed that six of the eight pages of her weekly letter to us were more or less solidly devoted to the physical and mental and social perfections of someone or other she had met in Manhattan—he was connected in some vague way with the show-business line, we gathered—named Erik Velour.

"Now, now, now, ma!" I cried soothingly. "Carrie's old enough to take care of herself. She is merely living her life in her own way, and ——"

"Over my dead body she will!" snapped ma. "Inga, as soon as you've done the dishes, run up to the attic, like a good girl, and bring down our suitcases."

Ma is hopelessly provincial.

I regret to say that we had a unique streak of hard luck during our first thirty hours in Manhattan. It was raining. Thirty hours of uninterrupted and really wet rain, driven along on a wind roaring with increasing violence out of the northeast, is bound to muss up the sidewalks and street crossings, even in Manhattan. The street crossings were puddles of what I should have called, had I seen them anywhere else, semiliquid muck. We had been ashamed to bring along our overshoes. The tall buildings so worried and bedeviled the wind that umbrellas were out of the question. The storm was overtaxing the taxi service.

A Bit of New York Realism

Now and again during our first hour in town I fancied that one or two Manhattanites in sight were on the verge of dropping their cogitations about Freud and pragmatism and the probable influence of Knud Hamsun's *nuances* on American—meaning Manhattan—belles-lettres long enough to notice that it was raining like the deuce, perhaps even descending to a banal mention of the weather. One man really did speak of the storm to me just after we had reached our hotel. I hasten to explain, however, that he was merely the hotel manager. Even at that he simply touched on the weather in its larger abstract political phases.

"If Charley Murphy and Tammany Hall," he explained largely, "hadn't wished this man Hylan and his administration on the city, maybe we'd get our streets cleaned and our police straightened out something like they were before the Tammany crowd drove John Purroy Mitchel out of the City Hall. Honestly, we've got a bunch running things down there at the City Hall now that isn't much better than the sort of bunch you'd find at the head of things in Boston or South Bend or any of those other yap towns out in the timbers. And this the greatest city in the whole world!"

It gratified me to learn that it was not the citizens of our capital of culture, but a mere handful, an infinitesimal minority of political leaders, who had driven one of the foremost, perhaps the foremost, municipal expert of our day out of the City Hall after a single term, had forced him to an overwhelming oblivion that had ended in quick, glorious death. The municipal body politic obviously had had no way to keep him in office when it had not been even consulted as to who should succeed him in office. The voters honored his khaki-clad body with a really impressive funeral.

"Why, only last winter," the hotel manager gloomed on, "this administration that Murphy and Hearst forced on us let the snow piles stay in the streets from about the first of February until the late winter thaws melted them. Ashes and garbage accumulated on top of the dirty snow in lots of blocks, especially in the East Side and in the residential streets between Upper Broadway and Riverside Drive," the realist continued, "because for weeks wagons and trucks were up against it trying to get through any number of those cross streets. The Amsterdam Avenue surface line—one of the most important north-and-south lines we have—couldn't send a single trolley car over its tracks from the first days in February that year until some time in March, on account of the way the snow and mud were allowed to freeze in a thick black layer over the rails and stay there.

"And on the East Side! Well, friend, when the first warm days finally left nothing but rotten garbage, ashes and filth littering most of the streets over there it was a wonder we didn't have an epidemic. And this, as I say, the greatest city in the whole world! Can you beat it?"

We couldn't. Humbly I had to confess to the manager that our town never had had get-up-and-go enough even to dare approach it.

"But," I ventured, "as a rule you have perfect weather?"

The Cultured Taxi Driver

"Just about that," the hotel man admitted freely. "Some of our winter weather is certainly mean, and when it does get hot in summer it's hot as hell. But on the whole the climate here's got most towns of the country beaten to a frazzle."

"You travel to other towns a great deal then?"

"Me? What for?" Obviously my question somewhat bewildered the city man. "No," he said slowly, after a moment given to an attempt to digest the new and impossible idea. "Little old New York's good enough for me. Like most of the people here, I wasn't born here, and unless it's a funeral or something back home, or a quick business trip somewhere, most of us here have to stick close to the job. We get our little vacations in the summer, of course, and men of wealth sometimes get away to Palm Beach and places like that in the winter. Last summer I went to Atlantic City, if that's what you mean. It did nothing but rain while I was there. I'd 've done better spending my vacation right here on Broadway.

"No, you've got to stick to the job in this town or your desk will be occupied when you get back. One man been living in this hotel for years—this is between ourselves, of course—worth a big fortune, he was—only about ten days ago comes back here from a few days' trip to see his wife—his wife was sick and, like you say, had gone to a small town for her health, but got worse in this White Sulphur Springs hotel where she was what you'd call rusticating—and didn't the Street get at him during the few days he was away and all but put the rollers under him! Business is business; and when a man in this town does snatch a little free time he'd be a chump, wouldn't he, wasting it in towns that are just a one-horse imitation of us? The boss—owner of this hotel—comes back from a business trip to Washington, D. C., itself last month, and when I ask him about it he gives me the right answer in a sentence. 'It's a small edition of this town,' he says; 'only when they tried to copy us they slopped over with too much white paint.'"

Ma, who during all this had been trying to get into something dry up in our hotel room preparatory to our unannounced visit to Carrie's quarters down Greenwich Village way, joined me in the lobby and we sought a taxicab. After patient efforts I finally managed to get the driver of one that was unoccupied—it was a flivver that made me think of home—to pay some attention to me. I was on the point of saying to the taxi driver, "Ah, my good man, don't you just dote on these gray days that Whistler so loved to paint?" But on the instant he was addressing me brilliantly, with that poise and freedom from the personal which mark the cosmopolite, however humble his calling.

"Whatcha stoppun me for, yuh poor blind fathead, when yuh can see plain enough with your own eyes the flag on me meter's toined down?" he inquired.

Before I could think of a Shavian or Chestertonian paradox as brilliant as the one the city man instantly had flung at me he was gone.

(Continued on Page 93)

Watches, like Clothes, have Changed in Style

Are you carrying a Watch of the "Tile Hat" Period?

IF YOUR grandfather willed you a suit of clothes, or your grandmother left you a dress—would you wear it?

As the "tile" hat and hoop skirt have been discarded for later styles, so should the modern thin watch, in its handsome case of latest design, replace the cumbersome heirloom of other days.

Many a man or woman will exchange an automobile after a few years, for a newer and more up-to-date model. Why should this same person believe it extravagant to buy a new watch—since watch styles, too, have changed with progress?

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Have it examined and oiled at least once a year—before the last particle of oil has disappeared from the bearings.

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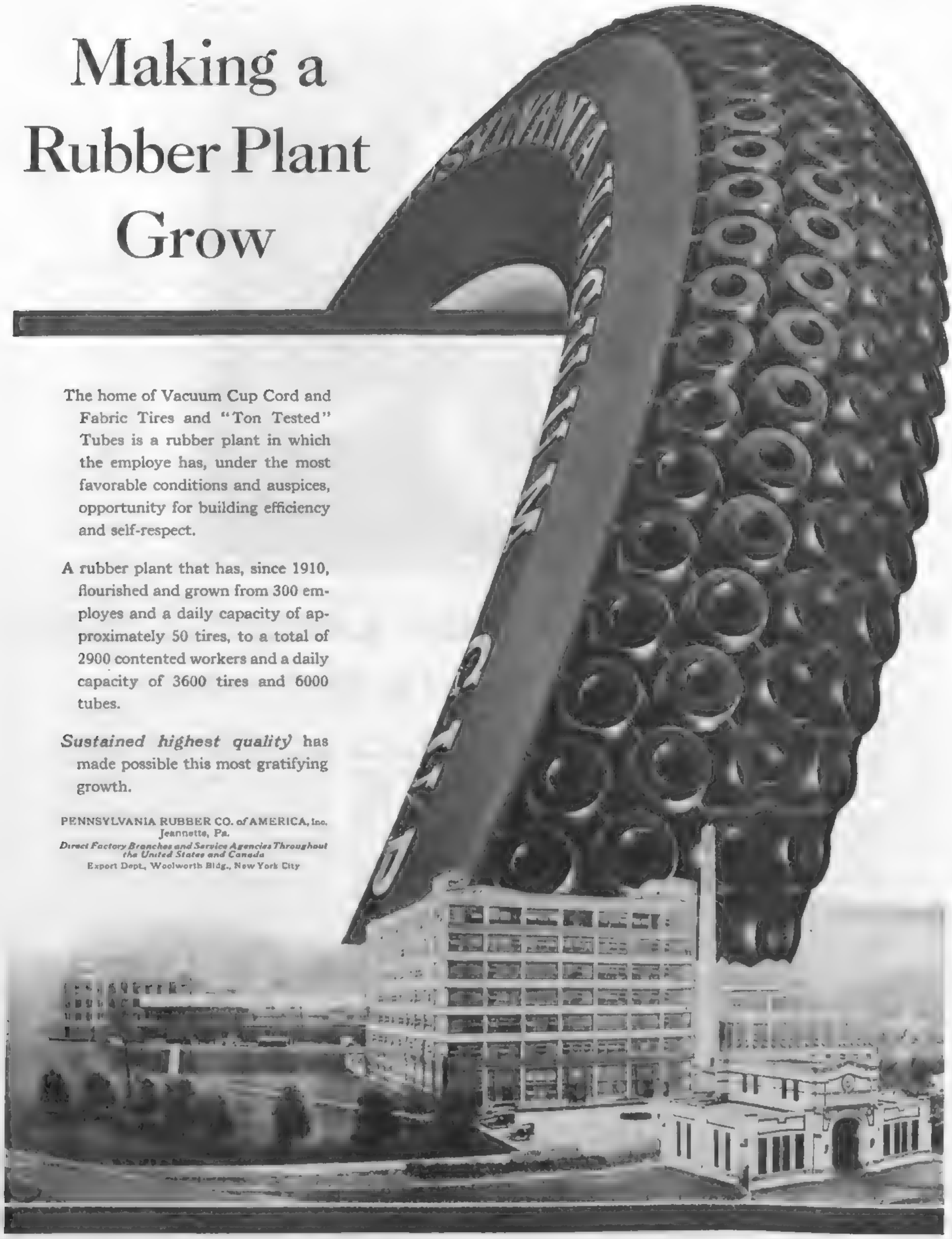
Making a Rubber Plant Grow



The home of Vacuum Cup Cord and Fabric Tires and "Ton Tested" Tubes is a rubber plant in which the employe has, under the most favorable conditions and auspices, opportunity for building efficiency and self-respect.

A rubber plant that has, since 1910, flourished and grown from 300 employes and a daily capacity of approximately 50 tires, to a total of 2900 contented workers and a daily capacity of 3600 tires and 6000 tubes.

Sustained highest quality has made possible this most gratifying growth.

PENNSYLVANIA RUBBER CO. of AMERICA, Inc.
Jeannette, Pa.
Direct Factory Branches and Service Agencies Throughout the United States and Canada
Export Dept., Woolworth Bldg., New York City

(Continued from Page 90)

In the end ma and I slid through the storm westward to a Subway kiosk that lent a distinct touch of architectural grandeur to the greater part of the sidewalk it covered at the corner. As we hung to the straps in the Subway train amid massed, rain-soaked humanity I realized that our Carrie had had something to go on when she had dwelt so glowingly on the intensely foreign atmosphere of the metropolis. That same thought came to me in another way when we came up into the rain again in Greenwich Village, and we noted to our amazement that even the few dark-eyed children we passed already had mastered at least one foreign language.

The very lettering on the plumbing shop window directly beneath our Carrie's village studio apartment summed up in little more than a dozen words the entire appalling difference between the metropolis and our plain old, inartistic, old-fashioned, hopelessly American home town.

YE VILLAGE ART PLUMBING SHOPPE

PINCUS ABROMOWITZ, Sole Prop'r

Successor to
Vanvoort, O'Rourke & Abromowitz

The big, significant thing about this window sign, I find it necessary to explain, was the striking way it carried home to me that doubtless twenty-two centuries shall have passed before it occurs to Ezra Adams, the leading plumber of our town, to rename his store a shoppe.

"Looks as if Carrie might have visitors, ma," I said, noting a taxicab drawn up at the curb, the flag turned down, the chauffeur settled comfortably inside his cab as if prepared for a long wait.

"Looks as if Carrie might have a visitor, pa," corrected ma.

She had. After some of the strangle holds and whoops of greeting had subsided and we had found ourselves in her little living room—studio—I noticed something more than six feet tall coming toward us through the indoor semidarkness of late afternoon; and Carrie was chattering something about, "Mother, father, this is—er—Mr. Velour."

I'll say this for Erik: For an esthete he bulked bigger, at least vertically, than I had dared to hope. So far as surface went, he certainly was good to look at.

The only definite thing we found out during the first half hour was that Carrie, for two reasons, had not yet entered any of the Greenwich Village art schools. One reason was that she had early learned from the noted Miss Rosa Blau and other villagers—what Miss Blau was noted for I've forgotten—that schooling of any sort, so Greenwich Village had discovered, annihilated individual expression and, besides, was a bore. To be great one need only be different. The other reason was that in all Greenwich Village there aren't any art schools, music schools, writing schools, acting schools, singing schools, architectural schools or any other sort of schools except the damp grammar-grade public schools with golden-oak doors which the local realists have, æsthetically speaking, been lifting off their Manhattan foundations, carrying bodily out to the Middle West and setting up there in the State of Mind before hurrying back to the Village to write pieces about them.

Erik Says a Mouthful

Carrie took ma back to see the other little rooms of her living quarters. Nothing now was left in the living room except this Velour person, myself, some sad furniture and, on the far wall, one large and lonely looking framed affair in primary colors, the jagged points of flat colors stretching from side to side like a cross section of the Alps. I took the picture to be a copy of the leading decoration in the outer office of our board of health back home, a water color—hand painted—entitled Rise in Heart and Kidney Lesions by States Since 1882. Wisely, however, I said nothing of the kind in the presence of this, to all appearances, typical New York man.

"No, you haven't guessed it yet, sir," he said suddenly, turning his own gaze toward the art work; and somehow I felt that the ghost of a smile in his eyes meant that he was inwardly laughing with me, not at me. "The title of the picture, I've learned, is Macrocosmic Inhibitions, and the artist left it as you see it deliberately. I feel free to discuss it, because your daughter in renting these rooms furnished merely inherited it in a way. She doesn't mind—lately—what I say about it."

I felt encouraged.

"In business here, Mr. Velour?" I ventured in my poor hick way. I had to find out a lot of things, and time pressed.

"Well," he said, smiling with charming amiability, "I've never thought of it just in that way, but really I am. I write plays. I sell them here. New York, as you doubtless know, handles the business end of the arts—sort of clearing house, especially for writers. It doesn't, except to a comparatively slight degree, create art. It merely attends to the marketing of virtually all American plays, the buying, printing and distribution of a big proportion of our books, magazine writings, and so on, almost all of which, plays, books and everything else of the kind, are written by men and women who live and work in smaller cities, towns, villages, rural and backwoods regions all over America. Big business attracts the crowds just as the crowds attract big business. And so writers, especially playwrights, have to come here every now and then to attend to the business end of their work."

"Then you don't live here, Mr. Velour?"

"Live here? Heaven forbid! Rehearsals keep me here a great deal, but my home town is Sauk Center, Minnesota. That's where I live and hammer out my plays. Like all the rest of them—Augustus Thomas, Eugene O'Neill, the late Paul Armstrong, George Ade, Tarkington and Wilson, Eugene Walter, Jimmie Forbes, Winchell Smith, Miss Zona Gale, Sinclair Lewis—well, like virtually the whole caboodle of writing folk, the minute we've cleaned up the commercial part of our work with Lee, Jake, Abe, Marc, Dave, Bill Brady, Morris Gest, whoever handles the buying and selling end of our stuff, we lay in a new stock of typewriter supplies and hurry back to the old place as fast as we can so that we won't be fined for failing to answer to our names when the roll is called at the Tuesday night town-council meeting in the fire house."

Getting it Over to Carrie

"Some of us, especially after we have waxed wealthy and soft, like to fool and fiddle round here a lot in the winter months. New York, being first and last the business section of our national community—the Main Street of America—naturally has concentrated here the nation's greatest trade display of luxuries, physical joys, the things that keep loafing from being a bore. Portrait painters, worthwhile musicians and architects—almost none of whom are products of New York in the artistic sense—have to stay more or less permanently in or near the big business here for purely business reasons. To the dilettant it is a permanent home of eternal joy. To the lads who like to clothe their thoughts in Klever Klassy-Kut Kulture—the boys and girls who say just the killingest things at Broadway parties or give their days to writing smart pieces that will be forgotten long before the undertaker's bill is paid—this is the ideal town, the only ——"

Ma and Carrie rejoined us. We rose, and I thought the oration was finished. I call it an oration not only because of its length but because this Mr. Velour seemed always anxious to have his words carry to whatever far corner of the apartment our Carrie happened to be in; in fact, after Carrie came into the room again he seemed to be talking to, arguing his ideas into our Carrie, even when ostensibly replying to some idea or question brought up by me.

Just to prove to Carrie that I hadn't been talking about the flivver and things to eat or feeding the furnace I started right in to floor this Mr. Velour.

"But, sir," I began, "New York's splendid New Theater movement ——"

"Was a bust, a bloomer," Mr. Velour broke in with calm brutality. "A little group of very wealthy men—the same tiny group of wealthy men who, if we are to believe the wails of the Metropolitan Opera House management for a generation, alone make opera of the first class financially possible in Manhattan—put up a building to house this uplifting New Theater movement. It didn't do what New York demands even of art; it didn't pay, so it bust. The theater was dark for some time, and finally was reopened to house girl shows and spectacles that sometimes attracted the attention of the police. They paid here."

The FRANKLIN

20 miles to the gallon of gasoline
12,500 miles to the set of tires
50% slower yearly depreciation
(National Averages)

The full significance of these owners' results has been brought home to motorists.

During the last three years, practically as many Franklins were bought as during the preceding *sixteen*. Bringing the record up to date:

December 1920—Biggest December in Franklin history.

January 1921—Orders exceeded production 15%.

February 1921—Output 952 cars; total orders received 1107.

March 1921—100% normal capacity production of 1000 cars.

FRANKLIN AUTOMOBILE COMPANY
SYRACUSE, N. Y.

What Is Your Home Lighting Doing For You?

This is what it should do:

Above all else, it should please your eyes, make seeing easy, and temper the eye-strain and weariness of the day.

It should bring cheer, and color, and beauty into your home, irradiating dim corners, and softly subduing glare.

It should combine this luxury of good light with a thrifty and real economy in lighting bills.

If it is not doing these things, then the question should be put differently: "What are you doing for your home lighting?"

The first step in making over the lighting of a home is to know that Modern Gas Lighting, through the medium of Welsbach Lights and Welsbach Mantles, gives this ideal illumination

The second step is to realize that not all mantles are Welsbach mantles; and that only the genuine Welsbach will give the fullness of satisfaction you are entitled to expect.

In the making of mantles, there are seventeen processes—seventeen ways in which they can be perfected, or "skimped." Because of the care, and the conscience, back of every step in the Welsbach factory, the Welsbach mantles in *your* home will

burn brightest, last longest, and use least gas

This Shield of Quality on every box is your guarantee that you are getting the genuine Welsbach. Ask your dealer or the gas company.

WELSBACH COMPANY, Gloucester, N. J.
Manufacturers of

Welsbach

GAS MANTLES

"But the Little Theater idea was launched here, and ——"

"And sank here. Another quick bust, so far as the uplift part of it was concerned. Then a strictly commercial management took the little building over, increased the seating capacity for strictly business reasons and made a business go of it. The only success the Little Theater idea has had any place has been, and still is, in our small towns."

"But your Washington Square Players," I began again hopefully. "Now there ——"

"Was another bust, just one more æsthetic bloomer," said Mr. Velour. "Originally they were a little band of amateurs alive with enthusiasm and a good idea. Then, like everything else here, they got the commercial taint and moved their efforts to a Tenderloin theater with the hope that the town would help support them. It didn't. The Theater Guild is now struggling to carry on their idea. They made a hullabaloo about staging one foreign play that had been on the shelves of American small-town public libraries in book form for five years and another that had been in the hands of American readers for more than a year. There you have some measure of the importance of their efforts.

"None of these New York attempts has got far beyond a similar effort which recently got under way in an absolutely hopeless little burg out our way called Gopher Prairie. Not a single play, playwright, actor or technical idea of the first rank has resulted from all this fuss and fireworks of these Manhattan æsthetes of the uplift. Any playwright whom they have helped is as much indebted to New York for his artistic development as Shakspere is indebted to Edwin Booth."

The Home of Bad Sculpture

Our Carrie, I noticed, let this Velour man rave on in his uninterrupted iconoclasm as she never had let me. And how he did rave on! He was for having us in general and Carrie in particular believe that Boston, with its foremost symphony orchestra, its chamber music and especially its conservatory, had done far more to develop American musical talent than a Manhattan that "notoriously"—Velour's word—will accept only the perfect product perfected elsewhere; that from the days when Howard Pyle and Edwin A. Abbey drew on wood blocks to the present time the one big impetus to American supremacy in black-and-white and color illustration must be looked for in a little stretch of America bounded at one end by the Academy corner of North Broad and Cherry Streets, Philadelphia, and at the other by Wilmington, a few miles to the southwest; that in literature New York did little more than print and peddle books. As a defier he made Ajax look like a piker. Only in sculpture did he give it a win, place and show, when he was forced to admit that the worst statue in the known world was the Sunset Cox Stopping the Trolley Cars in Astor Place, the next worst the Maine Monument at Fifty-ninth Street and the worst worst any bronze in Central Park, from the Robert Burns Suffering From a Stiff Neck at the south end of the Mall to any spot in the Park's farthest north.

Right there I tried to stop him by calling his attention to the statue at the southwest corner of Madison Square—the one that originally was cast as a statue of Lincoln, but later had its head removed, another man's head replaced on the shoulders and the entire work of art rechristened William Henry Seward. Again I argued for the Union Square statue of Abraham Lincoln Falling Over Backward. But he held out for Sunset Cox as America's best bad statue.

Later, throughout the restaurant dinner to which he invited us, Host Velour dwelt long and lovingly upon our capital of culture as the one town in the country that has an efficient society for the suppression of books or pictures offensive to one-cylinder minds but paradoxically encourages plain smut and nastiness on the Broadway stage. From the roast through the salad he expatiated on metropolitan broad-mindedness as exemplified in the banning of the names of Poe and Walt Whitman from the city's Hall of Fame. And over his demi-tasse he ventured the altogether wild assertion that the local Hall of Fame folks had held up Eli Whitney's claims until they had assured themselves that Eli's cotton gin wasn't the kind of gin they had thought it was.

"Taken all in all," our Carrie's friend concluded amiably just before we rose from the table to head toward a Broadway theater, "New York is the most self-satisfied, therefore the blindest, therefore the most provincial, hickest hick town in the United States, if not in the whole world. Considering its tremendous possibilities, its hickiness is appalling. In trade lines it is the nation's supreme sample room and store counter, but yank it over the counter and—blooey! Manhattan is summed up to me in the person of the man with a megaphone on a sight-seeing bus here who is always bawling out impressively the exact height in feet and inches of the Woolworth Building to the couple on the back seat who live in the shadow of Pike's Peak, when he isn't pointing with pride to the wonders of Central Park to the couple on the front seat who hail from the Yellowstone or the Yosemite."

Conversation in Manhattan

"But I'm keeping you from seeing the play you insist upon seeing—a simple thing, but mine own."

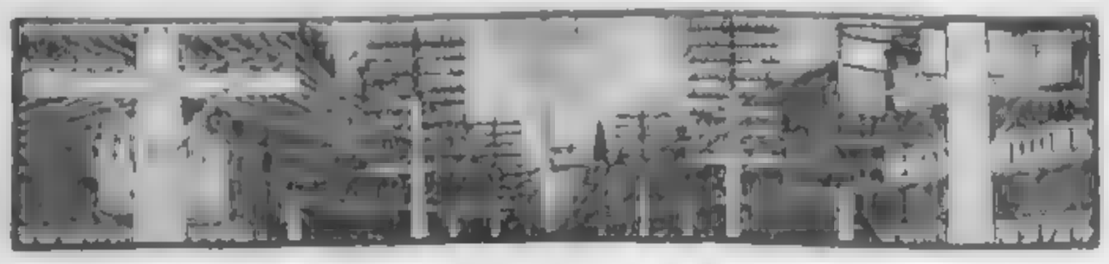
It was a good play this Erik Velour had written. He modestly confessed it would have been a better play if the Broadway æstheticism that controls our theater hadn't, for strictly business reasons, compelled him to throw away a logical last act and substitute a happy ending. The only drawback to the evening was the carrying quality of the voice of the ultra-citified Manhattanite just back of me, whose big-town topics ranged from the lack of steam heat in his apartment house during the zero weather back in January, 1918, to modern mechanics.

"Yep," he began with a fresh intake as the curtain rose. "I get good time out of the flivver. 'Bout a week ago I motored down to Babylon, Long Island. That's forty-three—no, let's see—it's seventeen miles to Jamaica, and 'bout six and three-quarters, call it seven, to Freeport, and it's a good nineteen miles from there to Babylon—seventeen and seven and nineteen, that makes—uh—let me see—seventeen and seven's twenty-four, plus nineteen—well, say plus twenty—that makes forty-four—well, anyway, say about forty-three or four miles from here to Babylon. We got started about 7:15, prob'ly 7:20, because I had to stop and fill the radiator, and we ran along at a good steady gait ——"

The big-town man did finally, for reasons and purposes admitted and justified, attain to Babylon before the end of the act.

And ma and I did finally, for reasons and purposes admitted and justified, attain to our home town before the week was out. My reasons for an early home-going included the piano playing of Josef Hofmann and the song recital of Reinald Werrenrath, both of whom were booked to appear in our Irem Temple; and there were meetings of the officers of our Westmoreland Club and our public library—a lot of hicky small-town stuff like that which required my presence. Ma's chief reason was a sudden, mad and—to me—a wholly inexplicable desire to clean, repair and generally renovate our house from top to bottom. The why and wherefore of ma's feverishness didn't dawn on me until along came a letter from our Carrie that was positively explosive.

Ma, who was all aflutter but not a bit surprised by the big news in Carrie's letter, set me to writing telegrams of good wishes to Erik and our Carrie immediately. And it was not until I had recovered sufficiently from my surprise to remember that their home town was going to be Sauk Center, not Manhattan, that I started a new ten-word telegram to replace an original draft that ran, "You are welcome to your city."



"He Left His Chains Behind!"

Weed Tire Chains left in the garage never stop a skid

Weed Tire Chains
on your tires reflect your prudence and intelligence.

SOME drivers never *think* always to carry Weed Chains and never *think* to put them on the tires until they feel their cars skid—then it is usually too late to do anything, except pray.

Don't wait until you feel your car skid—don't wait until you feel that terror of utter helplessness.

Make up your mind now always to carry Weed Chains in your car, ALWAYS to put them on the tires at the first drop of rain.

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In Canada: Dominion Chain Company, Limited, Niagara Falls, Ontario

The Complete Chain Line—All Types, All Sizes, All Finishes—From Plumbers' Safety Chain to Ships' Anchor Chain

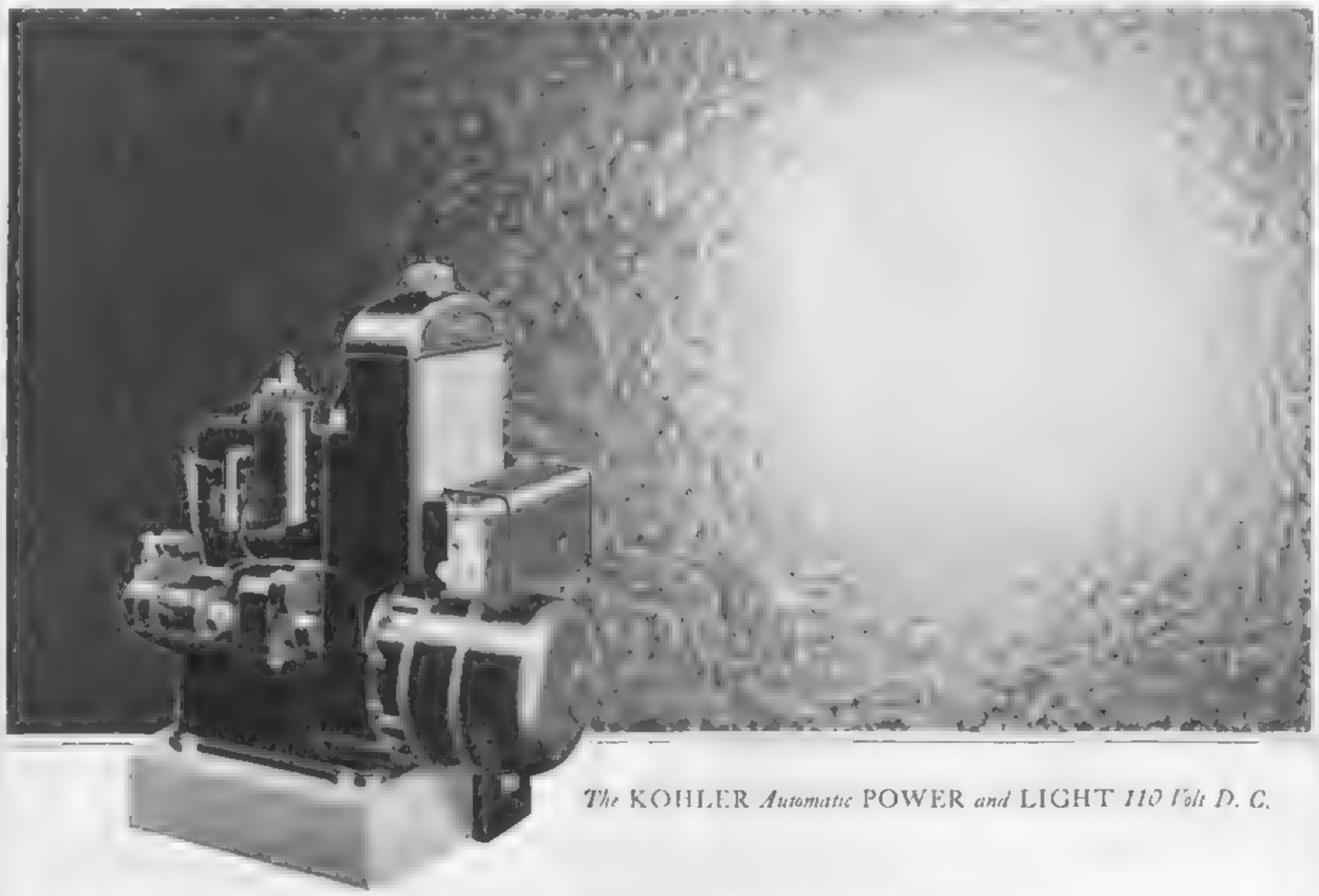
GENERAL SALES OFFICE: Grand Central Terminal, New York City
DISTRICT SALES OFFICES: Boston, Chicago, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, Portland, Ore., San Francisco

Largest Chain Manufacturers in the World

KOHLER

POWER for lighting

POWER for cleaning



The KOHLER *Automatic* POWER *and* LIGHT *110 Volt D. C.*

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The generous capacity of the Kohler Automatic Power and Light 110 Volt D. C. allows ample electric current to be produced for all ordinary farm power and light purposes.

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More work may be done because of the generous capacity of the Kohler Automatic. Several appliances may be in use, and numerous electric lights in the home, in the barn and other outbuildings may be turned on at the same time.

With this ample source of electric current, ready at the turn of any button on the circuit to do automatically its required work, is coupled an unusual simplicity of performance. No storage batteries are used for power and light with the Kohler Automatic. This eliminates time and expense in maintenance and replacement of battery plates.

Only the Kohler Automatic provides the combination of these advantages. And the 48 years of successful manufacturing experience back of this company assures its dependability.

Send for interesting illustrated booklet. Dealers: your territory may be open—write or wire.

No Storage Batteries Means
Constant and uniform delivery of electric current direct from generator, and without any waste. Personal attention reduced to minimum. The only battery is a small automobile type for starting the engine.

Automatic Start and Stop Means
The turn of any switch or button, anywhere on the circuit, starts or stops the engine and the generation of current instantly.

1500 Watts Means
Twice the capacity of ordinary plants. Ample current for lights and numerous power appliances in use at the same time, and without danger from overload.

110 Volts Means
All standard appliances (110 Volt) may be used. These appliances are available everywhere, and cost less than those of lower voltage.

Automatic Governor Means
Economical operating costs. Consumption of fuel is automatically tapered to current being used.

Send today for illustrated booklet.

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Kohler Co., *Founded 1873*, Kohler, Wis.
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Boston	Philadelphia
Chicago	Pittsburgh
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Houston	San Francisco
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HEAT for ironing

POWER for pumping

KOHLER

ALSO MANUFACTURERS OF KOHLER ENAMELED PLUMBING WARE

WHY DOES RETAILING COST SO MUCH?

(Continued from Page 21)

we put on each and every one was thirty-five dollars. Then one of our salesmen chanced to hear two men who were looking in the window assert, 'Yes, they are coming down, but they will come lower.'"

This illustration is petty in itself, but typical of widespread feeling. The public up to the present moment has been decidedly suspicious of bargains and sales, and of the permanence in general of the price level which has prevailed. To speak plainly, it has looked for lower and ever lower prices.

Though it is impossible of course to compute even roughly the extent to which consumers have reduced their normal buying power, it has been estimated that business in times of depression amounts to 85 per cent of its volume in times of normal prosperity. If the consumer can bring business from a normal state to one of depression by curtailing his buying only 15 per cent it is clear that he wields an enormous power. A tailor recently estimated that 5,000,000 men had not bought a suit of new clothes in two years.

Now to some extent it may be possible to argue with the consuming public and tell it that unless it buys the retailer cannot buy, the factory and farmer cannot produce and unemployment will increase. It is true that the public's failure to buy makes conditions steadily worse. But inasmuch as this failure was in turn due to varied and complex causes it is unreasonable to suppose that mere argument will restore completely the former condition of 100 per cent buying power.

For of course the retailer has no influence over exchange rates, money rates, bank reserves, weather conditions, crops and the other more or less ultimate causes of the great upward and downward swings of consumer prosperity. It does him little good merely to protest against the results of forces which no word of his can alter. But fortunately the merchant does not have to wait entirely upon the outcome of a struggle over which he has no control. He has only one weapon, but that is an all-powerful one. He can start the consumer buying again if only he makes his prices right.

The Shopkeeper's Troubles

"When one of these cold spells comes it is up to the retailer to warm the public," says the secretary of one of the large retail associations. "The one and only way is by the reduction of prices. That is why we are advising the retailer to get down to replacement prices as soon as possible and see that business is resumed."

The president of another great national association of retailers, in referring recently to the exorbitant rents which many merchants are obliged to pay, said that only two ways out of the dilemma suggest themselves, the one to mark up goods to yield greater profit and the other by some means to secure a greater volume of business. The former plan, he said, defeats the stabilizing of business, and the latter plan places the small merchant under a handicap as compared with the one doing business in large centers where volume of sales is easier to obtain.

"Yet again my opinion is fixed that increase of business is the only solution. To obtain business one must make prices satisfactory to the public. To refuse to do so means the annihilation of those who stubbornly refuse to help in the readjustment of our conditions. It ought not to be necessary to say that the situation involves a survival of the fittest."

Whenever the public generalizes about any of the problems of retail merchandising it commonly overlooks the vastness and diversity of this field of activity. Exact figures are lacking, but there are probably between 500,000 and 750,000 retail mercantile establishments in this country. They range from the most powerful large-scale organizations in the closest possible touch with every current of industrial and commercial life all the way down to the weakest and most ignorant of superannuated individuals.

At one extreme we have mail-order houses doing several hundred million dollars of business a year, chain-store corporations controlling upward of 5000 establishments, and department stores which are virtual cities in themselves, emporiums with 250 departments, handling every conceivable variety and grade of merchandise, controlling their own manufacturing and wholesaling concerns and employing every known variety of personnel—taxation, accounting and financial, as well as merchandising, advertising and production expert.

At the other extreme we have scores, indeed hundreds of thousands, of individuals who keep store with only $200 or at the most $1000 or $2000 capital, with no particular training and with little if any knowledge of world markets and the vast economic forces which must be reckoned with. Often such an individual has entered storekeeping because he has been trained for nothing else, has failed in some other occupation or has become too old for other work.

Nearly always he is too busy with the infinite details of the day's routine to take note of the currents that bear him along. He has barely time to skim the headlines of the front page of the daily paper, much less to read the trade journals and special reports on merchandising problems which the owner of a large store has merely to turn over to the appropriate department head or expert to digest and act upon.

Competition in Retail Trade

It is estimated roughly that there are 120,000 dry-goods merchants in the country, but most of them do such a small business that it has never been worth anyone's while even to make a census of them, a fact which strikingly illustrates how insignificant the little retailer is.

The retail field presents every conceivable degree of intelligence, ability, size and financial strength. Competition is excessive and organization and coöperation, as compared with many other branches of business, at a minimum. Thus it is literally impossible for retailers to reflect in any concerted or well-ordered manner great changes in underlying conditions. The wise merchant, and especially the one who is financially strong, has been quick to clear his shelves of high-priced goods and replace with cheaper stocks.

In one sense it may be said that no one knows whether a merchant has reduced his prices fast enough except himself. If a merchant started in business in 1919 and stocked up with goods at the peak of the market you are simply inviting him to go bankrupt when you insist that he should cut his prices as soon as wholesale levels begin to come down. Perhaps also the merchant was stocked up with high-priced goods because the wholesaler and manufacturer urged him to buy and assured him right up to a few months ago that prices not only were going much higher, but that goods could not be had shortly at any price. Perhaps the merchant did not advance his prices so rapidly as he might have done when wholesale prices were moving up.

On the other hand, the merchant may have bought most of his goods before the war or within the last few months on the new wholesale scale, and still tries to maintain his 1919 level of prices. In that case he is merely a profiteer. The bankrupt and the profiteer are the two extremes, and there is every possible grade and degree in between.

Unfortunately it is not always the high-minded man who sets the pace. The merchant who is determined to pay living wages may be beaten out by a rival who secures his help at the lowest scale. Competition is so keen in retail merchandising that a favorite way of expressing the idea is to say that if the most hated Northern general and Robert E. Lee had opened rival dry-goods stores on the same street in the South after the close of the Civil War the custom would have gone to whichever store sold calico one cent a yard the cheaper. The moral of this purposely exaggerated but essentially truthful illustration is that you can never generalize about the movement of retail prices so long as competition remains as fierce and keen as we know it to be.

It is simply untrue to say that all merchants have resisted the decline. Some have and some have not. The whole movement has been jerky, uncertain and irregular, but with a gradual filtering through of

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What This Trade-Mark on a Pipeless Furnace Means to You

The Garland Pipeless Furnace, Ready-to-Install, bears the trade-mark of the world's largest manufacturer of furnaces, stoves, and ranges.

For fifty years its presence on a heating or cooking product has meant that there is no better.

The Garland Pipeless Furnace bears that trade-mark because its finer materials, its longer life, and its higher heating efficiency make it worthy of the name.

You can be sure, as the Garland makers are sure, that the Garland Pipeless Furnace you install will uphold the Garland reputation. *We guarantee satisfaction in writing.*

If your house is not now heated comfortably and economically, write at once for the Garland Pipeless Furnace Catalog.

Find out from it how surprisingly small is the cost of this furnace, and how easily, quickly, and conveniently it is installed at any season. Write today.

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The Michigan Stove Company, Detroit, Mich.

Makers of the Famous Garland Line of Stoves, Ranges, Furnaces, and Pipeless Furnaces, for Coal, Wood, Gas, and Electricity

Try one of these

Mild, mellow, completely satisfying.

Just the cigar to offer at the long office conference or for your own after-dinner hour at home—the "Educator" size Girard.

Get acquainted with this splendid big brother of Girards—Corona shape, full 5 inches long, packed fifty in a handsome cedar-lined metal canister which keeps them in perfect condition.

Here you have all the well-known and pleasing qualities which make the Girard in every shape and size such a prime favorite with brainy Americans who think while they smoke—the fine tropic flavor combined with agreeable mildness which comes only from genuine Havana leaf skillfully blended and mellowed by age alone.

One trial tells you why Girard is known as "America's foremost cigar." Sold by dealers everywhere.

Antonio Roig & Langsdorf, Philadelphia
Established 50 years

GIRARD
Never gets on your nerves

lower prices to the consumer. Allowing for all possible exaggeration, it is nevertheless interesting to see what the advertising manager of one large department store in the Middle West has to say about the policy of his firm in giving the consumer the benefit of lower prices:

"X was a store that made an attempt to give the general public the benefit of every drop in the market as it occurred.

"In the two-page advertisement which we ran in all the local papers toward the end of September we announced that we would follow such a policy, and we have tried our best to live up to it. This announcement was made on a Monday morning after an all-day meeting of the board of managers of the store on Friday. We maintained the utmost secrecy until the announcement was made public.

"The ad was not taken to the newspaper offices as other ads are. Instead we had it set up in the smallest print shop in the downtown part of the city and then had electrotypes made of it and these turned over to the newspapers at the last possible moment before going to press. In the ad you will see we announced that X would keep pace with the market, and wherever there was a reduction we would make it.

"As was expected, this double-page spread caused considerable consternation in our city and in some of the other cities in the United States as well. We were told that we were foolish to attempt such a plan, and at a meeting a short time after that merchandisers from all over the country condemned the policy and said it was a failure.

"This is what it meant in our stores: Buyers were ordered to keep in the closest touch with market conditions and to make reductions whenever wholesalers made reductions. Our policy was to reduce the costs whenever we found we could replace the goods at a price less than we sold them for. For example, we might have had a pair of shoes on sale at fifteen dollars that cost us twelve dollars, but if we found we could replace that pair of shoes for eight dollars we did not hesitate to sell them at ten dollars. On the face of it we were taking a loss of two dollars, but in the end we were getting down to the lowered prices."

Merchants in the Cotton Belt

"A definite example can be furnished from the men's suit department. Under an agreement many of the manufacturers, as you probably know, decided that there should be no cut in the prices of suits until November fifteenth and in overcoats until December first. This was done to protect the stocks which the retailers had on hand. One morning—on the first day of November, to be exact—we saw a news item in the local paper that one of the Eastern clothing firms not in the agreement had decided upon a cut of one-third. We checked up the item and found it was correct. Then another meeting of the board of directors was called. The houses from which we were purchasing our clothing had not announced a cut, but we had given our word to the public that we would meet any wholesale cut, and we decided to do it. Every suit in our place was marked off one-third in one day, a loss on paper of $116,000.

"And we honestly believe that we have maintained this policy in every department all the way through. It has paid if we may judge from our sales slips. In my youthful enthusiasm I believed that the first few days would force us to have police at the doors to keep the crowds away. But such was not the case, although the buying increased greatly.

"Slowly the people have come to learn that X is making an honest effort to keep pace with the wholesalers' mark-down, and the volume of our sales has increased steadily until our business now is much greater than it was a year ago at this time. This is what proves to me that the whole movement is a success."

Let us look at the retailer's position in the deflationary process a little more closely. Consider for a moment the country merchant in the South right after the big slump in cotton. The merchants there, like almost everyone else, profited heavily during the boom, and should have laid these profits aside for reserves against the possible coming of hard times. Incidentally and parenthetically it may be remarked that no one was able to lay aside as large reserves in 1919 as in earlier periods of similar prosperity because the Federal system of taxation did not permit it.

But the merchants in the cotton belt—and I refer to them more by way of illustration than for any other reason—were shortsighted in that they failed to foresee any end to the boom. They stocked up with goods at top prices, expecting an enormous trade for years to come, and thus tied up their capital and profits. But the merchant in the South is such in the old-fashioned sense—that is, he is a banker as well as a merchandiser. He is really a cotton factor, financing the planter to a very great extent. Now when we visualize the terrific slump in cotton, together with the fact that the merchant had already tied up his capital and profits in high-priced goods, is it any wonder that he has been somewhat slow in accepting the still further loss involved in slashing prices?

The retailer's capital is invested in goods that always must be sold sooner or later, at the present moment largely at a loss. The farmer, too, has lost; but he differs from the retailer in that the bulk of his investment is in more or less permanent assets, such as land and machinery, which unlike a stock of goods on a merchant's shelves do not for the most part have to be disposed of immediately or in the near future. Yet of course the merchant cannot press the farmer for payment at such a time, and is expected more than ever to carry him along.

Selling Too Cheap

A recent exhaustive survey of conditions throughout the Southern States made by a trade paper, the Atlantic Coast Merchant, showed that material improvement has taken place in business conditions and that the outlook for the future is decidedly brighter than it has been for several months. But, nevertheless, in some of the hundreds of letters received from merchants were striking bits of evidence of the conditions which prevailed immediately following the great slump in cotton. One merchant in the cotton belt reported that at the end of a certain month he had collected only $400 out of $9000 in bills sent out for the preceding month, although in normal times two-thirds of the bills are paid within ten days. Let us jump from the cotton belt to Cleveland, Ohio, and quote a small retail grocer who was asked for his views:

"Let us take up the retailer as he was in 1914 and before that. He was satisfied with a small store and a reasonable profit. Then came 1917–1918–1919 with a grand flourish of business. Every man, woman and child was employed and paid top wages, and there was nothing to do with their money but spend it. So in order that the merchant who was getting on nicely before this period could keep pace with the times he had to get a larger variety of merchandise, show it better and make changes to accommodate more business. Many of the things were costing him more when he went to replace them than he sold them for.

"As you know, there are no price bulletins issued to merchants guiding them in their purchases, so the chap just continues to sell his goods at a reasonable price until he has to buy more of the very same items. Then and not until then he realizes that he has made a big mistake, but it is too late. Chances of making profits lost in this manner are not easily found again.

"A retail merchant to-day is taking more loss than any outsider imagines. First, he must reduce his prices. You can go to any store, regardless of line, and find prices slashed. Am I wrong? Second, where is there a retailer who can close his doors, throw all his help out of employment, stop operations for a week or a month as he may see fit, and then open up again at the end of that time to his advantage? Don't all producers and manufacturers do that? Third, where are the lower wages? In this part of the country there is no work, therefore no wages at all.

"What is the result? The wage earners do not know as a rule how to take care of their dollars, so the first thing they do is to go to the retailer and ask for credit. They must live, we all know that, and someone must give them credit. Now at least 20 per cent of the credit business at a period of this kind is never collected, therefore the merchant, in order to protect himself, must charge credit customers more for their goods than a cash customer. Get me? But he cannot charge anything like 20 per cent more, nor can he get away with a 10 per cent charge. The extra charge is very small unless it is a strictly credit establishment.

(Concluded on Page 101)

Lexington

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"Bred from purest stock; hence: high-spirited, courageous, elegantly formed."

For consistent performance it takes a thorobred. This applies to cars as well as to horses. The "scrub" may succeed for a while, but breed will tell in the end. The Lexington Thorobred comes of good stock. Since 1908 Lexington motor cars have been performing consistently on highway and boulevard. Nothing less than thorobred horse flesh would satisfy you. Why not own a Thorobred automobile? If you don't know the answer, your Lexington Dealer will be glad to tell you—especially glad during Thorobred Week, April 25 to 30. Why not arrange for a demonstration now?

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CONNERSVILLE · INDIANA · U · S · A
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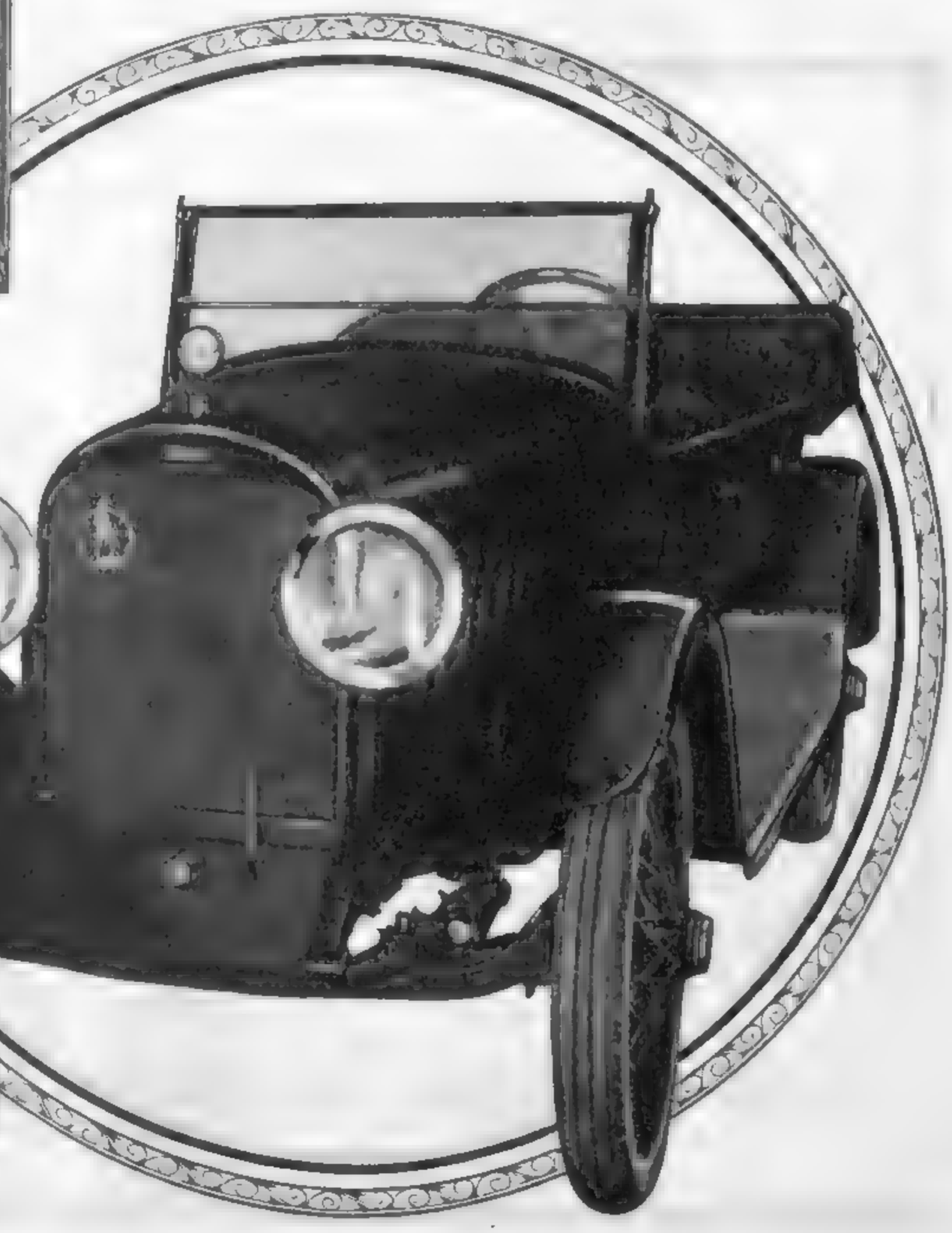
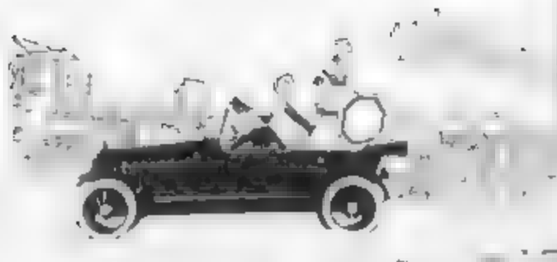




FOR a thousand years China has added, tabulated and figured with this same "abacus." And look what China is today!

Men and nations who don't change their methods must yield to more enlightened competitors. A good idea that isn't developed to its fullest possibility finally becomes a handicap—not a help. Countries and concerns alike, satisfied to carry on with obsolete rules and tools, are always at the mercy of progress and foresight.

The business of this corporation is to show governments, institutions, industries and individual enterprises how to *spend* the *least* to *make* the *most*, by studying their problems and providing constantly more efficient machines which analyze conditions, check losses, trace wastes, prove costs, with the least expenditure of time, and the use of the fewest possible men.

China built a great wall to shut new ideas out of the country and withered within it. Any business that doesn't welcome economizing efficiencies is destined to follow suit.

COMPUTING-TABULATING-RECORDING COMPANY, *New York*

Makers of

International Business Machines

Dayton Moneyweight Scale Company
Dayton, Ohio

International Scale Company
Dayton, Ohio

Tabulating Machine Company
New York City

International Time Recording Company of New York
New York City

International Business Machines Company Ltd.
Toronto, Canada

(Concluded from Page 98)

"In short, business is worse than it has been for years. Rents are still high. Freight rates are out of the question. It's a crime! Light, water, heat, taxes and delivery expenses are at the very highest. In fact all overhead is increasing and the margin of profit decreasing. So, after all, where does the retailer come in?"

"Consumers never stop to think what the merchant does for them," said the representative of one large retail organization. "Your wife puts on her winter hat and cloak this afternoon"—it was late in January—"never bothering with the fact that merchants are now busily laying in supplies for spring and summer. He puts his money into something which he is by no means sure to sell. If the weather is unseasonable in the spring your wife will not buy, and the merchant must mark down his goods to a point where profit nearly or quite vanishes.

"Suppose it rains hard this afternoon and your wife has no rubbers. She goes to the shoe store and the dealer says, 'Yes, madam, they make nice rubbers in Boston and Brockton, and I will now measure you for a pair and send for them. With good luck they will come in two weeks.'

"It is sometimes thought that the merchant's service is selling goods. That is not it at all. His real service is buying them, or rather selecting them. He brings thousands of articles together from all over the world and keeps them, the articles which he thinks his customers will want. But the customers may not want them. Meanwhile he and his capital are anchored to the spot, and his fortunes rise and fall with the degree of satisfaction which he gives these customers.

"A woman complains because he does not carry a certain make of shoe. He lays them in, but that does not mean merely one kind of shoe; it means various sizes and widths of that make. His sales may increase 5 per cent because of the new make, it is true, but meanwhile he may have increased his investment in shoes 25 per cent. Who can say?"

Retailers Unfairly Blamed

"We do not deny that retailers have profiteered. Everybody has. But what we feel to be unfair is that the punishment should fall so much more heavily upon the merchant than upon the great manufacturing corporation. If a retailer is haled to court, indicted, fined or in any other way punished for profiteering it pretty nearly ruins him.

"It is a blow to his local standing from which it is almost impossible for him to recover. But indictments and fines mean nothing to the great industrial combinations. They are used to that sort of thing and it does not affect the market for their goods at all."

One of the retailer's profoundest convictions, and one which an impartial inquiry largely sustains, is that much of the criticism against him is due to the public's usual failure to realize the necessary expenses to which he is put. Apparently the public has no such difficulty in appreciating the expenses which manufacturers and other producers must meet, and at first blush this seems curious and inconsistent. But a little reflection shows that it is simple and natural.

The public is much more likely to know the wholesale price which a merchant pays for a finished article than it does the price which the manufacturer pays for the raw materials. The tendency of the consumer is to resent the difference between wholesale and retail prices, and much ill-considered legislation is likely to be based on this resentment. But the consumer has no such prejudice against the manufacturer's profit, because he rarely knows or is interested in the price which the manufacturer pays for his raw materials.

When a woman buys a chair and learns that she is paying thirty-five per cent more for it than the merchant paid for precisely the same object she is inclined to be resentful. But she will never know what the manufacturer of the chair paid for his lumber, varnish, glue and labor, and therefore she does not consider him at all in her indictment. Besides she has never seen him and never will. Nor does she pay him any money. In the case of the retailer alone is the selling price represented by the full 100 per cent paid by the consumer. The retailer has only done what the manufacturer, the producer of the paint and the grower of the lumber have done, but he alone hands on to the consumer the total expenses which of necessity have been piling up during this long process.

A Misleading Term

The retailer and wholesaler alone of all those concerned do not change the form of the goods, and the public has an ingrained suspicion of anyone who does not actually change the form of what it buys. It somehow feels that an article which is already finished and complete in form ought to yield less profit to the seller than the actual putting together or production of the article. This feeling goes far back into history, but as far as I can see has no logical basis.

It is true that the merchant could not exist at all without the farmer and manufacturer, but as I attempted to point out in a previous article dealing with wholesalers and jobbers, butter on a farm in Iowa or toys in a factory in Germany are of no use to a consumer in New York. The only test of the legitimacy of expenses and profits in any branch of business is the value of the service rendered to the consumer and the cost of such service to those who render it.

The retailer has an unfortunate habit of referring to the expenses of his business, together with his net profits, as gross profits. The manufacturer on the other hand never mentions profits at all until all his expenses, such as rent, labor, advertising and the like, have been taken care of. They are all his cost of doing business. But the merchant uses the expression "gross profits" to cover not only his actual net profits but all the costs of doing business.

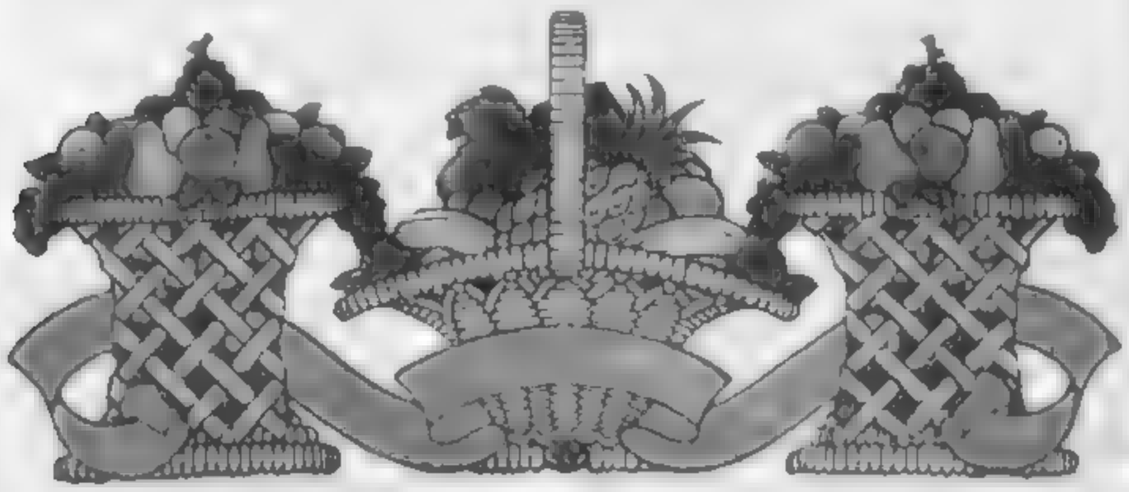
The manufacturer says it costs him 85, 90 or 95 per cent to produce an article. That does not seem unreasonable. In this percentage are included the cost of raw material, labor, rent, interest on borrowed money, advertising and selling expenses and a salary to himself. What is left is profit.

But when the retailer says that his gross profit is 35 per cent he means by that figure his wages, rent, delivery, cost of charge accounts, advertising, salary for himself and every other expense, as well as his profit. What is his real profit? Well, it may be 6, 5, 3 or 2 per cent, but somehow the public still chews over that 35 per cent item and feels that something is rotten in the state of Denmark.

Which at last brings us directly to the question of why retailing costs are so high. In a sense there is something rotten, but it is primarily not with the net profits of the retailer.

The question which really matters is why the retailer's expenses are so high, why it costs him 20 to 30 per cent to do business at all, why it costs him that much merely to give goods away, free, gratis. That is what is rotten, if anything is.

Editor's Note—This is the first of two articles by Mr. Atwood. The second will appear in an early issue



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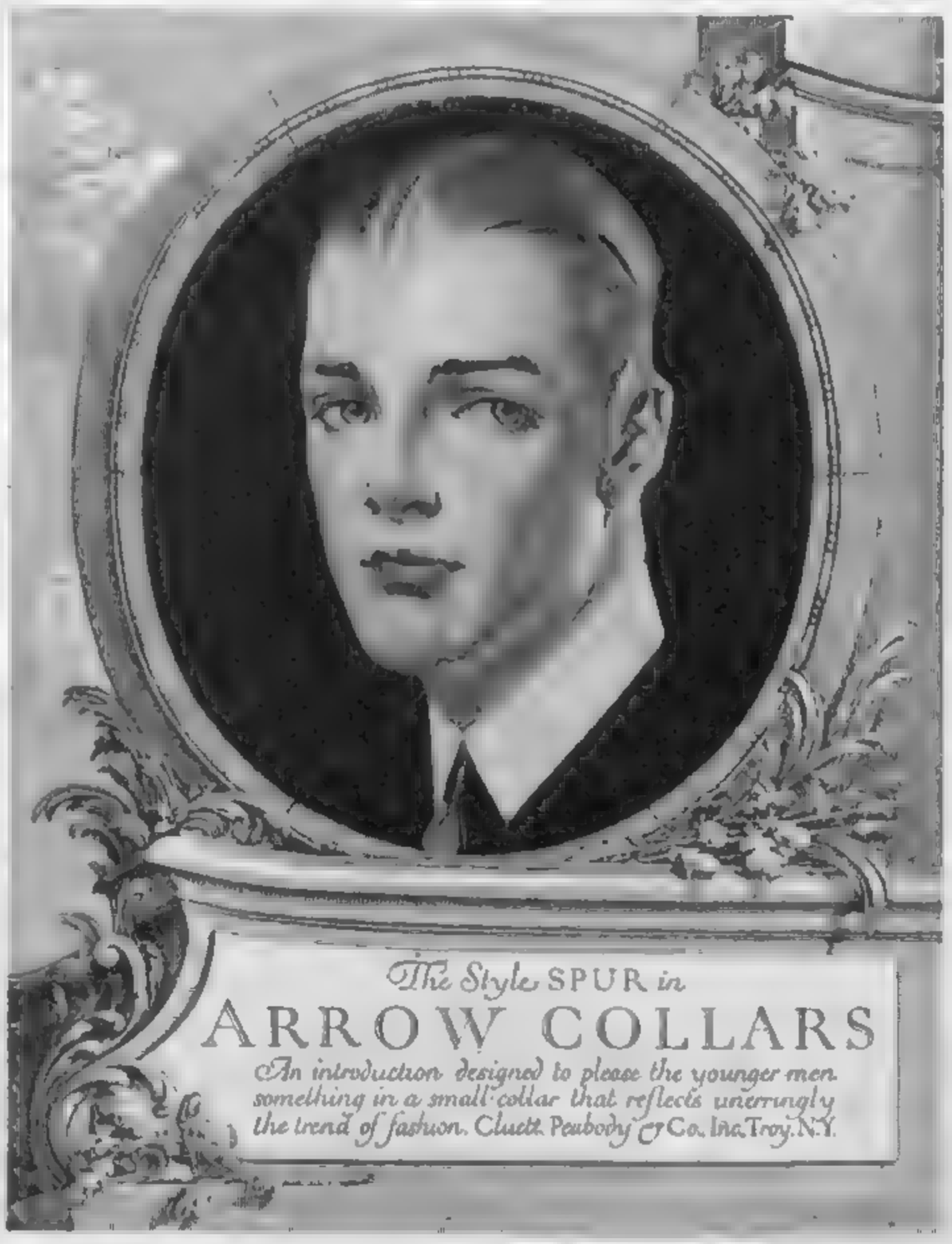
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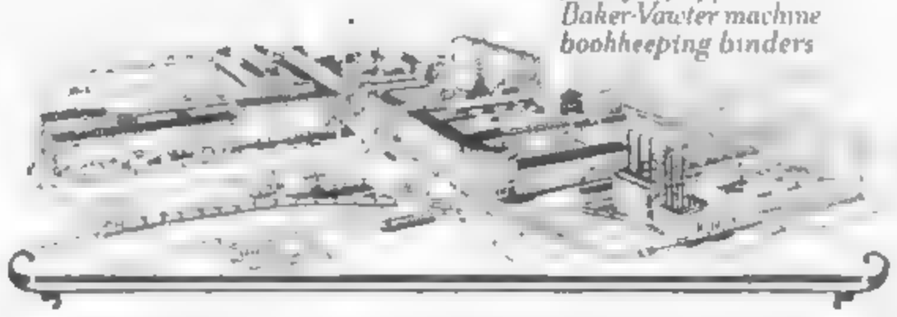

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GENUINE KERATOL

FERN SEED

(Continued from Page 27)

But Grayland cut short all this, bounding upright and strewing the lawn with sparks, ashes, the bowl of his pipe in one direction, the bit in another.

"You've done it now, boy!" Glee, triumph and sly calculation strove in his dark face. "Good on your old curly top; go to the head of the class! O Brave We! Son, you've turned the cat in the pan!"

Next moment he had subsided again, thinking hard, brooding over the paper.

"What is it then?" asked Leonard.

"No shorthand anyway," said George. "Arabic, maybe. Wrote by Turks, Armenians or Kurds, or whey, Moabites, Amalekites—don't matter a dump. We can't read it, but your cousin Laurence can. Here's the point though: Whatever it is, whatever it says, our friend kept it on his person, next his hide. He'd give that hide to get it back, probably. Because why? I'll tell you, son. Because he and his Kamsa have traveled many a hundred mile to lay hand on just another sheet o' blessed polyglots, heteroglyphs—drat the word, you know what I mean—as these figgers here. In plain language, my chief holds the mate to this very writing. They want it. What happens? Why, in walks you, as gay as Garrick, and nips their own. You turned the cat in the pan. And I'd have give a double tooth to be there seeing you."

Grayland rose and tucked the sheet of paper carefully into a pocket, which he buttoned.

"It goes home now this minute for the chief. I'll stow her in safe hiding." He stooped to the grass and assembled the parts of his pipe. "Will you come along? Old Man Merle can fetch your bags and stuff in his cart."

"They're not quite ready for moving," replied Leonard. "Suppose I pack and join you later?"

"Right-ho! But this can't wait," said the other, turning to go. "Remember, from now till further notice you're Laurence Corsant."

"Very well. But look here, George, where do I live when I'm at home?"

Grayland gave an impatient snort.

"Oh, Lord, that's true!" He stood fretting and scowling. "All came so natural, I forgot you never lived in the old house. How to map you the way? River runs right past your windows; but by land, all them lanes and blind corners, 'tis a maze, a Fair Rosamond's bower surely."

"Trot along," said Leonard. "I'll row up."

"Good as wheat!" cried his friend. "Only big stone house to starboard, and I'll wave to you."

Without a sign of haste, yet light and swift as any creature of the woods, Grayland seemed to cross the lawn at a stride and vanish while still talking.

Noon had nearly come before Corsant was ready to follow him. Old Ashkettle's daughter, a taciturn, broad maiden, with hair the color of oakum, dwelt under the Ship on Ways in a cellar full of curly shavings, of oars, paint kegs, rowlocks, ringbolts, lumps of aged sponge, grease, double blocks, rope and cobwebs. Among all these and many fragments, in darkness that smelled of clean chips and turpentine, Miss Ashkettle drudged about, moping like a stalwart Melancholia who cared naught for the world outside, pondered the futility of all handiwork and grieved to see so much of its lumber filling her cave. She said never a word, took no heed of time. When at last, after immense deliberation, she had chosen an armful of gear and beckoned this tiresome young man with her chin, it was therefore surprising to find her boats the model of readiness and trim order. Tight, slender, dazzling with varnish, they lined the water, glossy as brand-new toys. The spoon oars had their blades painted a brilliant red; spotless cushions lay on the thwarts; and at their sterns gilded scroll by gilded scroll bore the names of Daisy, Lily, Violet, Pansy, Hazel.

"How very—neat," declared the passenger. Coy, he had nearly said, for the flotilla seemed almost to giggle. "I'll take Daisy by the week."

Miss Ashkettle cast off, coiled his painter like a man-of-war's man, wrote his name in a pocketbook, folded her arms and watched him row off. The Daisy might have been Charon's barge, and she an oakum-headed sibyl who took dreary joy in knowing he could never come her way again.

Round a bend he escaped that dark influence, and soon forgot. Among green hill fields a silvery layer of tide stole up, broadening to immerge a curve here of sand bar, a tiny cape there of brookside gravel. The Daisy drew little water, yet grounded so often in clear shallows where an oar could barely dip that he ceased trying to row, fended her off and let her drift. The shores, with mirrored grass and flowers under them, floated down in a trance. Here and there a gull sat on the river and squalled out wicked complaints that rang along the surface with whining overtones; once his red spoon blade grazed a salmon that lay torpid on bottom; and for some time a mussel shell, lined with blue nacre, freighted with grains of dry sand and one pearl of sea water, sailed alongside him like an elfin cargo boat, bobbing in the ripples of his undiscernible motion. Cool salt breaths rose to temper the sunshine. But as he drifted inland, these were the only reminders of the sea, which lay hidden behind the hills. Fringes of gorse on two green interlocking headlands formed, as it were, a giant pair of outspread wings, blazing golden. A dark cloud stretched between, solid from tip to tip.

"George was right," thought the oarsman. "There's rain coming ashore."

Hot sunlight filled the next reach, however, and the next. High in air against blue sky, a man driving two horses harrowed the crest of a great red field, with snowy gulls flying behind him or waddling after worms among the clods. Tree tops drew slowly across this picture. The river narrowed. Banks of foliage made a winding corridor, quiet except where oozy, reflected brightness trembled and poured like misty fire through the under sides of the leaves. The channel grew deeper, in pools motionless to the eye. Leonard could now row. He came slowly past a point where beech woods ran down to the water, when suddenly a voice hailed him:

"Oh, I say! Could you help me for a moment?"

It was a girl's voice, near by. He looked over his shoulder. Stranded, close ahead, lay a varnished boat like his own, bearing the red oar blades of Ashkettle and the name Rose. She was empty. He ran ashore below her and jumped out.

"She wouldn't shove off again, you see," continued the voice. It was a very pleasant voice indeed.

Bluebells carpeted the grove. From water's edge as far as he could see within the trees bluebells formed one shining slope unbroken. A girl stood among them. Her white dress glowed with their color halfway up to her waist, as if tinged with light through stained glass. Beech leaves flickered round her hair in a lambency of green.

"Sorry to stop you," she said.

Leonard caught himself staring. It was the girl he had seen with George a week or more ago in the White Hart coffee room. He remembered those large dark eyes, that look of friendly mischief.

"Mr. Corsant, I am well punished." The mischief had gone, or changed, he could not tell which. "I'm well punished for trespassing on your land."

She spoke with frankness, rather gravely. Perhaps it was the shifting translucence overhead that made a hint of mockery seem to dart in her glance, hide and seek.

"All the blue under here looked so lovely that I couldn't resist."

Was he supposed to know this colored wood sprite? If so, how well? Playing for time and safety, Leonard examined her boat.

"Oh, that's all right, you know," he declared. "Her stern's against a rock."

"Yes, I tried to lift her round it."

He did so, though the Rose weighed heavier than she looked. When about to launch her, he became aware of a sudden coolness, a darkening, a rustle in the air, and, looking up, saw the grove clouded, the lower end of the river lashed white by sheets of rain that swept nearer. Grayland's prophecy was coming true, coming fast.

Leonard hauled the Rose inshore again, hoisted her nose on the bank, turned her keel up and laid her cushions on the ground below.

(Continued on Page 105)

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Branches in Principal Cities

(Continued from Page 102)

"You'd best take shelter," said he, pointing, "till that's gone by."

The girl came out from her beeches and looked at the gray curtain that advanced hissing.

"Oh!" she cried in dismay. "I should have been off long ago!"

She jumped lightly down from the bank, crept under the gunwale and disposed herself in a few neat whisks and tucks. Leonard brought his old brown oilskin, which he placed as lap robe. The first drops were now sputtering.

"This is jolly!" She smiled. Her black eyes danced. "But aren't you coming under my roof? What nonsense! Plenty of room!"

Most willing, yet unwilling, Leonard obeyed and crawled beneath the lower end of the boat. Rain drummed on the strakes, threaded the gunwales with silver, then slid into gleaming points, then dripped, then trickled. Rain hopped on the shore like hailstones. His companion sat clasping her knees under the oilskin, which covered her to the throat. A tuft of ferns, crushed and doubled inside the bow, hung over her head. It cost him a cramp in the neck to see her, for a thwart intervened; but somehow the cost did not count. Here in wet shadow, muffled by his old slicker, this girl had a knack of being prettier than when, just now, sunshine had steeped her from head to foot among bluebells and beech leaves. The only discomfort was, he crouched here as a pretender. They kept silence for a while.

"Speaking sub Rosa," she said, "I think this is jolly!"

Leonard agreed. She had a faint downward smile which came and went as if not quite under control, which he liked, but which kept him uneasy.

"You must have been glad to come home."

Now here looms trouble, thought the pretender. Why the deuce hadn't George coached him a bit?

"Weren't you?"

"Oh, yes, of course. Glad; yes, indeed."

Those large clear eyes regarded him from a fathomless depth.

"What are you going to do about Becky?"

He would have answered at once had he known who or what Becky was—a girl to be married, a runaway parrot to be found or a horse he had talked of selling.

"Tell me if it's none of my affair," she begged suddenly, as though piqued. "I didn't mean to ——"

"No, no! Becky? No, no, not at all!" said he. "Yes, Becky—you see, I haven't quite made up my mind."

The girl wondered at him.

"Haven't you really?"

A wrong answer—it must have been.

"No, I haven't," he rejoined, turning stubborn.

The rain beat upon the Rose, dripped and splashed without, though not so heavily now. The silence grew long within, and to Leonard more and more distasteful. That fine, spirited young face opposite him, lively, delicate in coloring, yet wholesome, had become downcast. For a moment he feared she was going to cry.

"It's not like you, Laurence, to be so grumpy with your—with old friends."

So then, thought Laurence the false, he knew her very well. He must speak comforting things. How could he? But speak or be silent, either way, there was no guessing what he might let Laurence the true in for. She was trembling. He could see the folds of oilskin quiver, and the fern that touched her head. A craven impulse told him, if she did weep, to crawl out into the rain. He even glanced that way. The rain had stopped, the sun shone.

"Please don't cry," said Leonard earnestly. "I can't bear to have you think so. If I said or did anything to hurt you, please forget; or anything strange, anything not like—unlike myself. I can't explain it if there was. Not now. But some day you may understand—soon, I hope."

He stopped, in distress between too much said and too little. She had turned her face away and was plucking a fern tip caught in her hair.

"I'm quite ashamed of myself," she declared abruptly. "quite."

Next moment she was out in the sunlight. Neither spoke again till the Rose was righted and afloat.

"If you're going down river, take my oilskin with you," said Leonard; and forestalling an evident refusal, added: "I'm not far from—from home, and you'll catch more showers on your way."

The tree tops downstream glittered, but above them came rolling another band of rain clouds.

"You can leave the old thing at Ashkettle's," he urged.

The girl thanked him and stepped aboard. Taking her sculls, she discovered the tip of fern still in her hand. She made as if to fling it overside, but paused and looked up quickly.

"Fern seed. Here." Holding out her hand she dropped the torn leaf into his. "For luck. The receipt of fern seed, to walk invisible."

With that she gave way, pulling a very clean pair of oars. A branch jutted out to hide her and the Rose; but before turning it she stopped, backed water for an instant and, looking Leonard in the face, quietly spoke:

"It wasn't crying. It was laughing. That's what I'm ashamed of, for I do wish you luck. It's a most sporting thing you've undertaken."

Her blades flashed again. The Rose slipped behind the bough.

■

ROUND the next bend a little green valley opened, shining, refreshed with rain. Straight almost as a canal, and quite as placid, the river ran toward a vanishing point under the low arch of a bridge. Three swans rose noisily from the water and flew in line abreast upstream with a great rushing sound of wings. Even as they went their whiteness darkened, a cloud and another burst of rain driving after them. Drenched while he rowed, Corsant peered up through the shower and saw at his left hand a gray stone house that looked down a hillside of rough lawn dotted with shrubs and trees.

From one of its many broad windows fluttered something white—a towel that flapped vigorously and then was whisked indoors. He pulled his right oar and headed the Daisy for the nearest gravel. Meanwhile he neither felt the rain nor considered his arrival.

"She knew me all the time!" he thought. "Saw through me, that girl did, and took her revenge teasing."

Down over the wet grass, as he landed, his friend George came striding—a pair of long legs active under a huge umbrella.

"Wet but welcome! Hop under grandma's gamp."

Leonard made his painter fast to a root, but disregarded the invitation and stood musing in the rain.

"I've half a mind to buy the good ship Rose," he declared, "for a souvenir. George, who is the prettiest girl you ever saw? She's a young witch, lives among bluebells, and gave me this." He held out a wet, crumpled green leaf, the fern tip. "You know her. What's her name?"

Grayland viewed him askance with wicked black eyes.

"No weather for daydreams, this. In with you! Come in! Under the parapioo, my son!" And hooking arms, George elbowed him up the bank. "Get dry first at the fire, then you can write her a poem or sing her a serenade—I'll lend you a concertina—or you can carve some nice fat hearts on your trees roundabout. Plenty of good, smooth bark."

Leonard was not to be put off with these rough conceits, though he returned her talisman to his pocket.

"She called it the receipt of fern seed, and told me we might need to walk invisible. She knew all about us; knew I wasn't Laurence; knew what we're both up to; called it sporting."

His companion halted, glared and seemed to breathe out a curse.

"Young devil, she guessed it! Might 'a' known!"

"Yes? Then who was she?" Leonard repeated.

Grayland shook his head. Mirth and chagrin seemed to underlie the frown with which he kept his countenance.

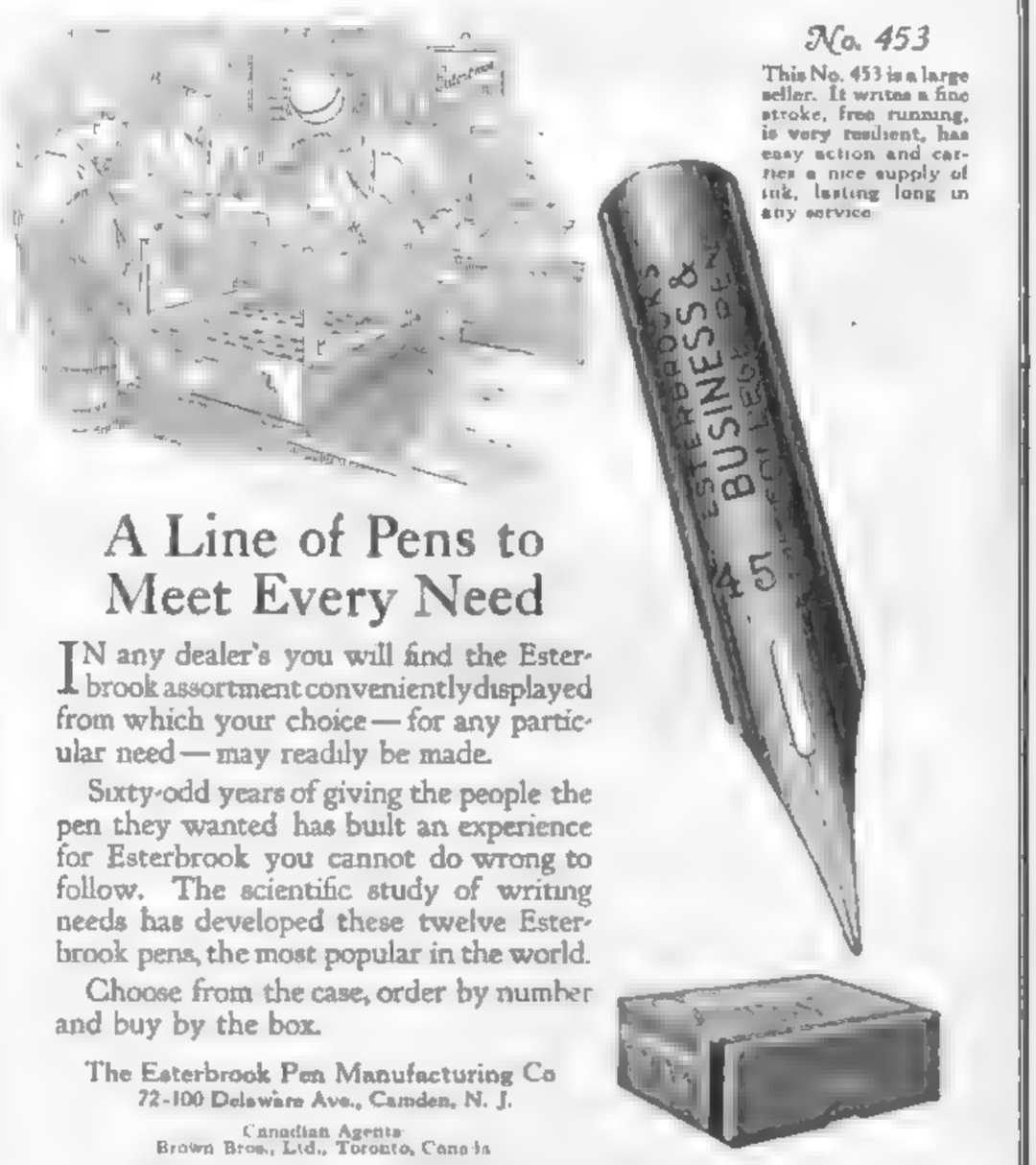
"No telling," he grunted. "I don't know all the young women round here—been away too long."

"You were talking horse with her at the White Hart less than a fortnight ago."

"No," said George blandly; "couldn't have done. Never was there in my life."

"But man, I saw and heard you!"

"Daydreaming again." George started forward. "Impossible! Flat! Never knew a girl whose opinion of a horse was worth listening to."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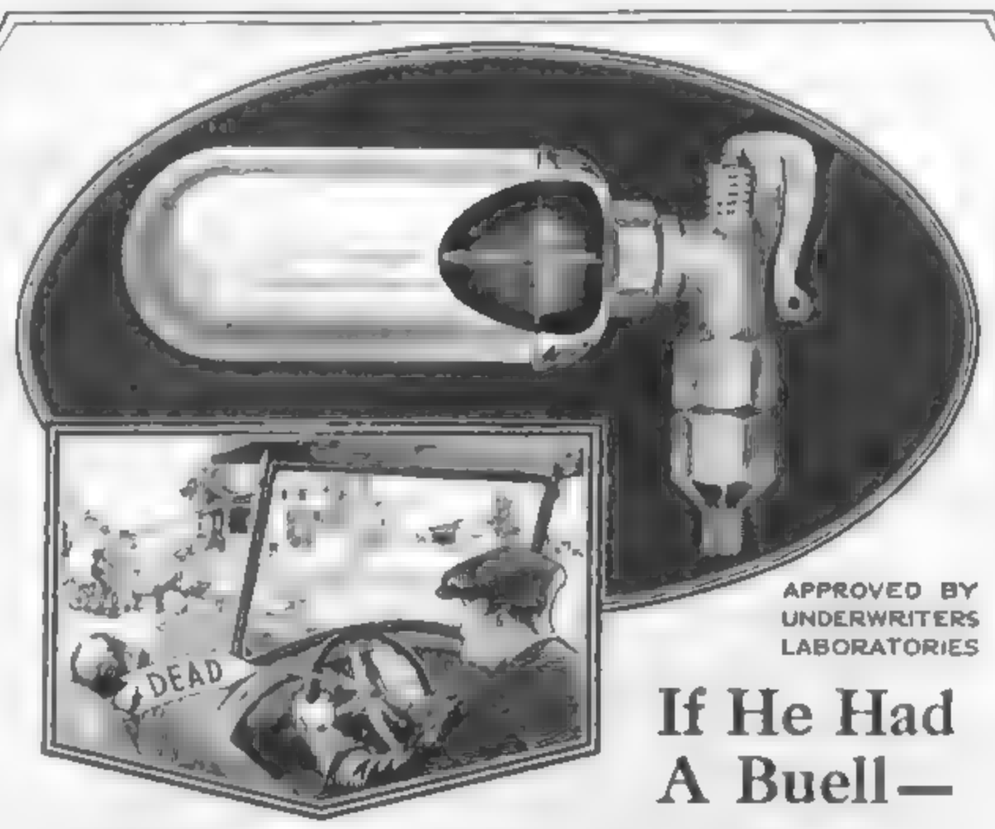

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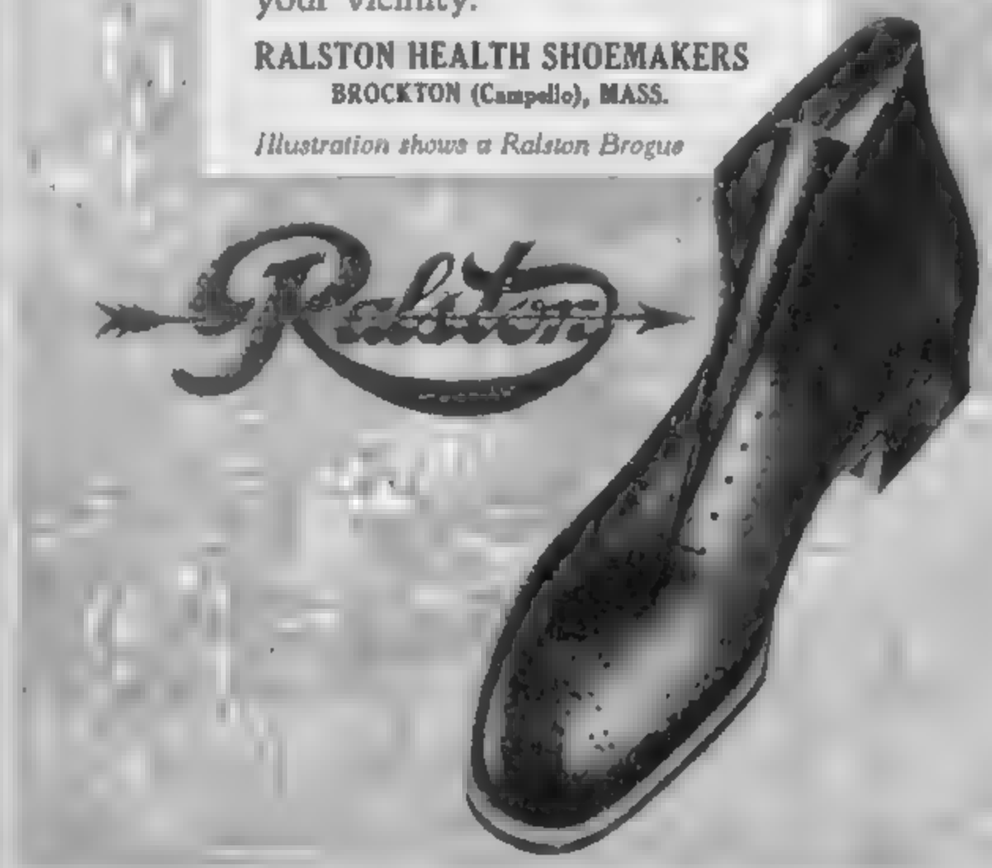

The umbrella—a monstrous lank-ribbed tent of rusty black cotton—hid all the world except a traveling circle of downpour and of rough lawn, unkempt and weedy. As they climbed, Corsant had nothing to do but study his friend at close range. He learned very little—that George was wearing indoor clothes, dark, sober, sleek fitting, which made his face look all the more restless and untamed; that George had been lying just now; and that however long they might discuss this phantom of the bluebell grove George would calmly abstain from telling truth about her. They mounted the hill, therefore, in silence.

"Here's your old house for you." Grayland suddenly tilted back his umbrella. "How do you like it?"

Overgrown shrubs and vines pelted with rain hid much of the lower story; but above these the weathered gray forehead of the house rose clear, overlooking the men, the hillside lawn and the river with a kind of benignity almost human. It was not a large house; yet the upper two tiers of windows, broad, nobly framed and outlined in carven stone, gave it a spacious air that seemed better than grandeur; and its plainness, thought Leonard, warmed him like the discovery of some new virtue in an old friend.

"Ever so much," he answered.

The umbrella descended. They moved on, following round the house a path covered with weeds and grass.

"By the front door you come in," said George. "We'll do it all fitty, eh?"

But in the upper garden Leonard paused, and dodging out from their grandmotherly extinguisher, looked about him. Red valerian had run wild here, and been trimmed or cleared into rude borders. A driveway, lately weeded and raked, curved off to end among dripping trees, where an iron gate stood half open.

"Why, that's Peacock's gate," said Leonard. "Were there chains across before? Then this is the house Merle brought me to the first night!"

"Of course he did." George stood grinning. "And you sat in his cart and threw cold water on him. You looked at your old home, says Merle, neither glad nor sorry, like a dog at his father's funeral."

This landward front of the house, being on a crest, had one story less than the river side. Its left-hand corner stood embedded in a great rock high as a man's head, and patched with turf where cranny flowers hung trembling in the rain. Buttressed thus, the house appeared to hold fast by Mother Earth, hewn stone cleaving to its native hill.

"Come!"

George opened the front door, in the carved frame of which wallflowers were growing. "Don't stand here and soak."

He caught Leonard by the arm, pulled and brought him indoors on the run, like Christian escaping arrows at the wicket gate. Indeed, the rain fell now like bright arrows shot aslant. Their misty light entered with the men, and echoes of splashing murmured in the room. It was a long, deep room, at first sight gloomy. Under a high mantel blazed a fire of boughs, and the ruddy flicker of this, thwarting rather than joining the cold light from the windows blurred with water, showed only here and there a glancing line of brightness on old furniture and sank without reflection, as though quenched, into the somber oak-paneled walls.

"Well, here you are," said Grayland; then looked sharply at his guest. "What's wrong?"

"One moment. I can't—I can't find the words." Leonard stood in a daze. "Wait till my eyes get house broken."

As they did so, he became aware of other objects in the room—dark portraits along the panels, dull gilding touched with firelight, the backs of tall books, a staircase that mounted under a pointed arch. But these and all details were lost in one overwhelming impression, a whole stranger than any of its parts, because not strange at all. His eyesight understood it, his tongue refused to explain. Without warning he had stepped from another man's garden into a room peculiarly, mysteriously his own. Everything here, color, form, proportion, the carving above the panels, the stairway arch, the conflict of subdued lights and the way they fell—everything was as it should be, rightly placed, in the right direction. So it had always been; and so, never having seen, he had always known it by some remembrance lost until now.

"What's the trouble?" said George. "A chill? Yes, you did. You shivered. Come to the fire."

Leonard suffered himself to be drawn there, but standing on the hearth, remained at gaze.

"The trouble is, I could find my way about here blindfold," said he. "It's as though—it's like a place where I'd lived a lifetime, when I was somebody else."

"Right-ho! You are somebody else." George leaned his umbrella under a portrait, and left it to form a brown puddle like prune juice on the floor. "Nothing to worry about, then."

He stripped off Leonard's coat, spread it over a high-backed chair to dry, brought a footstool, bade him sit between the andirons, fetched an old loo table, swung down its top and bolted it, then with long silent strides was gone from the room. Leonard, his back steaming in the grateful blaze, hugged his knees upon the footstool and wondered.

"George turned left through that door," he thought, "and I knew it beforehand."

He sat mooning, with sounds of the fire and the rain for company. Along the panels, at a height of seven feet or so from the floor, a series of carvings took his eye. They were simple, rather well done and well varied, nowise remarkable but for slight quaintness in design. One of them, however, in the darkest corner on his right toward the garden, broke all rules of the pattern and stood out grotesque as a gargoyle. Too lazy to rise, Leonard peered at it for some time before concluding that it was not an imp's head in a nightcap but a queer little image of the Devil's Nose, the sea rock he had swum through. There in miniature, holes and all, it clung to the wall like a wasp's nest, ugly and misshapen.

"What's that doing here?" he asked when George returned.

"The good old Nose? Why not?" Grayland bore in and set on the table a vast tray covered with bread and butter, Cambridge brawn, half a ham, gooseberries, cream and bottles of soda. "Why not? That was carved many a year ago—that and the rest—by the man who made your iron gates, I've heard tell, and all the jokers up aloft in church."

While answering he went out again, presently to come back with a tantalus and a tumbler that looked as long as an aleyard.

"Once was a story about that carving," he continued. "What to signify, nobody knows. Something we've all forgot. Bad luck—or good luck. Some old wives' tale."

Into the mighty tumbler he poured a hero's dram of whisky, and when he had mixed it came to the hearth.

"Down her, if you please."

In doing all he moved like a zealous, grave and highly trained manservant. His voice, always pleasant, he seemed to lower when indoors; and now after placing a chair and seating Leonard by table and tray, he stood at hand, attentive, ready for orders.

"Come, join me."

"I'm only caretaker here."

"Hang it, George, sit down!"

He did so, laughing.

"Mr. Laurence couldn't have said that more like himself," he declared. "You're one of 'em. The same sleepy look when ruffled."

He sat talking while his guest ate and drank. The firelight played on his handsome, tawny face, but was no brighter or livelier than the changes that came and went there like a visible running accompaniment to his thoughts. Leonard watched him, pondered, and was baffled again and again. Whom did the man resemble so closely, yet with so many differences?

"Ay, who is it?" George suddenly asked.

"Why, how could you read my mind?" cried Leonard. "How on earth did you guess what I was thinking?"

George smiled, rose and darted one of his wicked cornerwise glances.

"It was revealed to me in a dream," he answered very dryly. "I must go fetch wood to mend the fire."

He went out, grinning. A door shut, the sound of his light footsteps passed down a stairway somewhere, the fluttering of the fire and the splash of rain succeeded. A long time passed. Then suddenly the light footsteps came bounding upstairs, and Grayland reappeared in the door. He brought no wood, but carried an ax. He was frowning.

"I don't savvy this," he announced quietly. "Something going on behind our

(Continued on Page 109)

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(Continued from Page 106)

back. Come over here, will you, and see what I found."

He beckoned, then crossing to one of the garden windows, bent his head and fell into a close, workmanlike scrutiny. He appeared to be testing, with his thumb, a defect in the head of his ax.

■

LEONARD followed him to the window. "What do you make of it?" said George, tracing with his thumb nail along the blade. "What's that stuff?"

Newly ground, the ax had a sharp edge. The brightness of this was overlaid and dimmed by a stain, a tinge of heliotrope color shading into purple, as if someone had brushed the steel hurriedly on both sides with changeable ink. It felt dry to the touch.

"Juice," ventured Corsant, "or sap."

"Sap, yes," replied George impatiently. "But what kind? I can't remember, can't put a name to it again. Sap of what tree?" The question seemed to perplex him inordinately. "Mark you, not a soul about the house but one old woman who's cook and bed maker—she goes home at night, by the way. This ax lay where I put it. I always keep tools proper, in place. Who's come and tampered with it, and what was he chopping?"

George put his nose to the blade.

"No smell," said he.

As he leaned there in the broad old window, frowning, slowly examining the tool on each side, he called to Leonard's mind another graceful person who long ago "with his keener eye the ax's edge did try." Lovelocks and a court dress would have made him a figure of Vandyke's. His face belonged to an earlier century; but his black eyes were sharper than any king's. Gradually the wrinkles left his forehead. He began to whistle Money Musk between his teeth and dandle the ax in time with that jig.

"Half a mo'. It's coming back." His thoughts also had reverted to the past. "When I was a lad and worked for Lord What's-Name's gardener on the Riviera—— Wait! Hold hard! Yes, have got. Mimosa juice. Now where on these grounds, do you suppose, can there be any mimosa?"

Grayland hung the ax head over his shoulder, whistled Money Musk again in the same muted fashion, then turned and smiled.

"Let's go see." It was plain he had answered himself, and found the answer to his liking. "Down below, if I'm not sore mistaken."

He led the way to the door by which he had been coming and going, thence along a dark passage, through some darker vaulted hole in wainscot, and down a flight of blind stone stairs that bent continually with unexpected crankings. Corsant, leaving behind in the great room that sense which it had evoked of things familiar and directions known, groped after him quite lost, down and down, stumbling, guided only by one hand or shoulder on the walls. At the stair foot George unlocked a door. They stood presently in a damp, close room, bare and dismal in greenish twilight. Three small windows glimmered in a row, obscured without by grass.

"Soon learn," said George.

He closed the door and went to the right-hand square of glass. Like the other two, it was set at about the level of his chin. He reached up and struggled with the catch.

"Rusty. Doubt if it's this."

The fastening yielded, the window opened with a series of aged creaks. Grayland thrust out his hand.

"Ouch! Holly." Closing that window, he moved to the middle one. "We're below ground, you understand. These look riverward."

The middle square came open harder than its mate, and still more noisily. Again George put his arm outdoors.

"Yew."

He worried the second groaning frame shut, hammered its crazy catch into place, and tried the third.

"Always the last of a lot," he complained, then in an altered voice cried: "Hal-lo! My brethren, I should say so!"

This last window swung in easily at one pull, without a sound. A light-green feathery spray, released from pressure against the pane, burst inward, nodding and sprinkling the men's faces with water.

"Mimosa for you!" said Leonard.

"Right as rain!" replied Grayland. "Give us a leg up. I thought so."

Mounting his friend's knee, he poked head and shoulders through the wet leaves. Leonard heard his arms threshing outdoors. He wriggled in again quickly, hopped to the floor and dashed rain from his face.

"This bough was cut off to clear the window," he reported. "They laid all back pretty near in place."

He struck a match, and by its flame looked—so rapidly that Corsant could but just follow his glances—at the intruding tuft of mimosa, the top of the window frame, its outer edge, the catch and the hinges.

"Lately cut. Leaves have had no time to wilt." George blew out match and closed window. "Catch pried down from outside. With my ax, dare say. Hinges oiled, catch oiled, bough laid across all proper. No, son. They'd never take such pains if they weren't coming back. Our friends, think you? I'd give a thick un to be sure it was them."

"Fork out," said Leonard. "Because I think I know."

"How?" George demanded testily. "What did I overlook?"

His ally repaid some late mystifications by grinning calmly.

"Unless your old bed maker you spoke of has been cooking the same." Leonard paused to keep him waiting. "It's extremely delicate. But surely you—perceive? I did. I smelt 'em in here."

Grayland tossed up his head and sniffed. The little subterranean room, dark as a crypt, contained negative odors of mold and dust and air-tight staleness; but through these, not quite gone, though very faint, a vanishing aura of something positive—the smell of onions.

"Your dear wayside posies in his tunic!" said George solemnly. "The precious little stinkards! My lad, you never did a better hand's turn than yesterday's at the Bottle of Hay." He snatched up his ax, spun it dangerously in the air and caught it like a drum major. "Now," he cried with joyful emphasis, "we know! Come on upstairs!"

They stood in the paneled room, and the fire, generously rebuilt, was blazing high before they spoke again. Each man had remained busy with his own thoughts. Leonard put on his jacket, now dry and warm.

"You didn't lock that door after us, below," said he.

"A-purpose," George replied. "Our friends will call again. We don't want to leave any obstacles in their way, do we? On the contrary—welcome, little strangers; walk into our parlor. They're bound to come soon."

The mere prospect was enough to rouse and rejuvenate him. He laughed.

"To think o' that Amalekite!" he crowed. "Carrying your nosegay round the house with him, your forget-me-nots, eh? But sit down. You've not finished your snack."

Over the interrupted meal on the loo table, and—when this was in part cleared away—over their pipes by the fireside, the two men sat talking, exchanging plans, ordering a mode of life for their next few days together. In the upshot it proved a simple mode. They had only to stay there, loaf, Grayland said, take their ease, and wait for whatever should arrive. Outwardly, all was to go on as before. People would know that Laurence Corsant, returned home but now, broken in health and ordered to rest, was living there quietly. His caretaker George would be seen to go errands hither and yon as always, but especially to leave the house before dark.

"I won't go far," said George. "Soon as our old woman's out of the house, back I slip. We'll burn candles half an hour in a bedroom, then blow 'em out; like Mr. Laurence gone to bed, you see. House dark. But meantime we'll be camping right here in this room. A good booby trap, I call it. What do you say?"

Leonard approved. They dismissed the subject, forgot all cares and spent what remained of the afternoon in random lazy talk. Forty-odd years of roving had made George, whatever else he was, most admirable company for a rainy day. Leaning backward with his long shanks outspread toward the fire, his nose pointed at the ceiling and his black eyes half shut as they dreamily watched cloud after cloud of tobacco smoke ascend, he recalled an amazing diversity of this world's creatures and told many curious true tales. His language was often rough, but his judgment of persons unfailingly gentle. The man himself, his own doing, appeared in the narratives only

16
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by chance now and then, to fix the year of an action or supply an attendant circumstance. Corsant heard all with delight, but above all privately treasured these glimpses into his friend's life. Such a thing had happened when George was a ragged boy running about the hedgerows, selling colored whirligigs and paper flowers; such another when he was in trouble for stealing a deer; still other things when he had been a sailor, or doing all by numbers in the army, or observing mimosa juice and steel on Lord What's-Name's Riviera estate, or ringing bells to earn his chow, or catching rough-haired seals from Louie Pierpold's canoe, or serving his Mr. Laurence in a desert, or traveling with a circus through India and learning Pashto pretty good. The hours went all too quickly.

"Well, cheer-o for the present." George rose, yawned, tweaked his cap out from between two red morocco tomes on a bookshelf, and strolled away. "Speak loud to the old girl," he added in the doorway. "She's deaf, poor soul, and got no more sense than Gammer Vangs anyhow."

It was in fact both a deaf and stupid old woman who, when Corsant had sat dozing for a long time in the twilight, came and summoned him to dinner. He ate alone in a dark, chilly room, at the head of a long table on which two candles burned forlorn in a many-branched candlestick, like a massive silver tree bared of nearly all its leaves. This wintry light showed him nothing but dusk, outside the glossy expanse of polished wood where his knives and forks and dishes rested on their reflections, all double, as though floating in a pool. The china was old and good, the silver worn but heavy, fashioned like tools for the serious work of many generations. The fish slice, he thought, would have served to lay bricks with. The food, plainly cooked, had substance abounding; and a pint of excellent claret, well warmed, stood at his hand. Yet beyond these cheerful solidities all remained in shadow, hovering, unaccountable. Whenever the woman approached he saw her as a hard-featured dame, tough, wiry and anxious, with little whiskered warts or moles dotting her face and the look of deafness in her watchful eyes; but whenever she retired the darkness changed her silence and her care into something grim. She seemed to haunt rather than to attend him.

He was glad when the meal ended and he could seek the fire again in his own room, which he knew so well. Another great silver tree stood on a table here. It was full, this one, of candles. He lighted them all, and after pacing the floor for pastime, bethought him of a book. The volumes on the shelves, however, he found to be chiefly collected sermons and Latin discourses on divinity. Of these he was turning the pages without enthusiasm, when footsteps crunched on gravel under the windows.

"That's not George."

Bearing the candlestick, he went to the front door, opened it and peered out.

He saw only a bent figure hooded in waterproof trudging off through the rain like a black penitent. It was their deaf woman going home for the night. The lamps of some wagon or cart awaiting her blinked among the wet leaves by the gate.

Leonard shut himself in and returned to his fire. The noise of the rain continued, was now and again swept under by a prolonged rush of wind, began afresh, dropped almost to silence through an interval of calm, and so went on, splashing in gusts or sunk to a moody drumming.

"George takes his time," thought the young man. "Must have gone farther than he intended."

That seemed nothing to complain of. As he sat alone in the house, Leonard felt thoroughly contented, even luxurious by that bright hearth, as much at home for the moment as though he belonged there. He grew warm and sleepy. Whatever might happen later would be fun. Meantime to bask and smoke was pleasant enough.

Yet while he waited a slow uneasiness crept into his reverie. It was not apprehension; it certainly was not boredom. He could neither name it nor shrug it off. There might have been a new sound in the room; but if so, he had not truly heard it. There might have been a vague movement. Once or twice Leonard turned to look behind him. Nothing was there but his silver burning bush of candles, and above them the carven Devil's Nose like an imp's head in a nightcap. He had not expected anything. Nevertheless he acknowledged the nameless fancy. It was as if someone stood behind him waiting to speak and, when he turned, was gone.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

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